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THE ESSEX FOXHOUNDS.



THE
ESSEX FOXHOUNDS

WITH
NOTES UPON HUNTING IN ESSEX.

BY
RICHARD FRANCIS BAILL & TRESHAM GILBEY.

“Stoody! Stoody! Stoody! always stoodying at they books
“—— take my advice Sir, and stoody Foox-hunting.”

LUKE FREEMAN.

London:

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHORS,

At the Office of “Baily’s Magazine of Sports and Pastimes,”

VINTON & CO., LIMITED, 9, NEW BRIDGE STREET, E.C.

1896.

ERRATUM.

Chapter I., p. 11, line 3, *for* "Lieut. Col. George Bramston Archer" *read*
"Lieut. Col. George Bramston Eyre."

P R E F A C E .

We desire to preface this book with some words of acknowledgment—brief, but sincere—to the kind friends who have aided in its compilation.

We are greatly indebted to Lord Rookwood for his recollections of hunting, and to Mr. Loftus Arkwright and Mr. Sheffield Neave for diaries kept by their fathers, each of whom held a Mastership of hounds, which has now passed to his son.

Accounts of notable runs in the last quarter of a century have been furnished by Stephen Dobson, the former huntsman of the Essex Hounds, and James Bailey, his successor; and much valued help has been given by Mr. R. Y. Bevan, who has added some finishing touches to his spirited hunting poems on their reappearance in our pages.

Amongst many other contributors, special mention is due to Mr. H. R. G. Marriott, Mr. George R. Greaves, Mr. E. T. Helme, Lt.-Colonel S. L. Howard, Mr. Frederick Green, Mr. Todhunter, Mr. Leonard Pelly, Mr. Harding Newman, Mr. George Hart, and Dr. Clegg. Messrs. John Ridley, C. E. Ridley, and E. A. Ball have furnished information from diaries kept by the late Mr. T. D. Ridley and R. C. Ball, and other sources. Miss Collin and Miss Jones have taken part in the

study of old numbers of the SPORTING MAGAZINE, and Messrs. A. J. Edwards and R. B. Colvin have posted us up as to Hunt Race Meetings, and other matters of interest.

Mr. W. C. A. Blew has brought his copious hunting lore to aid in the revision of our proof sheets, and the editors of the ESSEX COUNTY CHRONICLE, the WOODFORD TIMES, the FIELD, and the COUNTY GENTLEMAN, have courteously acceded to our requests for information.

For our illustrations we are indebted to paintings, engravings, and photographs furnished by the Countess of Warwick, Lady Alice Archer Houlton, Mrs. Vigne, Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. Waters, Miss Treadwell (daughter of Mr. Henley Greaves's famous huntsman), Sir Walter Gilbey, and Messrs. John Gurney Pelly, Guy Gilbey, and Wm. Oddy. Amateur photography has been successfully brought into service by Mr. Arthur Bowlby, Mr. Walter Gold, and Mr. Adams.

From the materials thus furnished, combined with those obtainable from sporting publications, particularly Colonel John Cook's "Observations on Foxhunting," and BAILY'S MAGAZINE, we have endeavoured to compile and illustrate a readable narrative. Our task has been carried out in moments of scanty leisure, and we cannot claim completeness for the result, but if we are held to have dealt worthily with our subject we shall be amply repaid for the time given to investigations, which have been to us a labour of love.

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MASTERS OF THE ESSEX HUNT.

- 1805-1808.—Henry John Conyers.
1808-1813.—John Cook.
1813-1818.—Lord Maynard and John Archer Houblon.
 Manager, Henry John Conyers.
1818-1853.—Henry John Conyers.
1853-1857.—Henley George Greaves.
1857-1864.—Joseph Arkwright.
1864-1879.—Loftus Wigram Arkwright.
1879-1880.— { Loftus Wigram Arkwright.
 { Sir Henry John Selwin Ibbetson, Bart.
 { J. W. Perry Watlington.
1880-1886.—Sir Henry John Selwin Ibbetson, Bart.
1886-1888.—Loftus Wigram Arkwright.
 Acting Master, Charles Ernest Green.
1888-1889.—Loftus Wigram Arkwright.
 Field-Master, Loftus Joseph William Arkwright.
1889-1893.—Charles Ernest Green.
1893- .— { Edward Salvin Bowlby.
 { Loftus Joseph Wigram Arkwright.

SERVANTS OF THE ESSEX HUNT FROM 1857.

Huntsmen.

- 1857-1859.—Charles Barwick; came from the Atherstone; went to the
 Craven.
1859-1867.—Thomas Wilson; promoted from first whip; afterwards
 with the Quorn.
1867-1879.—Stephen Dobson; came from the Rufford.
1879- .—James Bailey; came from the Duke of Buccleuch.

First Whips.

- 1857-1858.—Charles Shepherd ; went to the Essex Union as huntsman.
1858-1859.—Thomas Wilson ; came from Lord Henry Bentinck ;
promoted to be huntsman.
1859-1867.—James Dent ; came from Lord Henry Bentinck ; went to
the Roman Hounds as huntsman.
1867-1869.—Richard Christian ; came from Hon. George FitzWilliam ;
went to Mr. Tailby.
1869-1870.—William Morgan.
1870-1872.—Edward Cole ; went to the Petworth.
1872-1875.—Robert Allen ; went to Mr. Gosling as huntsman.
1875-1879.—Richard Yeo ; went to the Essex Union.
1879-1883.—Frederick Firr ; promoted from second whip, afterwards
with Colonel Anstruther Thomson.
1883-1884.—Edward Brooker ; came from the Essex and Suffolk ; went
to the Hertfordshire.
1884-1886.—Charles Wesley ; came from the York and Ainsty ; went
to the East Essex as huntsman.
1886-1892.—James Cockayne ; came from Lord Galway ; went to the
Old Surrey as huntsman.
1892- .—John Turner ; promoted from second whip.

Second Whips.

- 1857-1862.—Edward Mills.
1862-1868.—Robert Hepworth.
1868-1874.—Robert Masterman ; went to the Oakley.
1874-1879.—Frederick Firr ; promoted to be first whip.
1879-1882.—Charles Littleworth ; came from Lord Portman.
1882-1886.—John Turner ; came from the Lanark and Renfrewshire ;
went to the Blackmore Vale.
1886-1887.—Charles Champion.
1887-1892.—John Turner ; returned from the Blackmore Vale ; pro-
moted to be first whip.
1892-1893.—William Maiden ; went to the Duke of Buccleuch.
1893- .—Henry Easterby ; came from the Tynedale.

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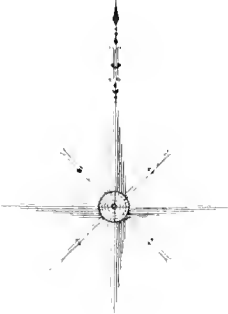
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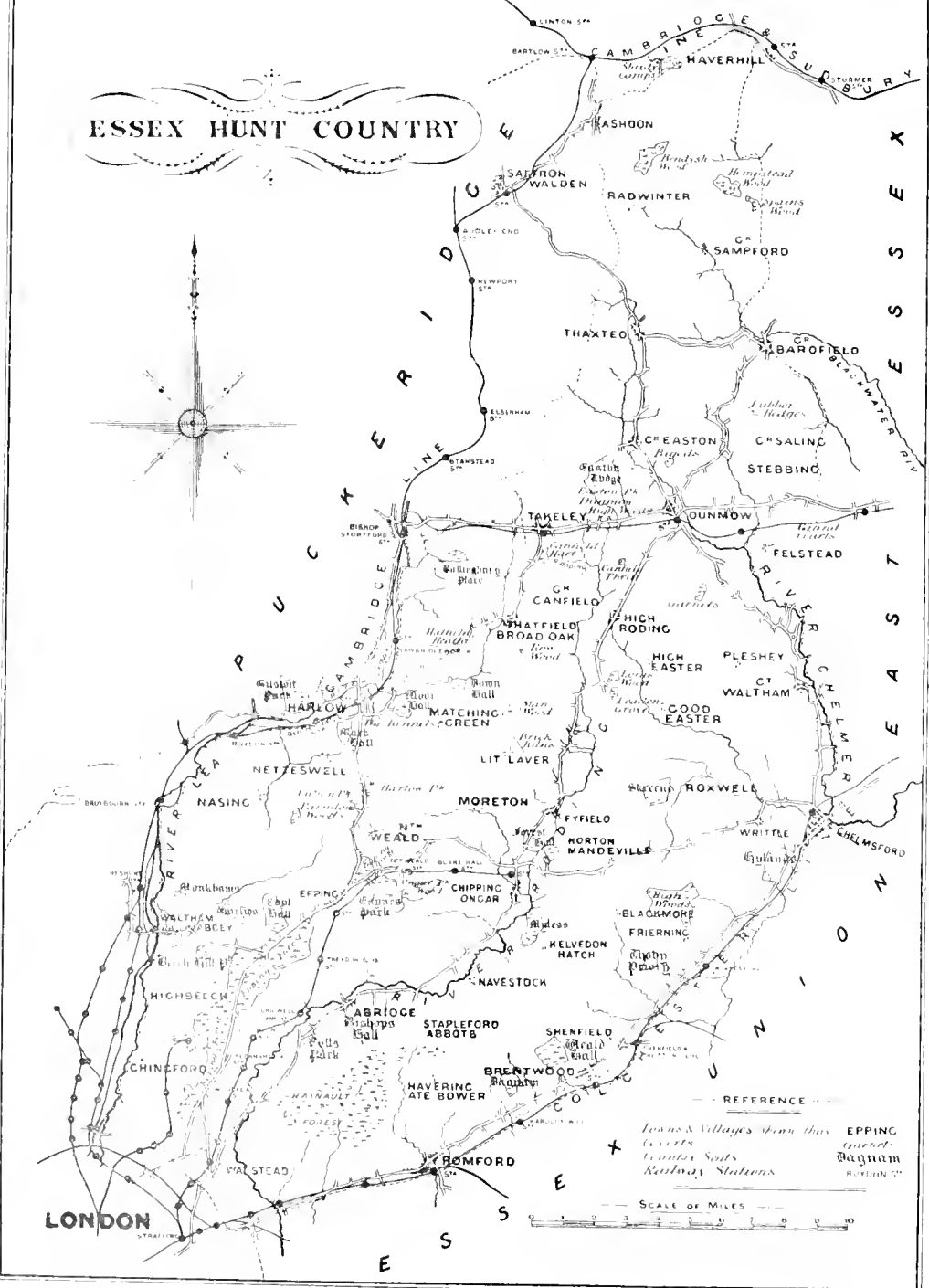
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ESSEX HUNT COUNTRY



NEWMARKET & THURLOW



LONDON

Legend:
 Towns & Villages from this
 County
 Counties Neighb.
 Railway Stations
 EPPING
 (over)
 Dagenham
 (over)

SCALE OF MILES
 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

THE ESSEX FOXHOUNDS.

CHAPTER I.

THE ESSEX HUNT COUNTRY.

THOUGH the Hunt Country of which we are about to attempt a description extends to the eastern limits of London, the places of meeting are not all easy of access from the metropolis, as the country is but little intersected by railways. This points to a sad lack of prosperity, but it cannot be denied that it greatly increases the attractions of the country from a sporting point of view.

The two main lines of the Great Eastern Railway Company, without penetrating far into these happy hunting grounds, run along their borders for a considerable distance, and a rough general idea of the situation of the country may be given by reference to these lines. Any map of the Great Eastern Railway shows that the Company has two main lines from London, the one running

through Brentwood, Chelmsford and Colchester ; the other through Harlow, Bishop Stortford and Cambridge ; and that a branch line runs from Bishop Stortford by Dunmow to Witham, between Chelmsford and Colchester. These lines enclose a large tract of country, into which no railway has penetrated beyond the metropolitan suburbs, except the line from London through Loughton and Epping to Ongar.

Over a portion of the tract of country enclosed by the two main lines and the Dunmow branch, the Essex Hounds hunt on three days in the week. They devote one day in the week to the country north of Dunmow.

Through the courtesy of the Great Eastern Railway officials, we are able to give the dates of the opening of the various lines with which we are concerned. This is a matter of interest in tracing the history of hunting in the county of Essex.

The main lines from London to Chelmsford and to Cambridge have been working for about half a century, the former having been opened in 1843, the latter in 1845. The line from London to Loughton was opened in 1856, and was extended through Epping to Ongar in 1865. The Dunmow branch line was opened in 1869.

The fox-hunting countries which bound the Essex

are as follows :—The Essex Union on the south, the East Essex on the east, the Puckeridge on the west, and the Newmarket and Thurlow on the north. The lines of boundary, as agreed for many years past, are marked on an admirable hunting map issued by Mr. A. H. Swiss, of Fore Street, Devonport. The southern boundary, as shown on this map, follows the High Road (from which the railway is never far distant) from Ilford to Chelmsford, but we believe it is now agreed that, for the future, the line is to be the boundary between the two countries. From the county town the boundary runs northward, marching with the East Essex country, along the river Chelmer, to a point between Felstead and Dunmow. Continuing to march with the East Essex we reach our northernmost point near Haverhill. Thence we bear company with the Newmarket and Thurlow across to near the village of Ashdon, where we meet the Puckeridge country and go with it just west of Radwinter and considerably west of Thaxted in an irregular line to the River Stort, just below Bishop Stortford. Takeley Forest, east of Bishop Stortford, has for very many years been neutral ground with the Essex and the Puckeridge, and the origin of this neutral covert is fully explained in a subsequent chapter. After joining the Stort, the boundary follows that river to Sawbridgeworth; thence

it runs along the railway to Roydon, and on down the River Lea to the suburbs of London about Chingford.

According to present arrangements, the boundaries of the Essex, East Essex and Essex Union countries, meet at Chelmsford, but we learn from Mr. Thomas Kemble, of Runwell Hall, that Moulsham Thrift Wood, a covert of 150 acres, near Galleywood Racecourse in the Essex Union country, was regarded as a neutral covert every other month during the masterships of Mr. Conyers and Mr. Henley Greaves; but the covert has not for many years past been drawn by the Essex hounds, and it has now disappeared, all but about twenty acres close to the town of Chelmsford.

In Mr. Conyers's time the Essex Hunt country extended farther east than at present, and included the coverts of Panfield Hall, near Braintree; Grand Courts, near Felstead and Lion Hall, at Great Leighs. The great distance from Copt Hall to these coverts rendered it difficult for Mr. Conyers to hunt them. He consented that Mr. Charles Newman, the master of the East Essex, should hunt Panfield Hall, Lion Hall, and other coverts neutrally with the Essex, but a suggestion put forward by Mr. Richard Marriott in 1831, that Grand Courts and other coverts should be neutralised also, was emphatically declined by Mr. Conyers. Through

the kindness of Mr. H. R. G. Marriott we have been favoured with a copy of the animated correspondence which passed on the subject between his father and the irascible squire of Copt Hall ; it will be found in the appendix to this book. Ultimately Mr. Conyers gave up drawing the neutral coverts, and they became, and now are, exclusively those of the East Essex. Mr. H. R. G. Marriott remembers that Mr. Henley Greaves was very anxious to lend his father the country between Dunmow and Shalford ; but the Hunt Committee would not permit it. Mr. Marriott remarks that, in his opinion, the Committee were quite right ; though, as the East Essex kennels were two miles only from Foxes Wood, and three from Boxted, a slice of the Essex country was greatly coveted.

The Essex country is a large one, measuring nearly forty miles in length on the map, and it has usually been hunted from inconveniently placed kennels. In later chapters we describe how the hounds were at one time kept near Brentwood, and for many years at Copt Hall, near Epping. Afterwards they were established in a more central position near Ongar, but before long a change of management led to their removal, about forty years ago, to the present kennels at Harlow. The situation of Harlow is too near to the border of the country to make it quite a

convenient site ; but it has the advantage of railway communication, through Stortford, with the north country.

Amongst strangers to Essex it is a common belief that the whole of the county is a dead level. As a matter of fact, however, all the Essex Hunt country is of a more or less undulating character, while some portions of it are positively hilly ; when the late Mr. W. H. Mackenzie ran the Rocket Coach from London to Colchester, nothing surprised his passengers more than the give-and-take nature of the road.

The little River Roding, rising not far from Easton Park, flows southward with many turns through the entire length of the country. Though a mean-looking stream, it gains the respect of the foxhunter by its unjumpable character (perhaps it has never been successfully challenged save by the late Mr. Sheffield Neave), and by its association with the Rodings, or Roothings—the most celebrated area of the Essex Hunt.

The country does not, perhaps, give much opportunity for water-jumping. There are, however, several small streams whose rotten banks and soft beds have brought grief to many incautious riders. Amongst these obstacles are the Easter and Roxwell brooks, which unite and fall into the Chelmer ; the Pincey, or Down Hall brook,

and the Canons brook, both tributaries of the Stort. The Cripsey brook flows by North Weald and Moreton to join the Roding near Ongar, and in the Epping country we find the Cobbins brook, a tributary of the Lea. Through the southern parts of the country the Dagenham and Weald brooks flow on their way to the Thames.

The country seats which have been most associated with the Essex Hounds are Copt Hall, Easton Lodge, Hallingbury Place, Mark Hall, and Down Hall; also Bishop's Hall, Forest Hall, Skreens and Langleys. In these houses have resided many of the best preservers of foxes and supporters and followers of the hounds during the last hundred years.

Copt Hall, near Epping, was the residence of Mr. Henry John Conyers, possibly the most famous Master of "The Essex." The estate was purchased by his great-grandfather early in the last century. At the time of the purchase the old hall (where James II. invited himself to dinner after stag-hunting in the Roothings) was falling into decay, and its stately gallery had been blown down. As the structure was past repair it was demolished and the present Hall was erected. The estate was held in succession by the purchaser's son and grandson, both named John, and on the death of the latter, in the year 1818, it passed to his son, Mr. Henry John Conyers, who

kept hounds there until his death in 1853, when the connection of Copt Hall with the pack came to an end.

During the lifetime of Mr. Conyers, sen., father of Mr. Henry John Conyers, the master of the Essex, Copt Hall was the subject of a burglary committed in the year 1775. The coachman Chapman was in league with the robbers, of whom the chief was one Lambert Reading, and they were by him given all necessary information. The band travelled from London by hackney coach, effected the robbery, and, with their booty, hurried back to London with all speed. The sound of a hackney coach rattling through Stratford in the dead of night aroused the suspicion of a certain wakeful magistrate, who had the forethought to take the number, and on hearing of the burglary at Copt Hall, communicated with Mr. Fielding, a neighbouring J.P. The information thus given led to the detection of the gang, their trial and subsequent execution at Chelmsford—Chapman and his wife suffering with them.

Easton Lodge, near Dunmow, has a brilliant hunting record. The second Viscount Maynard, who died in 1824, when upwards of seventy years of age, was described by a Master of the Essex Hounds, the famous Colonel John Cook, as "a strict preserver of foxes, and one of the best of men." When Col. Cook was unable to keep on the

hounds his Lordship joined with his neighbour, Mr. John Archer Houblon, in purchasing the pack, and his nephew, the third and last Viscount, kennelled Mr. Conyers's hounds at Easton, when they hunted the north country, until the Squire's unbridled language exhausted his Lordship's patience. The third Viscount's eldest son, the Hon. Charles Henry Maynard, of the Blues (afterwards Colonel Maynard), was a first-rate athlete and horseman. In 1839, at the age of five-and-twenty, he was champion knight in the Eglinton Tournament, and his praises were sung by Mr. Earle,¹ the Moreton parson, in his description of a great day with the Essex stag-hounds :—

Where's he of the Blues,
Such a devil to bruise,
His nerves must be doubtless uncommonly strong;
The young lord of Easton,
Whatever queer beast on,
Ne'er stops at his fences, but scurries along.

He's a quicksilver clown,
Up as soon as he's down,
With Ducrow in his antics he'd cope, Sir.
He can change his smallclothes
On his horse as he goes,
And could shave if but "well off for soap, Sir."

¹ This was probably the same Mr. Earle who was one of the wits when the Royal Buckhounds and Mr. de Burgh's Staghounds used to pay their annual visit to Aylesbury.

Easton Lodge is now the property of Colonel Maynard's daughter, the Countess of Warwick. The Essex Hunt has good reason for pride in her Ladyship's constant attachment to the sport afforded by her native county. In the hunting field her popularity is as unbounded as elsewhere, and much satisfaction is felt that the Earl and Countess have not entirely left Easton Lodge, though necessarily they are often at Warwick Castle, where her Ladyship has most kindly been photographed for the frontispiece of this book.

Hallingbury Place, near Bishop Stortford, is the seat of the Houblon family, which gave the Bank of England its first Governor, and from one of whose daughters Lord Palmerston was descended. Two members of the family, father and son, each named John Archer Houblon, lived here in succession from about the beginning of the present century until 1891.

The father rendered important service to the Essex Hounds by uniting with Lord Maynard in the purchase of Colonel Cook's pack. He was also for a time Master of the Puckeridge. He died in 1831 and was succeeded by his son, who was a firm friend to foxhunting during his sixty years' tenure of the property. For many years during the latter part of his life he presided at the Annual Meetings of



1905

MAKER HALL.

the Hunt, and died in 1891, universally respected, beloved and revered; the property then passed to his nephew, Lieut.-Col. George Bramston Archer, who has taken the name of Archer-Houblon.

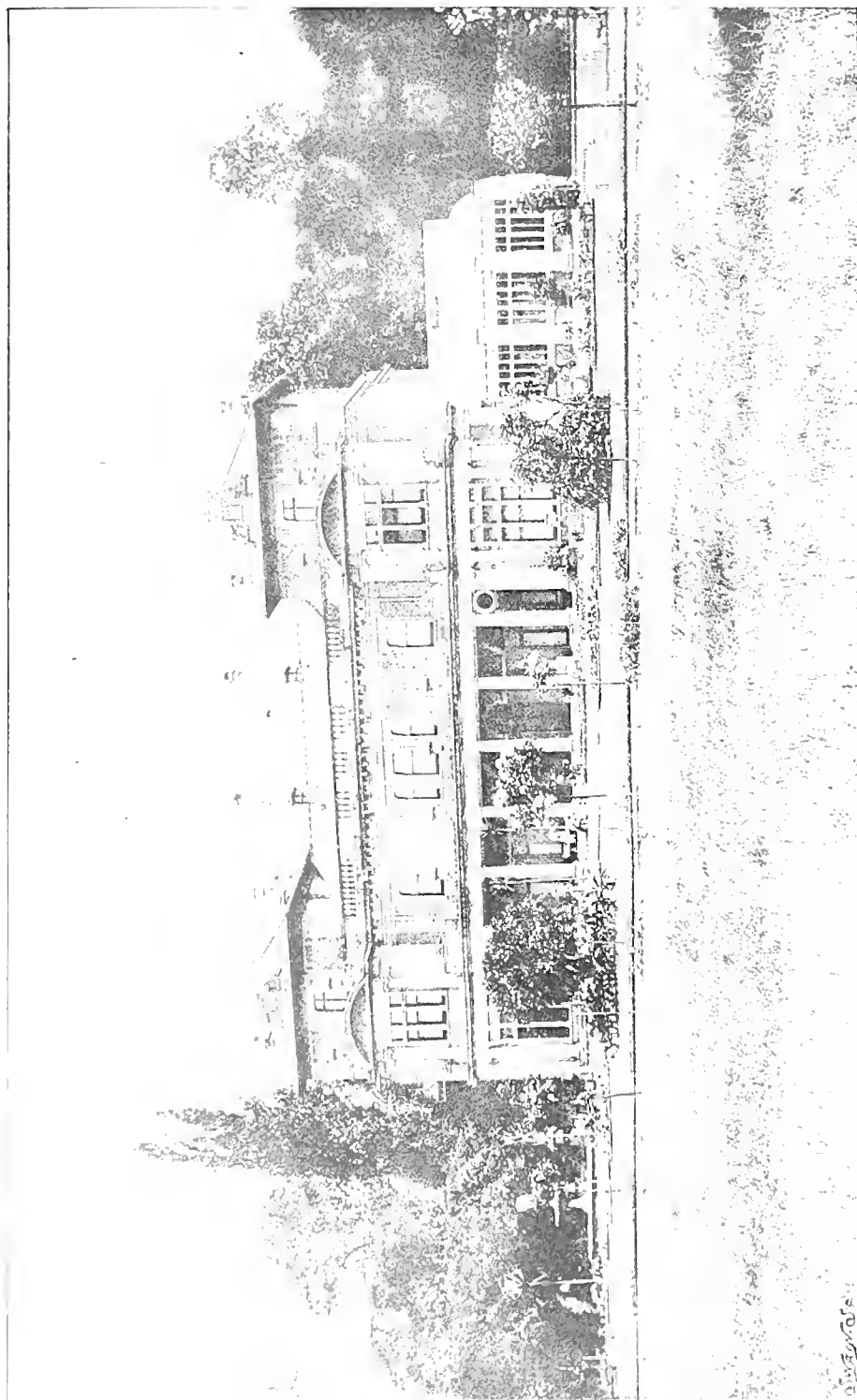
Mark Hall, near Harlow, is rich in sporting associations. In the latter part of the last century, it was the seat of Colonel Montague Burgoyne, upon whose invitation Mr. Thomas William Coke, afterwards Earl of Leicester (not to be confounded with Colonel John Cook already referred to) extended his country into Essex. After the marriage of Colonel Burgoyne's two daughters, the property was put up to auction in the year 1819 and purchased by Mr. Richard Arkwright for his son Joseph, who had, in the previous year, married a daughter of Sir Robert Wigram. Joseph was one of a family of eleven. Their grandfather, by the invention of the "spinning frame," and the erection of mills for its use, had founded the great cotton industry of Lancashire, and their father had carried on the family concerns with such success as to gain the reputation of being the "Richest Commoner in England." The Revd. Joseph Arkwright lived at Mark Hall until his death in 1864, after seven seasons' mastership of the Essex Hounds. His son, the late Mr. Loftus Arkwright, who succeeded him in his estates and in the mastership,

lived at Parndon Hall, Mark Hall being occupied by the ladies of the family. Details of the intimate connection of the Arkwright family with the Essex Hounds are given in later chapters; while Mark Hall is at present let to Mr. Newman Gilbey—a tenant who well maintains the sporting associations of the house.

Down Hall, between Harlow and Hatfield Broad Oak, has for more than a century been the seat of the Selwin family. In former times foxhunting was not favoured here, but the present owner (now Lord Rookwood)¹ brought about a change in his father's views. No man is more devoted to foxhunting than Lord Rookwood, who, as Sir Henry Selwin Ibbetson, had a most successful seven years' mastership of the Essex.

At Bishop's Hall, Lambourne, the preservation of foxes has for many years past been looked after by the late General Mark Wood, though he cared more for racing than for hunting, and by his son (he has resumed the old family name and is now known as Colonel Mark Lockwood) who enlivens the hunting field, as he does the House of

¹ When it was known that a peerage had been offered to Sir Henry Selwin-Ibbetson, a story—*ben trovato*, if not *vero*—was current at the time with reference to the title he would take. A friend, after offering his congratulations, is reported to have said: "I suppose, Ibbetson, you will become Lord Harlow?" "What," replied Sir Henry, "and be called 'Clarissa' all my life! No, thank you."



DOWN HALL.

Commons, with his ready wit. The Colonel's younger brother, Mr. Robert Lockwood, was formerly Secretary of the Hunt, and he is warmly welcomed when he visits Essex from his present home in Hampshire.

Within the Roothing district there is no large country house, but not far from its borders are Forest Hall, near High Ongar; Skreens, near Roxwell; and Langleys, at Great Waltham. One hundred years ago these were the seats of the Stane, Bramston, and Tufnell families, of whom the two former were connected by marriage. In Mr. Conyers's time Forest Hall belonged to the Rev. John Bramston, who assumed the additional surname of Stane. Though a good friend to foxhunting, he received his share of Mr. Conyers's criticisms. Once, on finding that his coverts had been drawn in his absence, Mr. Stane asked his servant, "And what did Mr. Conyers say of my coverts?" "He said, sir," replied the man, "that they were not fit to hold a mouse." Such is the story, as nearly as it can be told here. In 1862 the estate was sold to its present owner, Mr. John Lightfoot Newall, who has considerably enlarged it by subsequent purchases. It now includes Witney Wood, Newark's Hall Wood, Paslow Hall Woods, an osier bed and the home plantations. Much gratitude is due to this gentleman from foxhunters, as through his care,

the preservation of a large head of game for his own form of sport is not allowed to clear his coverts of foxes.

The Skreens Estate, which includes the most important coverts on the southern borders of the Roothing district, has remained the property of the Bramston family down to the present time. The house has been occupied successively by Mr. Thomas Henry Bramston, who died in 1813; Mr. Thomas Gardiner Bramston (elder brother of Mr. John Bramston Stane), who died in 1831; and Mr. Thomas William Bramston, who died in 1870. Each of these owners, in his time, took part in the representation of the county in Parliament, and joined in all matters of local interest, including foxhunting; but, unfortunately, it is now many years since Skreens has been inhabited by its owner.

Langleys has happily continued down to the present time to be the residence of the Tufnells, many of whom have taken as leading a position in riding to hounds as in graver pursuits: Colonel William Nevill Tufnell is the present owner.

We will next mention some of the principal coverts and other features of the Essex Hunt, taking first the southern part of the country; next the neighbourhood of the kennels; then the country north of Dunmow, and

lastly the Roothings and their neighbourhood. These districts are respectively known as the Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday countries, from the days of the week on which they are now usually hunted.

The Monday country extends round Epping, and southwards from the road through that town to Ongar and Chelmsford. Epping Forest, though it holds foxes, is hopeless for foxhounds, from the abundance of earths. Beyond Epping, a town long associated with foxhunting, we reach a better country. Hounds were kennelled in very early times in its neighbourhood, and seventy years ago it was described as "the grand dépôt where most of the gentlemen who live at a distance keep their hunters." Within no great distance of the town we come to the extensive woods of Ongar Park, belonging chiefly to Major George Capel Cure ; Gaynes Park Wood, and Rough Tallies, the property of Mr. Chisenhale Marsh. These are the largest coverts of the Hunt, except the Blackmore Highwoods. These last are chiefly the property of Lord Petre, and they, with Thoby Wood, which is almost part of the High Woods, were neutral with the Essex Union when Lord Petre hunted that country in Mr. Conyers's time. In addition to these large woodlands, the Monday country is well provided with

smaller coverts. Starting from the point to which suburban London has gradually advanced, we soon arrive at Claybury, near Woodford. Here now stands a huge lunatic asylum, but it is not many years since the shrubberies were successfully drawn for a fox, whilst further south hounds still occasionally run into the neighbourhood of Barking Side and Romford.

Amongst coverts now drawn, those nearest to London include Loughton Shaws, belonging to the Rev. J. W. Maitland ; the woods of Mr. Ernest J. Wythes, the present owner of Copt Hall ; Colonel Mark Lockwood's coverts round Bishop's Hall, Abridge ; and the coverts belonging to Mrs. McIntosh and Mrs. Pemberton Barnes, at Havering. Excellent sport has been afforded from Mrs. McIntosh's gorse-plantation, and a similar covert has been planted at Bishop's Hall by Colonel Lockwood. On the northern side of the Roding, near Gaynes Park, are the Hill Hall coverts of Sir William Bowyer Smijth, including Beachett Wood, Barbers and Shalesmore, and in the same neighbourhood are the coverts belonging to Sir Charles Cunliffe Smith, of Suttons. Returning to the southern side of the Roding, and turning eastward to the district between Ongar and Brentwood, we find at Navestock the coverts of Lord Carlingford. Curtis Mill Green is a considerable covert

near the Roding, opposite Suttons. It is a curious fact that while the freehold of this covert belongs to Lord Carlingford, the timber belongs to Sir Charles Cunliffe Smith. In the same district are the Dagnam coverts of Sir Thomas Neave; the Kelvedon Hall coverts of Mr. Wright, and the Great Myless coverts of the Fane family, including the queerly named Menagerie Wood.

Some parts of the Monday country have acquired an unenviable notoriety for their lack of foxes, but in other parts foxes are well preserved and most excellent sport is shown. The country is not an easy one to ride over. Many of the fields are enclosed by high banks, often rotten, and there are many cavernous ditches, particularly in the neighbourhood of Curtis Mill Green. There is but little wire fencing in the district, though it has its share of pasture land.

We next take the Wednesday country, again beginning on the London side, and proceeding towards the east and north.

Between Waltham Abbey and Epping Forest are the Warlies coverts of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, of which Scatter Bushes is the most important; also Obelisk Wood, rented by Sir Fowell from the representatives of the late Captain Tanzia Savary, and the Beech Hill Park coverts

of Mr. A. J. Edwards; while Galley Hills, and other coverts belonging to Mr. Beale Colvin, who has been master of the East Essex and Essex and Suffolk Hounds, are in the same neighbourhood. Further north lie Tattle Bushes and Roydon Park. The last was an important covert in olden days, till about the time of the Crimean War, when the greater part of it was grubbed up.

As we approach Harlow from Epping, after leaving the Lower Forest, we have on our right Weald Coppice, the property of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and Canes Wood, a covert of less importance than formerly.

We now come to the property of Mr. Loftus Arkwright, whose coverts include Harlow Park, Latton Park, Ware Hatches, Vicarage Wood, Mark Hall Wood, Gravel Pit Wood, and Barnsleys. In the same neighbourhood, St. Thomas's Hospital owns Burnett Wood; part of the Parndon Woods, including Hospital Wood, and part of Pinnacles. The remainder of the Parndon Woods is the property of Mr. Todhunter; the remainder of Pinnacles, the Netteswell Plantation and Bays Grove, belong to Mr. Charles Phelps.

Passing to the east of Harlow, we come to the Moor Hall coverts of Captain Ethelstan; these include Matching Park and Heathen Wood. Looking further north-eastward

we find the coverts belonging to Down Hall, the seat of Lord Rookwood. He also owns Man Wood, which is always the covert first drawn on the opening day when the hounds meet at Matching Green.

To the north of Down Hall lies the country round Hatfield Heath and Hatfield Broad Oak, where the principal coverts are those of Lord Roden, now rented by Mr. T. J. Mann of Hyde Hall, Mr. Alan Lowndes at Barrington Hall; and the neutral country of Takeley Forest, belonging to Colonel Archer Houbton. Between Man Wood and Hatfield Broad Oak lies the famous covert Row Wood, which is second to none in the annals of the Hunt.

This brings us to the northern limits of the Wednesday country. Returning to the kennels and looking south-east towards Ongar, we face a district known as "The Lavers," containing many good coverts, including Brickkilns (not far from Man Wood), Envilles, Norwood and Belgium Springs. Between the Lavers and Ongar the principal coverts are those of Major George Capel Cure, of Blake Hall, whose estate includes Bobbingworth Hall Wood and Dooly Wood, as well as Ongar Park Wood in the Monday country.

The land in the Wednesday country is chiefly arable, except in the Nazing district, where there is a good deal of

pasture, unfortunately accompanied by wire fencing. The sport afforded varies greatly, but as a rule much good-will towards hunting is shown in this district.

The Friday country, to which the hounds and horses are taken by train, contains some excellent coverts, including Dunmow High Woods, Hoglands, Avesey, The Lays, The Maze, Great and Little Bendysh—all belonging to Lady Warwick—Lubberhedges (purchased by the late Mr. Loftus Arkwright about 1870, and now the property of his son), The Stick Covert at Thaxted, established by Mr. C. E. Green; Bigods, Ridley's Springs, Horeham Hall, West Wood, Hempstead Wood, belonging to Mr. Almack, of Long Melford; Foxes' Wood and Thaxted Lodge Plantation, belonging to Guy's Hospital; Whitehouse Springs, belonging to the Earl of Essex; the Ash Plant, the Porters Hall Coverts and Spains, the last being neutral with the East Essex.

This fine, wild country is well worth the railway journey. Its central point is Thaxted, distinguished by the finest church in Essex. The coming of the hounds breaks the monotony of life in these remote districts, and the welcome they receive drew from a former servant of the Hunt the exclamation: "Eh, but it's a Christian country, the oother side o' Dunmow. You may go where you like,

you may have what you like, and you may say what you like!"

The arrangements for hunting this distant part of the country have varied at different periods. Colonel Cook used to establish himself with his hounds at Dunmow three or four times each season for a week or ten days at a time. Mr. Conyers hunted the country from Copt Hall without keeping his hounds out for more than one night at most, but this involved very severe road work. Mr. Henley Greaves carried his hounds in a van, and the same method was adopted by Mr. Joseph Arkwright and his son until the opening of the railway. Since then the horses and hounds have been carried by train between Harlow and Dunmow or Saffron Walden.

We now come to the Saturday country, extending eastwards from the Wednesday country to the boundary of the East Essex. This includes the district intersected by the river Roding in its course from the Friday country to Ongar, and known as "The Rodings" or "The Roothings."

The Hatfield and Laver districts, hunted on Wednesdays, form the western boundary of the Roothings. On their northern side are the Canfields; on the south the Willingales, Forest Hall and Skreens; and on the east the

Easters and the districts of Roxwell, the Chignalls and Pleshey, all included in the Saturday country.

The Roothings stand second only to the Holderness in Yorkshire, amongst the plough countries of England. The district extends over about 12,000 acres, distributed amongst the eight parishes of High Roding, Aythorpe Roding, White Roding (with the hamlet of Morell Roding), Leaden Roding, Margaret Roding, Abbess Roding, Beauchamp Roding, and Berners Roding.

In their centre, at Leaden Roding, stands the King William Inn, the half-way house on the road from Ongar to Dunmow. Near here is Leaden Wood, the most important covert of the district, purchased from Lord Dacre by the late Mr. Loftus Arkwright, and now the property of his son. North of Leaden Wood lies Lords Wood, and at a greater distance we come to Dobbs Wood, the property of Mr. F. J. Matthews; High Roding Bury, and High Roding Springs. Not very far from these, on the borders of the district, lie Poplars and Broomshawbury. To the south of the district are Margaret Roding Wood, Berners Wood, and Skreens Wood, the two latter belonging to the Bramston family.

Arthur Young in his "General Survey of the Agriculture of the County of Essex," published in 1807, describes

the soil of the Roothings, Easters and Lavers, and of much of the country north of Dunmow, as "a strong, wet, heavy, reddish or brown loam upon a whitish clay marl bottom; poaching with rain; adhesive; yields very little without hollow draining, and good crops not without manure and careful management." He describes the poorest land in the district as a thin wet loam of a rather light brown colour locally known as *red land*.

No one who has ridden over the Roothings in wet weather will dispute the description of the land as "heavy." Ordinary wet weather makes the ploughs very deep; but after a long continued downpour they appear to become firmer, though there is plenty of surface water and mud. Little can be grown in this district but wheat, and this crop often fails to meet the cost of cultivation and transport to distant railway stations along the ill-kept roads. The greater prosperity and population of these parishes in former days is shown by the size of the ancient churches, whose massive towers dignify the landscape. Many of these Roothing churches are of sufficient size to contain the whole present population of their respective parishes. Provision for their maintenance is a matter of great difficulty, on which account the assistance of hunting men is from time to time invited. The fields, usually of great size,

are divided by dry ditches, wide and deep, so deep, indeed, that should a horse slip to the bottom, his rider, though retaining his seat, is sometimes invisible from a short distance, and a horse from the plough is needed to extricate the engulfed hunter.

Seventy years ago, when the country was better worth the farmer's care, these ditches were described by Colonel John Cook as "rather wide but not blind." In the present day they are often sufficiently overgrown to bring disaster to horses and riders, who would sail away in safety across a country intersected with upstanding fences. In one respect, however, the country has become easier to ride over. In former times it was customary to cut a small trench, parallel to the big ditch and about a yard from it, for the purpose of cutting the roots of the undergrowth, and preventing them from spreading into the fields. It is now more than thirty years since these "root ditches" were in general use, but traces of them may still be found in the district. Mr. C. E. Ridley, of Chelmsford, states he cannot discover that any of these "root ditches" have been cut within the last eighty years. It is easy to understand the statement of the late General Mark Wood that the necessity of negotiating "root ditches" in addition to the main ditch made the country

“double trappy.” Often there was little time for deliberation, as the fields were surrounded by strips of fallow covered with rank herbage which aided hounds in picking up the scent and they would fly over a field, if at a loss, certain of the help they would get on the other side. Strips of fallow of this kind are still to be seen near Pleshey, but they have almost entirely disappeared in the Roothings. Lord Rookwood considers their disappearance the most important change, from a hunting point of view, which the country has undergone within his recollection. Another noticeable change is due to the steam plough, introduced into the Pleshey country more than thirty years ago by those energetic farmers, the Messrs. Christie, and now largely used in the Roothings also. Where this mode of cultivation is adopted, the going is deeper than ever. Colonel Cook says that in his day scent in the Roothings was invariably good after Christmas. The masters and huntsmen of more recent times have not been so favoured. Scent is as variable here as elsewhere, and in defiance of tradition, a cutting east wind is often more favourable to sport than “a southerly wind and a cloudy sky.”

The foxes of the Roothings have long enjoyed a high reputation. Formerly there were no earths in the district,

and even now it is said that in some of the big woods a vixen will litter down in the stump of a tree, though they seem to prefer an earth in a bank if possible. The fact that the foxes were bred above ground was said to increase their stoutness. Colonel Cook says of them : "I believe there never was an instance of an old wild Roothing fox having been killed with a hunting scent ; if you do not go away *close* at him at the very best pace, he never will be caught, and if you come to a check with a hunting scent, it is twenty to one he beats you. One thing ought always to be attended to, which is, when your fox is gone, to be as quick in getting your hounds after him as possible."

The Saturday country includes a large area outside the Roothing district. Directly north of the Roothings are the Canfields, where the chief coverts are Canfield Thrift and Canfield Hart, both of these coverts belonging to Sir Spencer Maryon Wilson. A prominent landmark of the district is Canfield Mount, the site of an ancient Castle, where many a fox has taken refuge from hounds. East of the Mount, on the far side of High Roding Street, and usually drawn from that fixture, is the extensive covert of Garnetts, the property of Sir Brydges Henniker. South-eastward from Garnetts we come to the site of the once famous covert of "Old Park," which Colonel John Cook

considered to be the best in the country. The greater part of this covert was stubbed up in the time of the Rev. Joseph Arkwright, but good runs were obtained from what was left of it for several years after his death.

Old Park stood midway between Garnetts and Pleshey, where hounds meet beside ancient earthworks of vast extent, which mark the site of the Castle of the High Constables of England. At Pleshey hunting (probably stag-hunting) was a pastime five centuries ago, when the Castle was inhabited by the Duke of Gloucester, son of King Edward the Third. Froissart tells how the Duke's nephew, King Richard the Second, "in maner as goyng a huntynge rode from Havering of Bour a xx myle from London in Essex, and within xx myle of Plasshey, where the duke of Gloucestre helde his house. After dyner, the Kynge departed from Haveryng with a small company, and came to Plasshey about v a clocke." On arriving at the Castle, the King invited his uncle to London, but the invitation, like the preparations for hunting, was part of a treacherous plot, which ended in the capture and murder of the Duke.

In "King Richard the Second" Shakespeare introduces the Duke's widow, who sends an invitation to her brother to visit her at "Plashy." This historic estate has been held for more than a century by the Tufnell family.

The country between Pleshey and Chelmsford is well supplied with fox-coverts, and the interests of the hunt are well cared for by the Messrs. Christie and Marriage.

In the parish of Great Waltham there are four important coverts, known as Sparrowhawks, Israels, Fitz-Johns and The Bushetts, all belonging to Colonel Nevill Tufnell, of Langley. To these, Mr. C. E. Ridley—one of a family long known in Essex as keen foxhunters—has added a new gorse at Hartford End, which he hopes to make the most certain find in the whole of the Hunt. The other principal coverts in the neighbourhood of Chelmsford are Bush Wood and Boynton Hall Wood, both the property of Lord Petre; and College Wood, the property of Mr. Edward Rosling.

The Friday and Saturday countries have shared largely in the agricultural depression of recent years, as appears from the able report of Mr. Hunter Pringle, published last year by the Royal Commission on Agriculture. However, it is some consolation to find that the majority of the Scottish farmers who have come into the county in the last ten years, are holding their own, and there are fewer unoccupied farms than in 1886, whilst complaints against sportsmen are confined to certain shooting tenants, and no feeling is reported against foxhunting.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY FOXHUNTING IN ESSEX—SIR WILLIAM ROWLEY—
MR. CANNING—THE "INVINCIBLES"—THE "TALENTS"
HUNT—MR. JOHN ARCHER—MR. THOMAS WILLIAM
COKE—MESSRS. HARDING AND CHARLES NEWMAN—
MR. TUFNELL'S HOUNDS—THE WOODFORD FOXHOUNDS
—THE BROTHERS ROUNDING—MR. CONVERS'S FIRST
PERIOD OF MASTERSHIP.

ESSEX is a good sporting county ; it is, and probably has been for a long period of time, religiously hunted from end to end ; but, unfortunately for its foxhunting history, no great family or historic pack has been kept within its borders. Packs like the Belvoir and Cottesmore in the Midlands, Lord Yarborough's in Lincolnshire, and others which might be mentioned, have not only made history for themselves, but have been the cause of records being kept of sundry less notable establishments hunting in

the surrounding neighbourhood. In Essex, however, the beginning of foxhunting must be sought for, not in the history of some famous family pack, but in the doings of a number of unpretentious establishments. Some of them were certainly maintained by different landowners, while others were kept by farmers ; and some, again, were doubtless trencher fed.

Roughly speaking, little or nothing is known of foxhunting in Essex till about 1785 ; but, as a sport, it had then celebrated its centenary—and something more besides—and we may not suppose that during this period Essex had not known the music of horn and hound. An important pack of foxhounds in early times was that of Sir William Rowley, who hunted the Eastern part of our county, from outlying kennels at Witham, though his chief kennels (re-built in 1794) were at Tendring Hall, Suffolk. The illustrated edition of Beckford's "*Thoughts upon Hunting*," published in 1796, contains a picturesque view of Sir W. Rowley's kennels, with a ground plan and detailed description—the latter stating that the hunt had been established about seven years (it was founded in 1777), and that with regard to the excellence of the hounds, the regulation and management of the pack, which consisted of thirty-six couples (the original pack was, it is said, bought from the

Duke of York), it was inferior to none of similar magnitude in the United Kingdom. Lady Rowley, too, frequently enjoyed with her husband the sports of the field, and convinced the world that the most delicate habits of thinking and acting were not incompatible with being charmed with the music of hounds, the delights of the chase, and the health-giving exercise of equestrian diversion. The sport shown by the pack was long remembered, and when a particularly good run took place near Elmstead, in 1814, it was described in the *Sporting Magazine* as "one of the best runs since the days of Sir William Rowley."

A new kennel was built on a somewhat grand scale at Tendring Hall in 1794, and three years later the hounds were given up, the sale by auction taking place in December, 1797; but Sir William survived until 1832, when he died at the age of seventy-three.

Among other packs hunting Essex towards the close of the last century, but of which little is known beyond their names, may be mentioned Mr. Canning's, which, after apparently hunting in a casual sort of manner for some years, at last took over the Witham Kennels, previously occupied by Sir William Rowley, and hunted a tract of country between the areas covered by that gentleman,

Mr. Coke, and the Duke of Grafton. Mr. Canning, in fact, had slices of country lent or made over by each of the above masters. Then Mr. Tufnell's hounds, which enjoyed excellent sport during the first year of the century, are said never to have done so well in any former season. There were never fewer than fifty sportsmen out, and they were sufficiently popular to be invited by General Egerton to meet at Danbury, on which occasion they ran for more than three hours, and the fox and hounds were nearly five miles ahead of the field: so at least wrote the hunting correspondent of the period. A pack of what were probably harriers, and were certainly not Mr. Harding Newman's, used to hunt bag-foxes in the neighbourhood of Rochford, and we find records of the Woodford foxhounds prior to the time of the brothers Rounding, while mention is made of sundry other packs which amply fulfilled the object of showing sport, though failing to make their mark in the foxhunting history of

¹ This Duke of Grafton hunted a portion of Suffolk, Tom Rose, his famous huntsman, going backwards and forwards from Suffolk to the Grafton country. The Duke's grandfather, who also had the Grafton country, kept another pack of hounds at Croydon, Surrey, prior to 1735. On hunting mornings he used to go from London, and was so often kept waiting by the ferryman at Westminster that he conceived the project of building a bridge over the Thames there. He eventually brought in a Bill to authorise it, and the bridge was built in 1748.

the county of Essex. Chops and changes were numerous in the early days; packs had no continued existence, and it was not till the dawning of the present century that foxhunting was established in Essex upon a permanent basis.

To come, however, to one or two packs about which something is known, we may first refer to a couple of primitive establishments whose hounds, if slow, were sure, and generally managed to walk their fox to death. The merits of these packs are vouched for on the trustworthy authority of Colonel John Cook. They were known as the "Invincibles" and "The Talents Hunt." The "Invincibles," or Hempstead Hounds, were kept by some farmers, and numbered about sixteen couples, including—

"Invincible Tom and invincible Towler,
Invincible Jack and invincible Jowler,"

who seldom missed their fox. Colonel Cook vouches for the story that these hounds ran a fox from a covert of Lord Braybrooke's, near Saffron Walden, to within four or five miles of Bury St. Edmunds—a distance of twenty-five miles at least. The Invincibles were no respecters of boundaries, and they caused much annoyance to Colonel Cook by disturbing the cream of the Thurlow country when he hunted it early in the present century. But he tolerantly

says that he could not be displeased with them, as the farmers who managed them were respectable people, fond of sport, and had as much right to hunt as he possessed.

There was a similar clashing in Sussex, soon after the Duke of Richmond took over the Charlton Hunt. An old fellow named Land kept hounds on the outskirts of the Duke's country, and very often he used to trespass round it and disturb the coverts intended for the morrow's draw of the Duke's hounds. On one occasion he even ventured, after running a fox to ground, to draw some of the coverts near Goodwood House; and, on being remonstrated with, said to the Goodwood messenger: "Tell your master that I hunted the country before he was born, and shall continue to do so after he is dead and d—d." But he did not!

"The Talents Hunt" occupied the Dunmow country. They had a good huntsman, who rivalled the deeds of him of the Invincibles, though when he came southwards, to the neighbourhood of Chelmsford, he found that a fox from Old Park (Colonel Cook's favourite covert) was not so easily caught.

Long before the end of the eighteenth century the neighbourhood of Epping was occasionally hunted by a pack of foxhounds of a different character from the scratch packs of the North country. The master was Mr. John

Archer, of Coopersale House, a gentleman of landed property in Essex and Berkshire. Shortly after his death in 1800, a description of his annual visits to his estates was published. If this record may be accepted as true, the passage of Mr. Archer bore more resemblance to the "progress" of King James I., the wanderings of the eccentric Colonel Thornton (of whom more in a later chapter), or the pompous pageantry of the ancient nobles of Spain when they went to take possession of a Vice-Royalty, than the arrival of a plain county gentleman. Not even Mr. John Jorrock's would have made such an entry. The following was the order of the cavalcade:—First, the coach and six horses, with two postilions, coachman, and three outriders; a post-chaise and four post-horses, phaeton and four followed by two grooms, a chaise marine with four horses carrying the numerous services of plate—this last was escorted by the under-butler, who had under his command three stout fellows; they formed a part of the household, and all were armed with blunderbusses. Next followed the hunters with their cloths of scarlet trimmed with silver, and attended by the stud-groom and huntsman; each horse had a fox's brush tied to the front of the bridle. The rear was brought up by the pack of hounds, the whipper-in, the hack-horses, and the inferior stablemen.

In the coach went the upper servants, in the chariot the eccentric master's wife, Lady Mary Archer, *née* Fitzwilliam, or, if she preferred a less confined view of the country, she accompanied Mr. Archer in the phaeton, he travelling in all weathers in that vehicle, wrapped up in a swan's-down lined coat.

What extent of country Mr. Archer hunted ; when he first began to keep hounds, and where his hounds came from when they formed part of the Coopersale pageant, are matters concerning which nothing is known ; nor do we hear anything about the sport they showed in Essex. It is certainly a most extraordinary fact that a hunting establishment apparently so complete should lack an historian ; but inasmuch as, at any rate during the last forty years of the last century, Essex was pretty well hunted, we are tolerably safe in concluding that the reporter in question greatly magnified the operations of Mr. Archer's pack. That gentleman may have insisted upon drawing his own coverts, though they were in some other well defined hunt, but a migratory affair like this cannot be seriously regarded as one of England's hunting establishments, for we nowhere learn that Mr. Archer, like the Duke of Grafton, hunted two countries. Moreover, we are not told for what portion of the season Mr. Archer—great-grandfather of the late

Mr. Archer-Houblon—hunted in Essex. These Coopersale visits in all probability ceased not later than 1780, as after that date the house was deserted, and nobody was permitted to reside in it until, on Mr. Archer's death, it passed into other hands.

No more than about five years after the cessation of Mr. Archer's visits, a great part of the county of Essex was hunted in exceedingly good style by a well established and well maintained pack of hounds. They belonged to a no less notable person than Mr. Thomas William Coke,¹ afterwards created Earl of Leicester. When scarcely twenty years of age, that is to say, in 1773, he returned from travelling abroad, went into Oxfordshire, and joined his brother-in-law, Lord Sherborne, in the management of the hounds kept by the latter at Bradwell Grove, now part of the

¹ Mr. Coke was born on the 6th May, 1753, it is believed at Holkham. The paternal name was formerly Roberts ; but his ancestors assumed the name of Coke upon inheriting large estates from Thomas Coke, Earl of Leicester, a descendant of the famous Sir Edward Coke. He first entered Parliament in 1776, and was elected for the last time in 1826. He was twice married ; the first time to Jane Dalton, sister of Lord Sherborne (Lord Sherborne married Coke's sister) by whom he had three daughters, and curiously enough the husband of each of the daughters was well known in the world of sport. Jane Elizabeth married Charles Nevinston, Lord Andover, who was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun ; Ann Margaret, the second daughter, married Thomas, Viscount Anson, who succeeded Sir Bellingham Graham as master of the Atherstone Hounds ; while the third daughter, Eliza, married the Hon. Spencer Stanhope, a noted amateur four-horse coachman. At the age of 68, Mr. Coke married a young wife who bore him five sons.

Heythrop country. Almost immediately, however, Mr. Coke appears to have started a second pack there; in 1775, on marrying Lord Sherborne's sister, he became sole master, and in 1778 removed the whole of his hunting establishment to his seat at Holkham, Norfolk, whence he hunted a good part of that county and a considerable portion of Suffolk.

For seven years Mr. Coke hunted his Norfolk and Suffolk country, and then in 1785 he extended his territory into Essex at the invitation of Colonel Montague Burgoyne of Mark Hall, whose Whig politics, though they did not commend him to the county, as instanced by his being twice defeated at the poll by Mr. Archer-Houblon, no doubt conduced to his friendship with Mr. Coke, as he was a leading member of that party. Arrangements for hunting a country at the period of which we are speaking were often carried out on somewhat primitive lines; but we must assume that, before sending the invitation to Mr. Coke to bring his hounds into Essex, Colonel Burgoyne had consulted the landowners and farmers of the district.

Colonel Burgoyne only became possessed of the Mark Hall Estate (which he purchased of Mr. William Lushington) in 1785, the year of the invitation to Mr. Coke, but he must have lived in Essex before, or it would appear somewhat

strange that he, a new comer, should have taken such a leading part in getting the country hunted. The Colonel commanded the Loyal Essex Regiment of Fencible Cavalry, and history records that he was once tried by Court-martial on no fewer than seventeen counts, but he was acquitted at the last, as Ventrice, the prosecutor, was held to have "prevaricated." The Colonel, too, put up the Harlow Bush Rooms as drill rooms for levies made to meet an expected invasion by Bonaparte. He farmed his own land in Essex, and, like Mr. Coke, contributed to Arthur Young's *Surveys of the Eastern Counties*; in 1798 he was appointed a Verderer of Epping Forest.

This, then, was the gentleman who was instrumental in bringing Mr. Coke's hounds into Essex. The latter's principal kennel was, of course, at Holkham, but he had another at Castle Hedingham, and eventually it became necessary for him to have a third for his Essex country. Where this kennel was is not quite clear. "The Druid" and a writer in the *Sporting Magazine* assert that the hounds were kennelled at Epping; but in a life of Jones, who, after whipping in to Catch, Mr. Coke's Oxfordshire huntsman, obtained his promotion on the migration of the pack into Norfolk, the Essex Kennel is definitely stated to have been at Harlow Bush, though no trace of any such building

can now be found there. It is not impossible that the hounds were at one time kept near Epping; possibly in the kennels which had been used by Mr. John Archer. The locality of the kennels is indicated by the statement in "Scott and Sebright" (revised edition, p. 323) that "Mr. Coke's hounds hovered between Castle Hedingham, Holkham, and Epping," and in the *Sporting Magazine* (November, 1792, p. 102) it is said that "Mr. Coke's foxhounds are returned from Castle Hedingham to Holkham, where they remain the present month, after which they remove to Epping"; but, as already mentioned, Harlow Bush is given as the kennel address in Jones's life.

William Jones had been in Mr. Coke's service for many years. He was born at Shrivenham, Berks, and was the son of a huntsman, and to him hunting and its concomitants were a second nature. Mr. Meynell used to say of him: "He is the best huntsman in England; he is a *chef d'œuvre*," and Lord Maynard's opinion was: "Jones is a gentleman huntsman. I would sooner sit in his company than in the company of half the Melton Mowbray gentlemen."

A writer in the *Sporting Magazine*, besides quoting these sayings, speaks of him as "my hero, in his elegant

attitude with his superior and engaging address, his inherent love of the sport, his pride—his just pride—in the magnificent pack, his own selection, the high discipline attained, the respectful manners and admirable conduct of his two whippers-in¹ (formed by his own tuition) uniting with his own scientific skill and mode of hunting."

The same writer gives a spirited description of a day's sport with Mr. Coke's hounds in Essex on a day in February, with a southerly wind and a cloudy sky. The meet was at Roydon Park, then a large covert. Jones and his men were in orthodox scarlet and caps, with corduroys and boot-tops of mahogany tint, "varmint-looking after all, clean, and appearing like business." Hounds found instantly, and settled to their fox with a good scent. For an hour and a-half they scarcely checked. "First to Deer Park, then to Wintry Wood; they next turned to the left over Broadley Common, not touching the Forest, running direct to Latton, and crossing the high road they went through Harlow Park," leaving Harlow just on the left, and kept on to Matching Park. Here "that splendid country burst upon the view, leading to Man Wood, which was left

¹ The first whip was John Wilkinson, who afterwards became huntsman to Sir William Rowley; the second was John Tyler, who took office as a game-keeper after Mr. Coke gave up his hounds. He soon became huntsman to Lord Craven and eventually it is believed to Lady Salisbury, in whose service he was at the time of his death.

on the right, so the point was pretty straight up to Canfield Hart, where they ran into him, about eighteen miles distance over as strong a country as any in England."

Up to Latton Park the field experienced strong fences upon high banks, deep ditches and very deep ground; thence the character changed—"sound ground over large fields, wide ditches; but taking off and landing to be depended on." The writer remarks that the "*jawners*, as they are styled in Essex, become awful if you don't keep the wind in your horse, otherwise they are easily got over; but in most runs over it a cart or plough horse have been found most important friends."

The great run above-mentioned must have taken Mr. Coke beyond his own proper boundary, for whilst he hunted that wide country round Holkham and Castle Hedingham, to Harlow and Epping, other hounds were hunting the Roothings, or, at any rate, a country which included them. The elucidation of this part of the hunting history of Essex is by no means easy. An apparent complication is brought about by the fact that there were in early times two Newmans, not related, hunting in Essex, and both their countries seem to have reached to about Chelmsford; but the explanation is that Mr. Charles Newman, who lived at Scripps, Coggeshall,

was not contemporaneous with Mr. Harding Newman, of Nelmes, near Romford, who had kennels at Broomfield, near Chelmsford, and at Navestock.

We will deal in this chapter with Mr. Harding Newman, because he was hunting towards the end of the last century; though in what year the pack was established we do not know; but there is some slight evidence that it was in existence prior to the year 1790. However that may be, it is clear that in 1793 Mr. Harding Newman's hounds had a grand day from Broomfield Hall Wood, near Chelmsford, as they ran a fox from there for six-and-twenty miles without a check, and rolled him over just as he was attempting to find shelter in Lord Maynard's garden, near Dunmow. While carrying the line of their fox through Lord Maynard's Park, many deer and hares were met with, yet so free were the hounds from riot, that a writer in the old *Sporting Magazine* felt bound to testify that the hounds hunted "with a steadiness not customary to some crack packs, which sometimes hunted the country." This covert allusion, this disparaging remark, may be supposed to refer to the hounds of Sir William Rowley, of Tendring Hall, Suffolk, between whom and Mr. Newman, there was a dispute concerning the right to draw certain coverts in the eastern

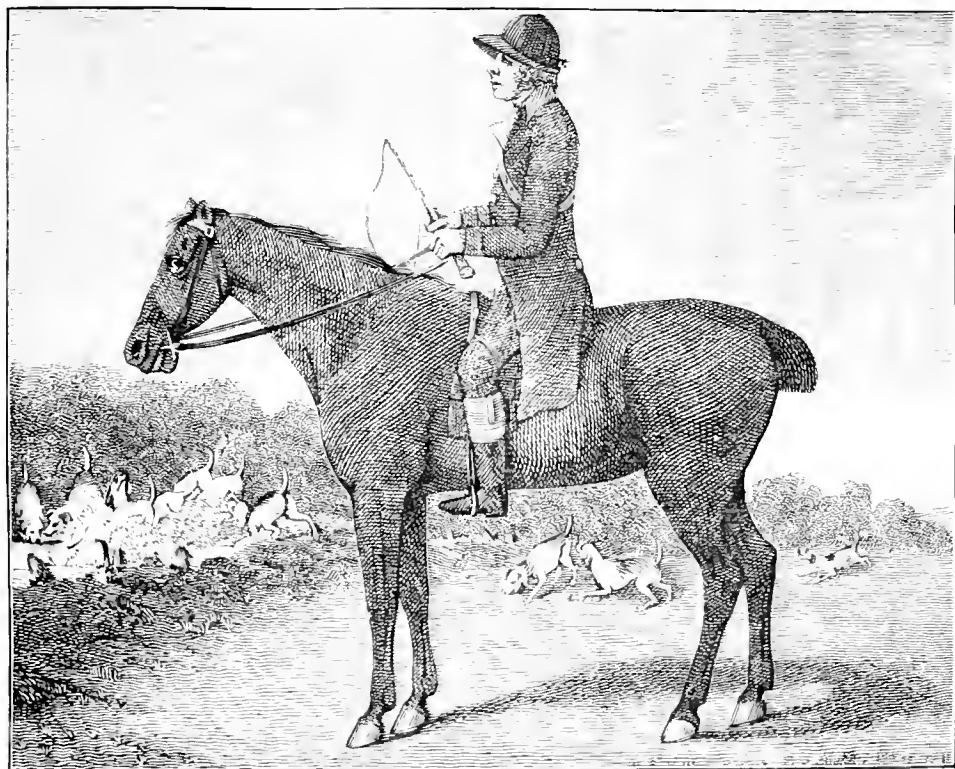
and northern portions of the country. The Duke of Grafton's pack may also have been alluded to, for some east country critics appear to have found fault with the establishment.

Mr. Harding Newman's huntsman—the first he had so far as we know—was Richard Fairbrother, who was born in Essex in the year 1734. He was always fond of hunting; and, after filling various situations, the nature of which we are not told, he took service with Mr. William Russell, of Stubbers, near Romford, “the fame of whose foxhounds,” an old historian tells us, “everyone must recollect,” yet we may search in vain for any notice of this, at one time, famous kennel, nor can we learn anything of Mr. North Surridge, or Mr. or Capt. Saich, who were likewise masters of hounds.

Richard Fairbrother, however, after leaving Mr. Russell, took service under Mr. Harding Newman, and in 1794 he received the singular honour of having his portrait in the pages of the *Sporting Magazine* (vol. iii., p. 60): he is represented mounted on his favourite horse, Jolly Roger, who had carried him through some of his best and longest runs. In the short notice accompanying the portrait, Fairbrother is spoken of in terms of commendation; and Mr. Newman's hounds are referred to as being regarded as the equal of any in England.

Richard Fairbrother, however, like many another good

fellow, was not as young as he once was ; he had a large family, and so he gave up the arduous duties of hunting a pack of foxhounds for the easier task of hunting the hare ;



RICHARD FAIRBROTHER.

though whose hounds he hunted we are not told. He died on September 8th, 1798, at the age of sixty four, and was buried at Chigwell.

We have referred to the giving of Fairbrother's portrait in the *Sporting Magazine* as a singular honour. This is confirmed by the illustrated edition of "Beckford on Hunting" (1796), in which Richard Fairbrother is the only huntsman whose likeness appeared. As he died in 1798, hunted harriers before his death, and had a short notice of his career printed in 1794, it is clear that he must have left the service of Mr. Newman before that date; and unless he had been for some time with that good sportsman he would not have been deemed worthy of a place in the magazine; and this tends to suggest that the Newman family may have kept hounds longer than we suppose.

By 1795 the hounds were spoken of as the "Essex Subscription Foxhounds under the firm of Harding Newman and Co."; and at this date it was that the Broomfield kennel, near Chelmsford, was given up, as also was the sporting partnership which before existed, whatever that may have been. Prior to that, however, that is to say, in 1794, one of the hounds was bitten by a mad dog; rabies took possession of the kennel, and the pack was destroyed. Thanks, however, to the freemasonry which, in almost every instance, has obtained among hunting men, a fresh pack was got together; and Mr. Harding Newman, either single-handed, or with

"confederates," as colleagues were termed in those days, continued to show a succession of good sport. As we proceed, however, in trying to unravel the uncertainties of Essex hunting, we are occasionally met by complications. In 1797, for example, we find it said that the hounds passed from Mr. Harding Newman to Mr. Denn, or Denne, of Tempsford. Now Mr. Denne, or whatever his name was, succeeded General Barnett as master of the Cambridgeshire; and the General, a fine sportsman who had previously hunted the hare, turned his barriers into foxhounds about the year 1787, having his brother as a partner in the undertaking. The exact year in which General Barnett resigned in favour of Mr. Denne is not known; but he was supposed to have hunted the Cambridgeshire country for about nine years, so that the year 1797 would quite fit in.

The explanation may be that Mr. Denne, knowing of the fame of Mr. Newman's hounds, managed to secure some of the pack; but, whatever the facts of the case may be, it is clear that Mr. Newman did not give up entirely in 1797, because in 1805 he sold his hounds to Mr. Conyers, junr., when he started on his first period of mastership, and then we hear no more of the Newmans of Nelves for some time.

Later in the last, or quite early in the present, century, Mr. Charles Newman—no relation whatever to the other family of which we have already spoken—is found hunting the East Essex country, but of him we shall speak in a subsequent chapter.

A passing allusion should here be made to a pack of foxhounds established in the year 1792 by two brothers, Tom and Dick Rounding. These jolly fellows, who had learned their hunting with Mr. Coke and Mr. Newman, kept the "Horse and Groom" Inn, at Woodford, where a field known as the "Dog Kennel Field" is pointed out as the site of their kennels. Pierce Egan's "Book of Sports" states that the Roundings hunted a great portion of Essex, including a circumference of upwards of one hundred miles,¹ having runs equal to those of any pack of hounds that ever hunted the country. "As the foxes in Essex are so vermin bred," Dick used to say to Tom, "there will be no end to such a fox." "But we'll try, Dick," replied Tom, "and so let us be off, and see which has the best bit of blood." In the true huntsman's style, it was a fine treat to hear Tom Rounding in the field calling out, "Hark, forward! Look at Tyrant, Gladsome and Governess. See

¹ In 1792, it must be remembered, Mr. Coke, Mr. Harding Newman, and several other packs were hunting in Essex.

here they go! what a head they make altogether! get forward, my boys! they are laying at him, as bitter as soot. Now—now for the brush!”

A celebrated foxhunter in Essex was accustomed to say: “I compare Dick and his grey horse to the moon; the longer and faster I ride, no nearer can I get to them.”

The two Roundings did not possess an acre of land in the county; and no hounds hunted a country more pleasantly than they did. The landowners and farmers of Essex were such lovers of foxhunting, and the excellent sport which a chase afforded them, that not a murmur escaped their lips.¹ Indeed, the contrary was the fact, as it was the general expression of these gentlemen to Tom and Dick Rounding, “Why do you pass our houses in returning home? You know we have at all times ale and bread and cheese for you and the field, with a hearty welcome.”

Pierce Egan states that the Roundings kept their foxhounds until Dick died of a fever, when his brother abandoned hunting entirely for some years. That authority

¹ This was similar to the experience of Colonel John Cook and (in our own day) of Mr. C. E. Green, while it was in curious contrast to the attitude assumed by some of the Essex landowners and farmers during the mastership of Mr. Henley Greaves, when one of the objections to him was that he owned no land in the county.

gives 1813 as the date of Dick's death, but the hounds were probably given up at an earlier time, for the *Sporting Magazine* of April of that year mentions the presence of Tom Rounding at the "Epping Hunt," and describes him as "the gallant leader of the once famous Essex Foxhounds." Tom afterwards kept staghounds, and lived to a good old age. Under his management the "Horse and Groom" became a Sunday resort of the sporting and dramatic world. George Cruikshank was a frequent visitor, and so was Tom Hood when he lived at Wanstead, and he described old Rounding in his poem, "The Epping Hunt":—

"A snow-white head, a merry eye,
A cheek of jolly blush;
A claret tint laid on by health
With Master Reynard's brush.

"A hearty frame, a courteous bow,
The prince he learn'd it from,
His age about three score and ten,
And there you have Old Tom."

We now return to the "Essex Hounds," and young Mr. Conyers, who took the pack in 1805. The new master, who was born in February, 1782, had been entered to foxhunting in the company of Mr. Smith (father of a famous son), and other young sportsmen who were easily

primed for a frolic. "The Druid" tells how, after indulging rather freely in claret-cup at luncheon, they all followed Conyers into a deep morass, which is called "Conyers's Bog" to this day.

In his first attempt to hunt the Essex County the young master had the assistance of the famous huntsman Ben Jennings. In 1807, Jennings left Mr. Conyers's service for that of an even younger master, Mr. Farquharson of Dorsetshire, whose pack he hunted for thirty seasons, in a manner that caused a New Forest sportsman to say that if it had pleased Providence to make a fox of him originally, he would have picked any other man in England to be hunted by.

We have not found any record of Mr. Conyers's sport during his first season, but his second was a good one, if his February run from a small spring near Roydon Town to beyond Knightlands is a fair sample of the sport shown. The expense of keeping up the hounds, however, soon emptied the pockets of the young guardsman. His own statement was that he "sold his commission to buy dog biscuit," but the money thus raised only lasted till the end of his third season, when he resigned the country, and sold the hounds.

Such are the available odds and ends of information

relative to early foxhunting in Essex. On looking over the collection, culled from a variety of sources, the question suggests itself "What can we point to as being the origin of the Essex Hunt?" The Roothings, the cream of our country, were hunted in the last century by Mr. Harding Newman, and it is only fair to that gentleman's memory, and his services to foxhunting, to lay some stress upon the fact that his hounds appear—though unofficially—to have been called "The Essex Hounds," a designation which does not seem to have been bestowed upon any other pack in the last century. It appears to us, therefore, that it was Mr. Harding Newman's pack, or what remained of it, which was purchased in 1805, by Mr. Henry John Conyers of the Coldstream Guards, which is entitled to be regarded as the foundation of the Essex Hunt; while in furtherance of this view it may be stated that the *Sporting Magazine* in recording the sale to Mr. Conyers of Mr. Harding Newman's Hounds says that it was the intention of the purchaser to hunt the country previously hunted by Mr. Newman. Whether this be so or not, it is at least clear that the history of the Essex Hunt goes back without a break to the date of the beginning of Mr. Conyers's first mastership in 1805, though for several years we find but scanty records of the pack.

CHAPTER III.

THE ESSEX HUNT (*continued*)—COLONEL JOHN COOK.

AT the close of Mr. Conyers's first period of mastership he was succeeded by another soldier, John Cook, Major, and afterwards Colonel, in the 28th Light Dragoons.

This famous foxhunter was born at Christchurch in Hampshire in 1773. Very early in life he proved himself a born sportsman by his style of hunting a pack of harriers, between Wareham and Poole, in Dorsetshire.

It was in hunting his harriers that Colonel Cook laid the foundation of that wonderful stock of hunting knowledge he afterwards possessed. His father was a merchant of much influence in Christchurch, and dying whilst his son was yet young, left Sir George Rose his executor and guardian of his children. From this it may fairly be concluded that Colonel Cook was not, in early life at least, the impecunious man he has sometimes been represented. The family were well-to-do, moved in the best society, and appear to have

owned some property about Droxford. At any rate, our future master would not have kept harriers almost before he was out of his teens had there been no money forthcoming, nor, one would think, would he have travelled so far from home as the Thurlow country, in Suffolk and Cambridgeshire, of which he became master about the year 1800, in succession to Mr. Wilson, who for a year or two seems to have hunted the country given up by the somewhat eccentric Mr. Thomas Panton, of Newmarket, an owner of race horses and Master of the game to the King.

Colonel (then Mr.) Cook, took up his abode in a cottage opposite the "Cock," at Thurlow, and during his stay in that country married Lord Eldon's niece, a Miss Surtees, daughter of Mr. A. Surtees, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. There has always, from the earliest days, been a difficulty in hunting the Newmarket and Thurlow country, and so the young master discovered at the beginning of the century. To use his own forcible expression, he found "foxes and subscriptions damnably short," so shaking the Thurlow dust from his feet he went back to his native county, Hampshire, where, in the year 1804, he became master of the Hambledon Hunt in succession to Mr. Thomas Butler, the first master of the Hunt, which was

established in 1800, about the time Colonel Cook took the Thurlow country. There he stayed three years and then, on resigning in favour of Mr. Powlett-Powlett, went into Essex.

In the year 1808 he established himself with his hounds in quarters which were small, and not particularly well placed for his purpose, at Bell House (a name afterwards changed to Pilgrim's House), at Pilgrim's Hatch, near Brentwood. In Essex he stayed for five seasons, during which time he hunted his hounds himself and showed first-rate sport. His hounds were described as being as fine a pack as money and close attention to all the minutiae of the kennel, added to his own instinctive as well as acquired knowledge of the animal, could procure. He had a good stud of horses, plenty of foxes (of the old-fashioned sort, too), and what was in those days considered a liberal subscription.

His whip was Jack Cole, who came from the Old Surrey, and was reputed to be the best whipper-in of his day. Like the foxes, he was of the old-fashioned sort—a hard rider, and a hard drinker, the colour of a nigger or a collier, and commonly known as “Black Jack.”

Cook hunted the Essex County three or four days a week. In his celebrated work on Foxhunting he speaks

highly of the country, and remarks that "Leaden Roothing is thought to be the best covert in the hunt; but I preferred Old Park Coppice,¹ a covert at the extremity of the Roothings, towards Chelmsford, probably because I had the best runs from it, and the foxes found in the latter are reckoned the stoutest in Essex."

"I had four very superior runs from it in one season, and killed each day; and it afforded me several good days' sport besides. I will mention a few of them. One run of an hour and twenty minutes, and killed at Colonel Strutt's, near Maldon, twelve miles on end at least. Another, with a fox of the year, the quickest thing I ever saw, and killed him a few fields from Takely Forest, the pack running into him in the open. Again, a run of one hour and ten minutes, ten miles on end and killed. But a run I had from a covert, a short distance from Old Park, was one of the most brilliant things I witnessed during the time I kept hounds. When we found him we considered him an Old Park fox, and as he went away, a friend of mine, an old member of the Talents Hunt, said to me, 'There he goes; he is one of the old sort, my Master; he is not to be measured to-day! You will never see him again!'

¹ This covert disappeared many years ago. It lay midway between Garnetts and Pleshey.

My answer was, '*I hope not alive, sir.*' My hounds were close at his brush when he broke covert, and they went the very best pace for fifty-five minutes over the open without a check, and killed him at the edge of a chain of woodlands, where we were certain of changing. Not forty yards from the place where they killed him a fresh fox went away; if, therefore, he could only have held on for that short distance we should, in all probability, have changed."

"I could enumerate many more capital runs to prove the stoutness of the Essex foxes, which I had from Manwood, Brickles, Witney Wood, Lord Maynard's High Wood, East End, Leaden Roothing, Matching Park, Row Wood, Marks and Offrey. All the foxes found in the coverts mentioned are stub-bred. I declare to you, I do not remember ever finding a bad running fox from Ongar to Haverhill, a distance of thirty miles."

He mentions that the longest run he ever had after a fox in Essex was from Hempstead Wood (a covert notorious for stout running foxes) to between Hedingham and Colne, where hounds killed him; the distance was calculated at seventeen miles.

In the *Sporting Magazine* for October, 1809, an amusing account is given of the opening day of his

second season. Hounds met at Kelvedon Park, and were thrown into cover at ten o'clock, "but not finding, they left the Park, and went to Puckler's Wood, where, after chopping a cub in covert, they unkennelled an old fox, which they ran for an hour and three-quarters, and was killed. But the death was rather remarkable. The fox being hard pressed was killed in endeavouring to cross Ongar river, when two gentlemen, who were riding for the brush, immediately left their horses, and plunged into the river, where, struggling together a considerable time for the brush, with the whole pack about them, tearing the fox, one at length succeeded in cutting it off, and the fox immediately sunk. The Major being a little vexed that the hounds should be deprived of their prey, one of the gentlemen who had been in the water, plunged in again and succeeded in getting the fox from the bottom, and it was given to the hounds. Such desperate riding has seldom before been witnessed in Essex."

We have already noticed Cook's tribute to the Roothings. His affection extended also to the "north country," of which he writes:—

"During the time I hunted Essex, we had our Dunmow meetings, which, I assure you, enlivened us not a little; and whilst I devoted myself to that part of the

country, which was usually for a week or ten days each time, and perhaps three or four times during the season, I made that place head-quarters for myself and hounds, and was attended by many gentlemen of the hunt; the Hertfordshire hounds on those occasions contrived to meet near to us on the alternate days, and the emulation excited on the part of each hunt, which should show the best sport, made it the more interesting, and the dinner at Old Malster's (the 'Saracen's Head,' Dunmow), who did all in his power to make us comfortable, always went off cheerfully. Taking into consideration the country altogether, it may be ranked as a first-rate ruralist"—that is to say, *provincial country*.

Colonel Cook, it will be remembered, came from Hampshire, a county in which the good fellowship of Hunt Clubs had already made itself felt, and being as genial and convivial a soul as ever stepped, what was more natural than for him to seek to establish in Essex an institution which had flourished in Hampshire? In that undertaking he was successful. The members of the Hunt ("many of them very opulent London merchants") formed themselves into a club, with "Old Cooky" as their secretary, chairman, in fact, caterer in general. Doubtless, he was the right man in the right place, for as

one of his friends said of him, "he had a peculiar knack of making corks fly almost as fast as he did his foxes." The Dunmow gatherings were a great success, and a writer declared that he never met an old Essex sportsman of those by-gone days who did not mention these meetings with pleasure and delight.

Colonel Cook's mastership was completely successful. In Essex he found both gentlemen and farmers very civil and obliging. Then, as now, a race meeting was one of the forms of entertainment most appreciated by Essex farmers. This was provided annually on the Galley Wood race-course, where a fifty-guinea cup was run for by gentlemen farmers in the district of the Essex Hunt. These races were in existence as long ago as 1810, when it was one of the conditions that the horses engaged must have been in at the death of four foxes.

The annual hunt meetings were held at the "City of London" tavern. Cook had many subscribers amongst City men, whom he describes as "good sportsmen, well mounted, and riding well to hounds; they never interfere with the management of them when in the field, contribute liberally to the expense, and pay their subscriptions regularly."

At the end of the season 1812-13 Colonel Cook sold

his pack to Mr. Archer Houblon, and bade farewell to the Essex country in the following letter :—

“ To the Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Farmers in the
District of the Essex Hunt.

“ Being obliged to retire from the management of the Essex Foxhounds, I think it no more than common gratitude to return you my sincere thanks for the civility and support I have received from you during the five seasons I hunted the country. My hounds I have sold to Mr. Houblon, although very reluctantly, but my friends wished it, and I did not feel comfortable at the idea of taking away my pack from a country, I, as a stranger, have received so much kindness in. The manager, Mr. Conyers, jun., told me at Tattersall's he would do the thing as it ought to be done, and I sincerely hope he will perform his promise. I take my leave with wishing you all health and happiness, and prosperity to the County of Essex.

“ I remain,

“ Your very obedient and obliged humble servant,

“ J. Cook.”

It is said that some three years after his retirement Colonel Cook was out with the Essex, and some of his

old hounds, hearing his voice, immediately jumped a hedge out of a lane to get to him.

An increasing family and the loss of some money were the causes which combined to lead him to give up Essex, but field sports, hunting especially, being something more than a passion with him, he never devoted himself seriously to military duties, though had he done so he might have fared well, as he was advanced in the Service by the influence of his friends. The Recruiting Service and the Inspectorship of Volunteers were good enough for him in the soldiering line, and on being appointed Inspecting Field Officer of the Birmingham District, after leaving Essex, he at once proceeded to combine business with pleasure by hunting, on a subscription of £800 a year, a small district in Staffordshire, carved out of what had been Lord Vernon's country. Here, however, he did not stay long, for his resources were exhausted, so he took his family to the Continent, settling first at St. Omer, and then at Honfleur.

Meantime he was suffering from cancer in the tongue, and after consulting the first surgeons in London without success, he went to Rouen and placed himself under the care of a specialist, whose skill, however, was completely baffled by the case.

In 1826 his celebrated work on Foxhunting (of which 500 copies were sold) was published by subscription under the title of "Observations on Foxhunting and the Management of Hounds in the Kennel and the Field, addressed to a young Sportsman about to undertake a hunting establishment, by Colonel Cook, H.P., 28th Dragoons." As the work is not now easily procurable, a short description of its contents may be of interest.

The dedication to John Warde is followed by a list of 380 subscribers, including Mr. Henry John Conyers, Lord Petre, Mr. Charles Newman, Mr. Sampson Hanbury, and many other Masters of Foxhounds.

The book, like Beckford's "Thoughts on Hunting," is written in the form of a series of letters. Cook's imaginary correspondent is addressed as "My dear 'C.,'" and advised as to the purchase, breeding, entering, feeding, lodging, and physicking of hounds. In his remarks on the preservation of foxes the writer is very outspoken as to "the great mania for game," declaring that "the useless quantity of it with which we find most coverts glutted, is a great misfortune to foxhunting." He points out the importance of hunting a country regularly, the good and the bad alternately, and of making no change in a plan of drawing when fixed upon, and he lays down the law of foxhunting as to a

fox run to ground in a neighbouring hunt. Next follow the allusions to Essex which we have already quoted, and then the writer gives advice as to artificial earths and coverts, and the hunting of large woodlands.

On the subject of "hunting countries," he points out that by law the owners of coverts can allow whom they please to hunt them and therefore it is most important that the boundary of a country should be held sacred; and he tells how, being a good deal disturbed by some hounds which often disturbed a covert belonging to Lord Maynard, he mentioned the circumstance to his lordship; who was a strict preserver of foxes, and one of the best of men. He said: "If you insist upon it, I will send them a written discharge; but I, as an old sportsman, would advise you to arrange with them in a milder way: it is a bad precedent, and they may retaliate by instigating persons to send you a similar discharge in another part of your hunt, and annoy you very considerably."

For procuring a stud of hunters, he recommends Messrs. Tattersall and the London dealers. He prefers thorough-breds to "cock-tails," and approves of "Nimrod's" system of conditioning and of Mr. Corbet's method of training hunters.

In a pathetic description of the trials of a Master in

having his hounds over-ridden, he thinks it "very extraordinary, yet nevertheless true, that many people go out for the sake of the riding part only; the hunting is a minor consideration." Hallooing, he adds, is even worse than over-riding. There may be some faint hope of improving a field that ride too forward, but a noisy one you can never mend.

He mentions the difficulty of finding good hunt servants, and disapproves of the system of "capping"¹ which, in the case of some packs near London, he says, led to a bagman being turned out on Saturdays; of course without

¹ In olden days it was frequently the custom to make a "cap" for the hunt servants whenever a fox was killed, a practice which, as may be supposed, led to a fox often being mobbed in order that the "cap" might be earned. In vol. xix. of the *Sporting Magazine*, p. 306, we are told that "Mr. Hanbury's Hounds throw off on Monday, March 22nd, at Moor Garden Wood, near Hatfield Peverell, Essex, in order to make a cap for honest Will Crane, late huntsman to Colonel Bullock, now about to enter the ninetieth year of his age. This veteran of the brush will take the field himself to see those friends whom for so many years he has exhilarated by the superiority of his hunting skill and the matchless melody of his manly voice. The hunt will dine together at the Angel at Kelvedon, when those sportsmen not able to dine may, by some friend, contribute to Will's cap and so put a feather in their own." Will Crane, it may be observed, was employed to train the hounds of Mr. Smith Barry for their famous match on Newmarket Heath in 1762, against Mr. Meynell's hounds. Capping, too, was much in vogue formerly as a means of replenishing the funds of a hunt, and it is curious to note that after the lapse of so many years the method has been revived. At the meeting of the North Warwickshire Hunt held in the autumn of the present year (1895), the expediency of capping was seriously discussed but it was not adopted. At the annual meeting of the Southdown Hunt, however, held at about the same time, it was resolved that all strangers should be capped to the extent of ten shillings per head.

the knowledge of the master. He advocates Hunt Club Dinners and Balls, to please the ladies, being convinced things cannot go on right unless they are in good humour. Reference is also made to the importance of gaining the goodwill of the farmers by giving Hunt Cups for races for their horses.

With regard to the pack when in the field, he points out that the practice of hunting at daybreak had become unnecessary in consequence of the improvement in the breed of hounds. He insists on the necessity of keeping hounds "in blood" and gives instances of their extraordinary scenting powers.

The latter part of the work contains allusions to fox-hunting in Ireland, Wales and France; remarks on hunting accidents; anecdotes of Mr. Meynell; suggestions for further improving the breed of hounds and providing for old hunt servants, and estimates of the cost of hunting establishments. The book concludes with lists of the various packs of foxhounds in England and of the hounds in some of the principal kennels. The Essex packs named in the list are those of Lord Petre, Mr. Conyers, Mr. Charles Newman, and Mr. Hanbury. Lists are given of the hounds in each of these packs, with the strange exception of that of Mr. Conyers, in which the writer must, one would think, have taken a special interest.

Little remains to be told of the life of the author. Game to the last, he never lost his love for hunting, and in 1828, just a year before his death, though suffering much from cancer, he returned to England, and at the invitation of his old friend, Mr. Samuel Nicoll, Master of the New Forest Hounds, took the management of that pack while Mr. Nicoll was absent in consequence of a tragic occurrence in his family. Out of practice as he was, he hunted the pack and delighted everyone with the sport he showed. This, however, was his last who-whoop. Unable any longer to struggle against his malady, he returned to Rouen, and wrote to a friend in one of his almost illegible scrawls : " I am fairly hunted down and run to ground by a damned hungry and incurable cancer under the tongue." And so the poor fellow was ; his tongue came away in pieces, and in December, 1829, he died at Rouen at the age of fifty-six.

The *Sporting Magazine* thus describes him :—

" He was a man of eccentric manners and habits, ridiculing, in fact almost despising, those effeminating habits both in manners and dress which now form certainly too great a part of the character of our modern dandy and foxhunter. They who fancied that Cook was nothing but a groom—that his knowledge was confined entirely to the

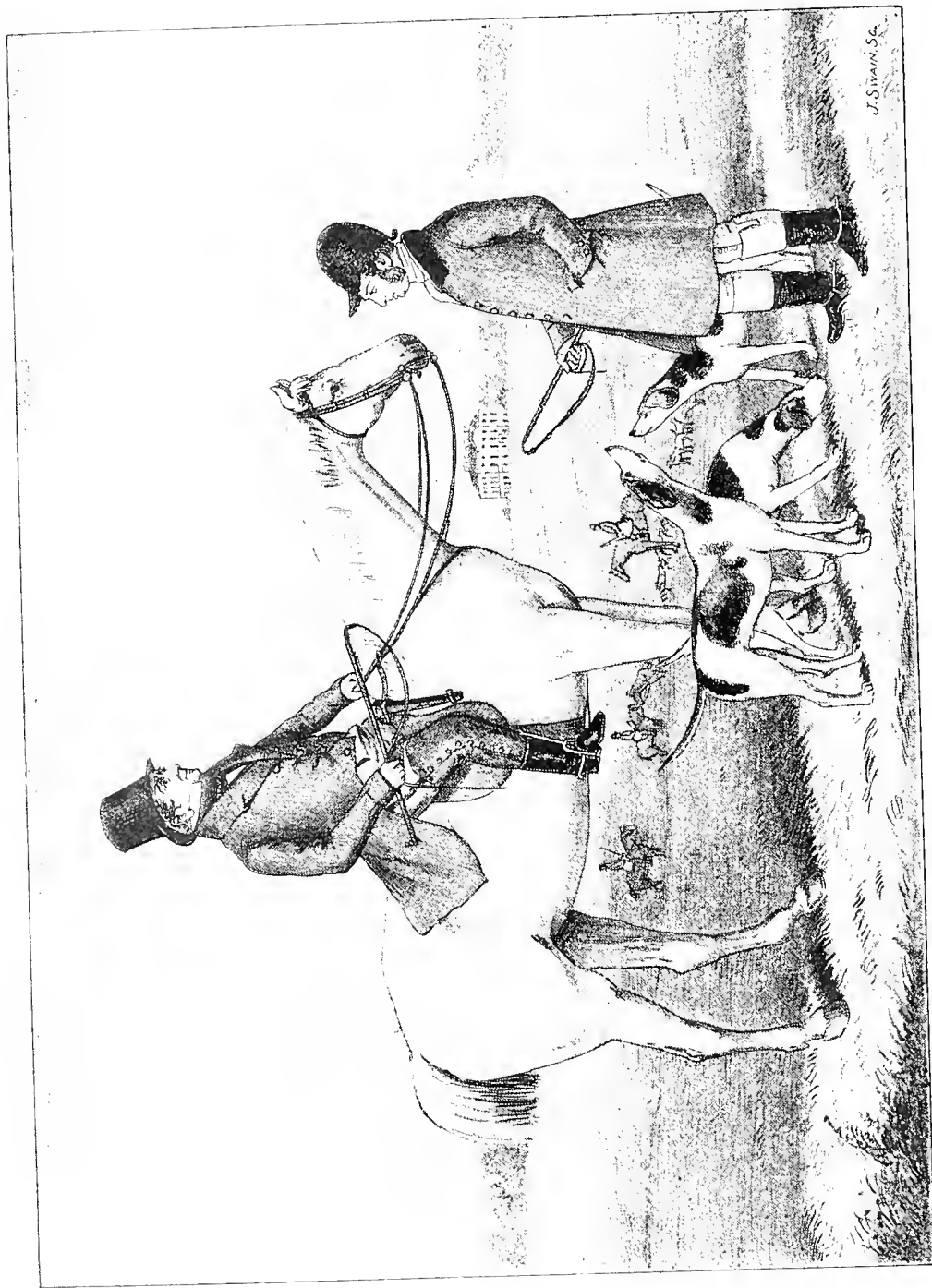
kennel and the stable—belied and slandered him. With all his roughness of manner and exterior, his mind was well stored, particularly on those subjects that his fancy at all called his attention to. To prove this, he was busied to the very latest period of his life, and as long as he could hold his pen, in preparing a new work for the press on foxhunting, in which he introduced many interesting and amusing anecdotes.

“To those who knew and were accustomed to live much with Colonel Cook, and to see him in his cups, the relation of his quaint and eccentric expressions and anecdotes are unnecessary ; and to those who did not know him, I doubt whether they would excite much interest. One sure sign of the influence of the juicy god on him was his becoming very noisy, hallooing and tally-ho-ing, and when in an advanced state of this kind it was most difficult to move him or get him to bed. I remember his once being asked to withdraw from the table and join the ladies, where he would hear some excellent music. He said : “ Damn all music except the music of a pack of foxhounds. By gosh ! I am like the man who was fond of his garden, and who, when asked by a lady to give her some choice flower, replied : ‘ Madam, I cultivate no flower but cauliflower.’ ”

“ However deep he may have been in his cups over-night—and it must be granted he was too apt to be so—it never seemed to affect him in the morning, when he was always at his post in time. This reminds me of an anecdote told of him and his intimate friend and ally, the late Major, *alias* Billy, Calcraft. They were dining together with a jolly party of brother sportsmen at St-rm-r Hall, in Essex” [probably Sturmer Hall, near Haverhill], “ when, owing to some trivial dispute, when deep in their cups, the ire of both became so great that each insisted on honourable satisfaction from the other. The hounds were to meet at a considerable distance in the morning, and after the party had broken up, therefore (which, by-the-bye, was long after the little hours had commenced), these two *right honourable friends* adjourned to a shed, there to await the first dawn of day, and of course, if possible, kill each other. It was a bitter cold night in December, but the fumes of Bacchus soon sent our heroes to sleep. Their surprise, however, at waking and finding themselves in this ridiculous situation, both close together and lying in the same crib—their poor hacks, too, which they had left running loose, having crept into the same place for shelter—excited the risible faculties of both to such a degree that they both simultaneously shook hands, and rode home together in

perfect amity. Ever after, when any little dispute arose, a reference to the shed adventure always acted as a *quietus*, and having the desirable effect of turning their strife into merriment."

From what has been said it will have been gathered that "Cooky" was possibly a "man of no blandishment," yet his above-quoted biographer was perfectly correct in saying that he was well informed. While in France he went to some expense in obtaining from Paris the exact measurements of the *Venus de Medicis*, giving the ideal proportions of a woman, as he was writing a book upon the benefits resulting from proper configuration. With the same object in view he carefully measured the skeleton of Eclipse, with the intention of proving that the highest rate of speed could be exhibited only by horses possessing the configuration and proportions of that famous racehorse. Then, finding time hang heavily on his hands, he turned his attention to introducing into France the best breeds of cattle and horses; and a French writer of about thirty years ago acknowledged that much of the improvement in heavy and other horses was due to Col. Cook. He further collected a number of facts to show the attachment of Bonaparte to field sports, and he contended that "if the trumpet had ceased to blow and the drum to beat he would have been a decided foxhunter."



JAMES MORGAN.

WILL ORVIS.

JOHN WREGHITT. W. GODDARD.

H. A. Morgan

CHAPTER IV.

THE ESSEX HUNT (*continued*)—MR. HENRY JOHN CONYERS OF COPT HALL.

WE have seen that, when Colonel John Cook gave up the Essex country, Mr. John Archer Houblon bought the pack. He was apparently joined in the proprietorship by Lord Maynard, and these two joint masters left the conduct of the hunt to Mr. Henry John Conyers, junr.—his father was still alive—who was designated the “manager.” Under this new *régime* the opening day of the season 1813-14 was held at Grand Courts, Felstead; a strange fixture, at first sight, as being some way from the kennels, and outside the limits of the Essex country as at present constituted; but we have seen in Chapter I. that the right of Mr. Conyers to Grand Courts Wood was admitted by the East Essex. The fixture, therefore, may have been arranged on the invitation of Long Wellesley (well known in Leicestershire), of Wanstead House; as Grand Courts was also his property, though like his other possessions it soon passed into other hands, owing to the pace at which he lived.

As is often the case on opening days, the new management was not inaugurated with any brilliant sport ; but, before long, Mr. Conyers managed to rival Colonel Cook's achievements, good runs coming with satisfactory frequency. Only a fortnight after the above-mentioned opening day, that is to say, on November 1st, a large field met at Old Park, and were treated to a severe run of two hours and forty minutes through the Roothing country to near Hatfield Broad Oak, where reynard gave them the go-bye. Two days later, the pack was again in the Roothings, running with an excellent scent from Marks through Lord Maynard's Park to the famous Old Park, where the huntsman had a bad fall, so Mr. Conyers hunted the hounds through the Roothings, by Skreens Park, making a half circle to Witney Wood. There the fox was headed and returned to Canfield Hart, where the hounds ran into him, Mr. Houblon and Mr. Conyers having two companions only when the fox was killed.

During this season (1813-14) and the next, frost interfered much with hunting, but the weather was a good deal more favourable in the winter of 1815-16, and excellent sport was enjoyed. A writer in the *Sporting Magazine* mentions the steadiness shown by the hounds on one very windy and stormy day, when they ran an Old Park fox for exactly two

hours, and killed him in high style, after his leaving Scarlet Wood, in the Toppinghoe country. In the following season (1816-17) the high repute of Old Park was maintained by a February fox, which stood up before hounds through a good hunting run of two hours and twenty-four minutes.

The pack thus continued under the management of Mr. Conyers until, by the death of his father in 1818, he was placed in a position to keep the hounds himself, and from that date he devoted his superabundant energy and ample means to hunting the Essex country until his death in the year 1853. Though the pack showed excellent sport in the hands of Mr. Henry John Conyers, it was apparently some little time before he obtained a really first-class staff. The aforesaid Cole, whom Colonel Cook had described as "not a bad one," remained with the new master for about ten years; but he doubtless outlived his earlier reputation, and at last went out like the snuff of a candle. The rough gin-drinking Tom Webb, who was afterwards with the Quorn, Old Surrey and Pytchley, is said to have hunted the Essex hounds for a time, but with what success is not known. It appears, however, that, for many years prior to the year 1833, the pack was inefficiently handled, if, at least, any reliance is to be placed in the statement of a chronicler of that year. "The packs of

Essex and Suffolk," he wrote, "have had a brilliant season, except Conyers's, who has persisted season after season, in defiance of every advice, and one, would think, common sense, in keeping on poor old Holmes, who really ought to have been consigned, at least ten years ago, to a snug cottage and sinecure pension for the remainder of his days."

Tradition has assigned to Holmes a fate very different from that sketched out by the above-quoted critic. The story has been told how, on going down one night into the kennel to quiet hounds while fighting (he having at the time nothing on but his shirt and top boots), they first savaged him, and then ate him clean up, save his bones, boots and whip, which were found next morning on search being made for the missing huntsman. As this gruesome story has been told of at least a dozen other hunts, it may happily be dismissed as mythical, though it was confidently related in Essex within forty years of the time when Holmes was hunting the hounds. The absurdity of the story is possibly shown by the fact of its having been so often related in proof of the theory that the hounds did not know the huntsman or whipper-in, for it has been told of both functionaries, when not habited in a red coat, as though it were the custom for hunt servants to wear pink all day and every day; but as eminent Q.C.'s are represented wearing wig

and gown when sitting in their chambers, and as undergraduates are depicted living in cap and gown, so have hunt servants been supposed to constantly wear their official dress.

About 1833, however, the decrepit Holmes, who probably died quietly in his bed instead of being overtaken by Actæon's fate, retired into private life, and in his place came Jem Morgan, a complete contrast to Mr. Conyers's previous huntsman, and the father of four sons, of whom Ben and Goddard were perhaps the most famous. This happy change came none too soon, for the master contrived to make himself very unpopular, the ill-feeling towards him taking the form of killing foxes in front of hounds, on at least one occasion. Jem Morgan, son of a tenant farmer in Suffolk, was born in the year 1785. As a boy he distinguished himself with the harriers of Mr. Lloyd, of Hintlesham, by charging a gate out of a lane on his pony when nearly the whole field were pounded. The harriers were afterwards changed into foxhounds, and Jem's father was persuaded to let him enter Mr. Lloyd's service as whip. Here he remained for eleven years, sometimes riding his own black horse, Mungo. Later on he whipped in, and acted as kennel huntsman, to the Tickham hounds, when Giles Morgan, a

sporting farmer, had £100 a year to hunt them, and find his own horse—a primitive kind of arrangement which was not uncommon in those days, and was almost identical with that under which the famous Jack Parker hunted the Sinnington Hounds till shortly before his death a few years ago; but Jack was huntsman, and not master.

Such had been Jem Morgan's training when about the year 1833 he became huntsman of the Essex Hounds. Mr. Conyers recognised his merits, and mounted him well; but even the best of the Copt Hall stud was not always equal to the task set them by this intrepid rider, who delighted in jumping timber, and who, to his latest day, would go out of his line to ride over a stile, while the widest and deepest Roothing ditch—"them Rootheners," he called them—never stopped his course in a likely direction. He had many falls, and on one occasion, put his arm out so badly that his whippers-in could not pull it in, so they had to ride on with the hounds and leave him. However, he was helped on his horse, when a chance pressure of the limb on the saddle sent it once more into its socket. After this he was wont to say that as he could not open gates he must ride over them!

Jem Morgan, like most other people who were brought into contact with the Squire of Copt Hall, had sundry experiences of Mr. Conyers's ungovernable temper. On one occasion, when the hounds were in Takeley Forest, Morgan in some way incurred the Squire's wrath, and was treated to such a torrent of abuse that he dismounted then and there and started to make his way home on foot, declaring that he would forthwith quit his master's service. Mr. Conyers, however, was not long in perceiving that he had made a donkey of himself, so riding after his ruffled, yet slow travelling, huntsman, he overtook him, gave him a sovereign, and induced him to return. To give the Squire his due, he appears, at least in a certain proportion of cases, to have been ready to apologise after one of his too numerous hasty fits. One day, a well-known sportsman had for his own amusement, with some hounds of his own, laid a drag early in the morning, and as luck had it the Essex Hounds came into the district later in the day. Unfortunately they hit on the line of the drag which they ran with the greatest vigour, and "for two miles," says our informant, "Conyers rode after me uttering the most awful imprecations, but later in the day he made a most complete apology."

By degrees master and man became accustomed to

each other and Jem Morgan hunted the hounds for Mr. Conyers until the year 1848, when he transferred his services to the Essex Union (under Mr. Scratton), and with them he remained for three seasons; but, finding the work too severe for his increasing years, as was said, he resigned in 1852, though only to become huntsman, at the age of 68, to Lord Lonsdale, who mounted him in first-rate style; and, in his new sphere, the old man contrived to hunt five days a week, and occasionally six. During the season 1860-61, Jem Morgan retired in favour of his son Goddard, who ultimately wore the yellow plush of the old Berkeley, under that most popular of masters, Lord Malden. In January, 1862, old Jem was riding to meet Lord Lonsdale's Hounds when his horse stumbled and fell by the road side. The veteran remounted, accompanied the pack to the place of meeting and holloed the fox away. Acting on the advice of his friends, however, he left the hunting field, for he was evidently much shaken, and on a medical examination being made it was found that he had sustained injury to his neck from the effects of which he died on the removal of his hunting tie. At the time of his death his four sons were all in harness. Goddard, as already mentioned, succeeded

him as Lord Lonsdale's huntsman; Ben hunted Lord Middleton's; Jack carried the horn with the Grove; while Tom whipped-in to Henry Harris, with the West Norfolk. With every master old Jem had been a favourite, for he thoroughly understood his duties, and worked hard in discharging them; while by his fields he was greatly esteemed, for he was, to the last, as keen on sport as the most youthful and enthusiastic of his followers.

We give an illustration, taken from an old engraving containing life-like portraits of Mr. Conyers, Jem Morgan, Will Orvis, the first whipper-in and the other servants, with Copt Hall in the distance. The Squire is mounted on his favourite hunter, "Canvass," whom he rode for seventeen seasons, but the horse is feebly drawn, while the artist has signally failed to do justice to Beauty and other favourite hounds.

Mr. Conyers himself was by no means indifferent to hound-breeding; but he appears to have built up his pack on the blood of Lord Lonsdale and Sir Tatton Sykes, taking the drafts from both kennels, and he had a weakness for a flat-sided hound; "The Druid" represents him as saying: "We'll have the flat 'uns in Essex, Jem, whatever they say." He thought that

they stood his heavy road work better than those which commonly find favour with masters. Size was also a great point with him, and his 25-inch hounds, fairly swept like a hurricane, from scent to view, into their fox over the Roothings. For Beauty and Bashful, both bred by Mr. Conyers from the Lonsdale blood, he refused 100 guineas from Mr. Assheton Smith.

This valuable pack was kept at Copt Hall, in kennels so damp and cramped as to leave but a bare possibility of keeping them in anything like a state to pull down an Essex fox. The position of the kennels, too, was most inconvenient. From Copt Hall the distance to the fixtures in the northern part of the county is twenty to thirty miles. Yet even to these distant places the hounds were not vanned, nor did Mr. Conyers, like many masters of old time, who hunted a wide area of country, have any outlying kennels. The Squire did not spare himself. He would ride upwards of sixty miles to covert and home, and after hunting would often drive up to London; he was "fond of hearing the debates in the House," he said, though in 1830 he sustained a crushing defeat on standing for the county against his fellow Tory, Mr. Thomas Gardiner Bramston. In the course of this memorable contest the "Nonconformist conscience"



77 LORD'S WOOD, LEADING ROPING, ESSEX HIGH EASTER CHURCH IN THE DISTANCE.

G. M. FOX, ESQ., ON "GRAY PILOT." W. H. FOX, ESQ., ON "SALLY."
THE HOUNDS FROM THE PACK OF JOHN CONYER, ESQ., OF COFT HALL, ESSEX.

"Hark! on the drag I hear,
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and swelled with every mouth,
As struggling armies, at the trumpet's voice,
Press to their standard: hither all repair,
And hurry through the woods with hasty step,
Rustling and full of hope."

D. Websterholme, 1820.

—WILLIAM SOMERVILLE.

found expression in a leaflet urging the Dissenters of Essex to come forward and support Mr. Bramston, in spite of his Toryism, "and thus contribute to save the County from putting a Burlesque on Representation by returning his opponent."

As Mr. Conyers grew older and heavier, he was compelled to moderate his exertions. According to the recollection of an old Essex sportsman, Mr. Conyers, in his later years, hunted the north country about once in six weeks, on Fridays and Saturdays. Friday's pack was brought from Copt Hall on Thursday, that for Saturday following on Friday. The hounds were kennelled at Easton Lodge until the squire's vocabulary exhausted Lord Maynard's patience and caused a change of quarters to an inn at Dunmow. Sometimes they stayed at Langleys with Sam Adams the miller,¹ and sometimes at Hatfield with that old-fashioned sportsman, Tom Webb, whom the master was wont to greet with, "Hullo, my little Webby!"

Mr. Conyers undoubtedly showed excellent sport, though the records of great runs during his mastership are not numerous. Some very interesting notes, referring

¹ This worthy sportsman used to turn out in a pony cart, and follow the hounds up to the time of his death, which occurred during the period of Mr. C. E. Green's mastership.

to the season 1821-2, are contained in a diary kept by the late Mr. Sheffield Neave. At this time the hunt servants were Holmes and Cole, the former being huntsman. The Squire had already developed a taste for bagging foxes, for early in the season Mr. Neave notes that "hounds found at Man Wood (no scent) and in five minutes two puppies were baying at a rabbit earth; the hounds at fault. Got a spade and dug out, not a fox, but a cat (had the bag all ready to carry him to a better country). The best part of the field were capped before they discovered it—I among the number!" Shortly afterwards Mr. Conyers was in ecstasies over a run from Witney Wood by Willingale and Skreens, without touching a covert, to Lords, where they killed. The diarist, having mistaken the meet, was naturally mad with vexation at losing the run.

In February a small dog fox, very slightly made, gave them two extraordinary runs from Hempstead Wood. On the first occasion they ran him nearly to Sudbury, whence he returned a short distance and was lost, after a run of upwards of twenty miles, which was followed by a dinner at Dunmow, with "fourteen bottles between eight." Three weeks later they found him again, and when certain holloaing farmers prevented the hounds from settling to

him, Mr. Conyers rode violently up to one of them vociferating, "I'll kill you! I'll kill you! pull your coat off and fight directly"—much to the chagrin of his friend, the diarist.

The altercation appears to have afforded an opportunity for hounds to attend to business. An excellent run followed with an exasperating finish. Mr. Sheffield Neave says, "We went on to within sight of Liston Park, where we viewed him into the coverts, but were told they were full of dog-spears, and with difficulty could we stop the hounds, in doing which Cole got a fall: we then saw the keeper, who told us that they were set, and would take him the whole day to take up, and wished they were down the throat of the person who invented them. I then rode round into the park and holloaed the hounds into a small plantation in the middle, which had none, to a view holloa, but heard immediately that the fox had afterwards gone to the left into the thickest of them, so told Cole to stop the hounds. We soon got eight or ten people who coursed him, and in about a quarter of an hour a boy caught hold of him, and falling on him, secured him. Mr. Conyers then had him killed on the steps of the house, hammering the paint of the door with his whip, to the imminent danger of the

glass, having, before we got up to Liston Park, invited the field to spear the owner, Mr. Campbell, one of the Masters of Chancery, for setting such cruel weapons. He was fortunately in London. The run, or rather walk, lasted three hours, the prettiest hunting I ever saw, such a bad scent that Sir George Denn's harriers having been out, and being unable to run a yard, he tried a drag of bacon, which failing, he took them home. What greater compliment could be paid to a pack of foxhounds on such a day, to attain the height of perfection in hunting, viz., to walk a fox to death, over eighteen or nineteen miles of country?"

Two prominent members of the Essex Hunt at this time were the Messrs. Box, who, in the year 1820, were painted by the celebrated artist, D. Wolstenholme. We give a representation of this curious old picture, which is now the property of Sir Walter Gilbey. It shows the two sportsmen on horseback, accompanied by a few of Mr. Conyers's hounds, with Lords Wood in the back-ground, and High Easter Church in the distance.

Our illustrations of a day with the Essex hounds in Mr. Conyers's time are taken from engravings by D. Wolstenholme of a series of pictures painted by that artist, and now in the possession of Mr. Salvin Bowlby, one of

the present Masters of the Essex. As the engravings bear date 1831, the time represented must be during the earlier part of Mr. Conyers's second mastership. The figures in the pictures cannot now be identified; but they are said to include Mr. Thomas Hodgson (for whom the pictures were painted), and his brothers, John and Henry; the latter was rector of Debden. Then come Lord Petre, the Revd. Joseph Arkwright (on a white horse), and Mr. Beale Colvin, of Pishobury. Amongst a field of about fifty or sixty we should also probably find Mr. Sheffield Neave, who was Master of the Essex Stag-hounds; Mr. Joliffe Tufnell, of Langleys, a fine rider, who had a famous horse called "Pattipan"; Mr. Wilson, of Canfield, a good preserver of foxes; and Sir John Tyssen Tyrrell, of Boreham House, who, though not living in the Essex country, was one of Mr. Conyers's most liberal supporters, but he came in for as large a share as anyone of the Master's abuse when he sailed away close after the fox on one of his big Leicestershire horses. The brothers Henry and Tudor Quare, of Matching Green, and Mr. T. D. Ridley, of Chelmsford, would be present in green coats; while, amongst others, may be, Messrs. Charles, James, and John Stallibrass, than whom there were no better men to hounds. Mr. Woodbridge, of

Dunmow, a partner in Hoare's brewery, and Mr. A. A. Hankey, whose horses stood at Epping, were also prominent supporters of the Hunt. This Mr. Woodbridge, or another Essex sportsman of the same name, afterwards managed a pack of foxhounds at St. Omer, which showed very tolerable sport, and killed a great many foxes. The London side of the country was represented by Ball Hughes (known as the "Golden Ball," who, according to Capt. Gronow, rolled along much more evenly when some of the gilt had been rubbed off) of Chigwell.

The London contingent included a salesman from Smithfield; a tobacconist from Shoreditch, and a fishmonger from Piccadilly; the last named was especially smart on a good sort of horse, but Mr. Conyers once said: "Take the hounds home; there is no scent—the country smells of fish."

There were also horse dealers, such as Haynes, of Riding House Lane, well known about London, with his blue coat and brass buttons, and adviser to the Master in horse buying, and George Orbell, who always turned out as well as anybody. These knowing ones shared with John Wright, the pad-groom, an immunity from the abuse which Mr. Conyers showered upon the rest of the field.

We trust that room was found in the pictures for

Mr. John Nesbitt, the secretary of the hunt, whose name appears on the testimonial to Mr. B. B. Quare, mentioned in a later chapter.

Mr. Sheffield Neave vouched for this gentleman's efficiency by noting in his diary how he was bothered confidentially about making up a purse for Mr. Conyers, but on finding that the applicant was "treasurer of the black collars" (the Essex Hunt costume of that day) he "set it down to the duties of the office." White collars were afterwards substituted for the earlier black ones; but were abandoned when it was discovered that the Pytchley had a prior claim to their use.

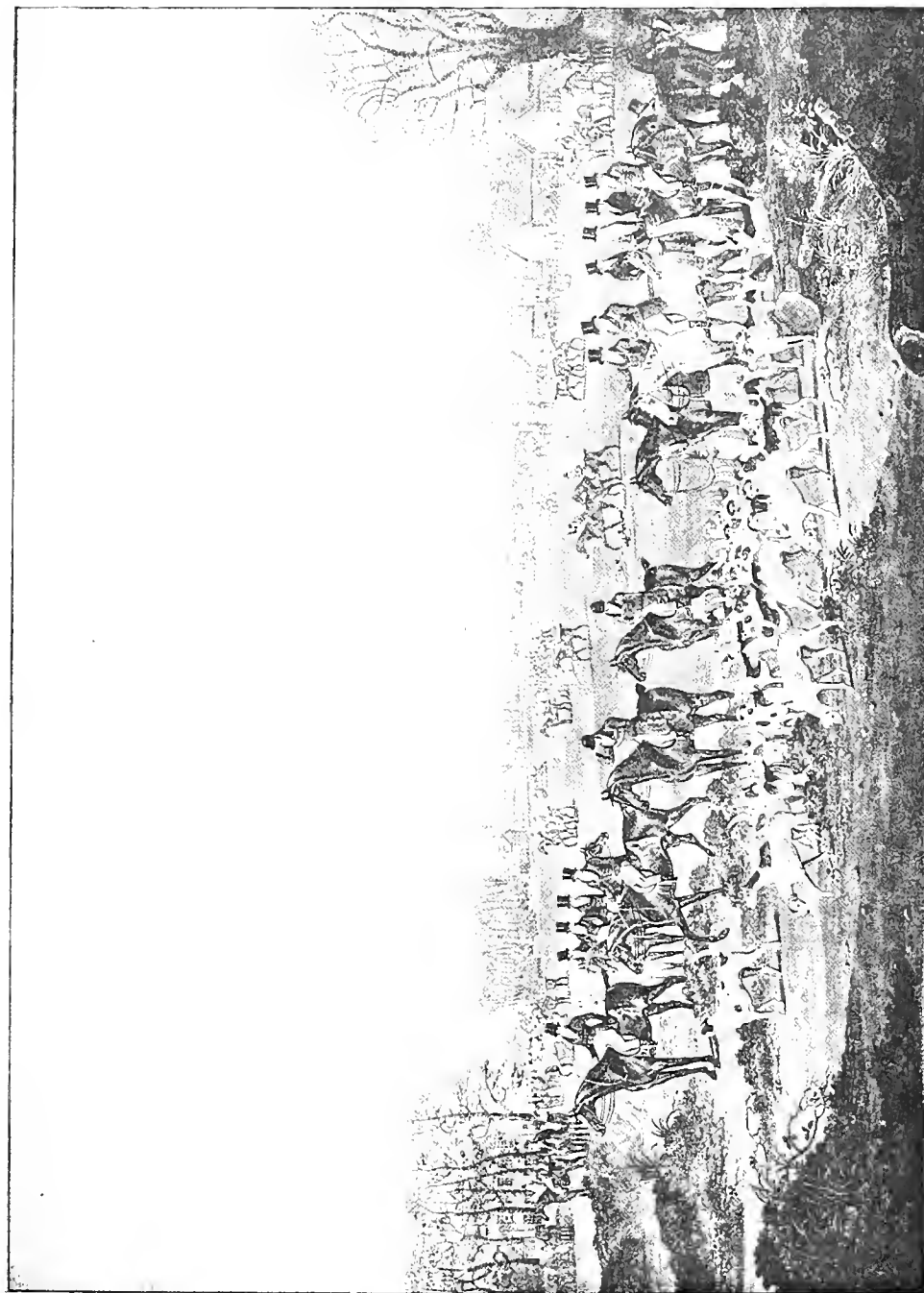
The story goes that Mr. Conyers would stand in a gateway, as the field passed through, and make very audible comments *à la* Jorrocks, such as, "There goes a d——d good fellow, he gives me five and twenty pounds;" "There goes a tenner;" "That is a fiver;" or, "Here comes a beggar who gives me nothing at all." In extenuation of the strong language he sometimes used Mr. Conyers was wont to say that when he was a young man in the Coldstream Guards the Sergeant-Major would say to him: "Mr. Conyers, hold up your head, sir, and swear at the men, or they will not think anything of you."

On one occasion he stopped the hounds, and directed

his huntsman to help a follower of the hunt out of a ditch, because the dismounted sportsman had that morning promised a subscription, and might change his mind. The subscription was duly paid, but when the same gentleman, whose personal appearance was unfortunate, took too prominent a place in the field, the Master exhausted upon him a copious store of abuse, with the final threat: "If you persist in riding over my hounds, sir, I'll have your likeness taken."

Criticism was sharply dealt with by Mr. Conyers, from whatever quarter it came. One very rough morning, seeing that it would be hopeless to draw until the weather improved, he did not arrive with his usual punctuality at the fixture, White Roothing. Two of his largest subscribers ventured a mild protest on behalf of the field, assembled in drenching rain. The only reply was an order to the huntsman to draw Avesey, a covert at least seven miles distant, whither the Master drove in his yellow post-chaise. That famous covert was drawn blank, but Mr. Conyers's resources were not exhausted. He had brought with him, in a basket, a fox captured in a pit-fall trap in the warren near Copt Hall. This was enlarged outside the covert and killed in the open after a good run.

Though Mr. Conyers was a good sportsman, tricks



Painted by D. W. M. Schenck.

London: Published by D. W. M. Schenck, 22, Chancery Lane, May 1st, 1831.

Engraved by D. W. M.

THE ESSEX HUNT.

The Meeting at Matching Green. The views from Nature, with portraits of the Huntsman and Hounds belonging to H. J. Conyers, Esq., with characters of several Members of the Hunt.

such as these were part of his nature. He was suspected of paying off a grudge against a neighbouring M.F.H. by a raid upon his country. An old Puckeridge fox hunter who is still living remembers meeting with Mr. Conyers's hounds running from Northey Wood, Anstey, to Cave Gate, on the Barkway Road. The huntsman was recognised by the fact that he rode a grey horse and carried a round horn on a shoulder belt. They killed near Cave Gate, and the few remaining men, including Sir John Tyrrell, adjourned to Puckeridge with the hounds for the night. Mr. Conyers alleged that he came a long way to Hadham Park, thence to Hormead, and changed. Though it was felt that he was hardly within his sporting rights in getting to Hadham, no one complained, as it was all set down to his love of an adventure. If, as we have seen, the Squire had his faults, he also had his good points, one of them, and that not the least important, being his anxious care for the farmers. On one occasion when his hounds met, he prefaced the proceedings of the day by presenting a silk dress to the wife of each farmer in the district, saying that the ladies must be propitiated before hunting could flourish.

In spite of Mr. Conyers's rough tongue, the sport which he showed was sometimes shared by a stray

Londoner, in search of a day's foxhunting. Amongst those who had an occasional day out with the Essex was Mr. George Moore, the Cumberland lad whose unflagging energy gained him a partnership in the great firm of Copestake, Moore and Crampton, of Cheap-side, and a biography by Dr. Smiles. In 1841 Moore was thirty-five years old, and had given up travelling for his firm to take a seat in the warehouse. The change to a sedentary life in London, with little exercise, made him hasty and irritable. He could not sleep at nights, and suffered from excruciating headaches. He took his business to bed with him, and rose up with it again in the morning. Everything else was prospering with him. Life was the same as before, but he could not enjoy it.

He consulted Sir William Lawrence, who said, "You have got the City disease—working your brain too much, and your body too little. Physic is no use in your case; your medicine must be in the open air. Can you ride?" Moore answered that he had been used to a horse's back when he was a boy. "Well," said Sir William, "you had better go down to Brighton and ride over the downs; but mind you don't break your neck out hunting."

Following this advice, Mr. George Moore went to Brighton with his wife, and in a month was able to ride his

hired horse with comfort after the Brighton Harriers. He returned to London, and shortly afterwards took his first day's foxhunting. He sent his horse on overnight, and set off next morning at six o'clock to hunt with the Essex at Ongar. The day was fine, and a fox was soon found. The first fence was a rotten bank, and the horse tumbled back into the ditch with his rider under him. When they had both struggled out, George Moore's white cords were covered with mud, but his blood was up. He remounted, and, setting his horse vigorously at the fence, got safely over.

From that moment forward George Moore remained a hunting man, but it was long before he became a sufficiently good rider to avoid frequent falls when the hounds ran straight and fast. Before the end of his first run he had fallen seven times ; Mr. Conyers rode up to him, and, noticing his bleeding face, smashed hat, and muddy breeches, exclaimed : " Young man, you have more pluck than judgment. Take care that you don't break your neck some day."

As Mr. Moore's mount was a hireling and gave him seven falls, it is no wonder that for the future he followed hounds on a horse of his own, but the Essex was not the pack he selected !

George Moore was a very religious man. He mentions that the only thing he could find to say against foxhunting, condemned by most of his Exeter Hall friends, was that he could not help thinking about Saturday's run during Sunday's sermon.

Jem Morgan, as we have already seen, did good service to Mr. Conyers; but we have no record of sport in his time equal to that which was shown by the Essex Hounds after he left in 1848. During the latter part, the first whip, Will Orvis, became huntsman, and showed first-rate sport; in fact, good runs took place almost as often as he had the horn at his saddle-bow.

Not the least appreciative of his followers was a future master of the Essex hounds, the present Lord Rookwood, then Mr. Selwin. Between Copt Hall and Down Hall, the *entente cordiale* had not, for some reason or other obtained to the extent which both houses probably wished; but the appearance in the field of Sir John Selwin's son was cordially welcomed by the "Squire" as an indication that the friction of the past was to be forgotten. Mr. Conyers and his future successor were soon on the very best of terms, and the character of the sport in which both participated may be judged of by Lord Rookwood's description of a capital run seen but by a few, from the High

Woods at Dunmow over the cream of the Roothings, when the fox was pulled down in a farm yard at High Laver.

“The huntsman was drawing the High Woods from the Dunmow Road up to the Park at Easton, and the hounds divided, the larger portion of the pack coming away at the bottom of the covert, without huntsman or whip, and streaming away at once in the direction of Little Canfield. Miss Reynolds, who was afterwards Mrs. Sullivan, Stallibrass, another man, whose name I forget, and myself were lucky enough to get away with them, and we had a glorious run alone with them all through, without the hounds being lifted or helped at all, till they pulled him down, a whip being the first of the others to come up, about ten minutes after the obsequies had been performed. Such a run is a recollection for a life.”

About this time a famous “bob-tailed” fox gave run after run from Row Wood, always taking the same line by Man Wood, Brick-kilns, Moreton Wood, and Blake Hall into Ongar Park Wood, whence he contrived to make his way in safety back to Row Wood, being invariably lost near Bobbingworth Mill on the return journey. His reputation was so great that men came out on their best horses when it was known that Row Wood was to be drawn; and, on particularly good

scenting days, the Squire used to take his hounds great distances out of their intended draw in order to hunt him. Mr. Conyers used to say that he would have given one hundred guineas to kill this crafty fellow ; but, unlike Mr. Meynell under similar circumstances, he would not take advantage of the fact that the fox always returned to Row Wood on the same night after being hunted. At last the fatal day came. His stealthy retreat towards home was noted by a sportsman who had been thrown out in the run ; hounds were holloaed on to his line and ran into him.

Another good run, which took place in February, 1851, was described in doggerel verse, by a rhymester who told how—

On Saturday week, at the Willingale meet,
A large field assembled for no common treat.
The Lord and Fred. Petre, from Hertfordshire some,
And many who had a long distance to come ;
Colvin, Tufnell, and Woodbridge, besides many more,
Whom I had not the pleasure of seeing before.
'Twas as cheerless a morning as ever was seen,
With the wind from the east most forbiddingly keen.
We found him at Barnish, a quarter past two ;
He was off like a shot, the hounds all but in view.
One twang of Will's¹ horn—but ere that blast was blown,
The fox across fifty broad acres had flown.

¹ Will Orvis, the huntsman.

With a side wind to fan them, the sun in their face,
 Heads up and sterns down, the pack set-to to race.
 The country rides light, on we merrily sail,
 Till we come to the meet of the morn, Willingale.
 Some few knowing old-uns, who made for Skreens Park,
 Might as well have been home in their beds or the dark.
 For here he completely upset calculation,
 Quite as much as the Ministers' late resignation.
 He turned sharp to the right, down to Roden's broad river,
 Which set most of the field in a funk and a shiver.
 A bold farmer plunged in, and got out th' other side,
 But few were like him so determined to ride.
 The rest fought away, quick as thought, to the mill,
 While the fox was viewed climbing the opposite hill.
 The miller on high, where he stood with his sack,
 Saw the hounds, true as steel, running close on his track.
 Now through Beauchamp Roothing, and on by the Wood End,
 Away by Long Barns up to Abbots we bend.
 There are not half a dozen men near to the hounds,
 There is no need to tell them to ride within bounds.
 Away by White Rothing, still onward we go,
 Passing by many places which I do not know.
 Here he bears to the right, and by some lucky cast,
 A portion of wanderers come up at last.
 There is no time to hear what has caused their delay,
 For Reynard through Aythorp has taken his way.
 "Oh, don't press the hounds, sir, but let them alone,
 I pray you," cried Will, "and the fox is our own."
 High Roothing is reached, but his strength fails him fast;
 He runs short and shorter, he cannot long last.
 He hears every moment the blood-thirsty pack
 Draw nearer and nearer, with death on his track.
 One rush—and it's over: no struggle nor cry,
 He dies in the open, as good foxes die.

Feb. 22, 1851.

Later in the same year (1851) the Master received a testimonial from the Essex Hunt. The gift was a handsome piece of plate showing the treeing of a fox, with a group made up of Mr. Conyers, Jem Morgan and Will Orvis, with favourite hounds and horses.

The presentation took place at a dinner at the Shire Hall, Chelmsford, at which two hundred guests were present, the chair being taken by Mr. Thomas William Bramston. The speech in which Mr. Bramston presented the testimonial, and the reply of Mr. Conyers, are worth quoting :

The CHAIRMAN said : If I felt that the success of the toast which it is now my duty to offer to you depended in any degree on the manner in which I might be enabled to introduce it, I should be dismayed by the difficulty of the position I occupy. But when I look round me on the guests who are assembled at these tables—when I observe the bright look of animation which beams on every countenance in anticipation of the sentiment which you all know is about to be proposed, I feel I need have no difficulty in at once submitting to your notice the toast I have before me, which is no other than the “ Health of our guest of the evening, Mr. Conyers.” Gentlemen, the manner in which you have received that name shows me that I formed no incorrect idea of the estimation in which you hold the



Printed by P. W. Colclough.

London: Published by P. W. Colclough, 22, Chancery Lane, near the Temple, May 1st, 1854.

Engraved by P. W.

THE ESSEX HUNT.

The Drawing of the Covert of Man Wood, with a view of Hatfield Broad Oak at a distance. The views from Nature, with portraits of the Huntsman and Hounds belonging to H. J. Conyers, Esq., with characters of several Members of the Hunt.

gentleman whom we are this night assembled to compliment. If it be asked why his name has been greeted with such enthusiastic acclamations, it will not be difficult to answer. The reason is, because he has at all times promoted to the utmost of his power, in his own district, the national sport of this country. Gentlemen, we have a right to call it our national sport, because not only is it embraced and enjoyed by all classes in this country, but it is either not understood or not appreciated by any other nations on earth. Though I now appear before you in a black coat, I remember the time when I wore scarlet. At that time I recollect once having met a foreigner at a fox-hunt. The horses and dogs were in the best of spirits, the sky was everything that it ought to be, and everything looked promisingly, and augured a good day's sport; but there occurred one of those untoward accidents which it is impossible to foresee or provide against, and the fox was chopped in cover. My friend the foreigner thereupon turned to the Master of the Hounds (it was in another county than this) and exclaimed: "Oh, my lord Duke, I congratulate you on having killed that animal so soon, and with so little trouble." But, though foreigners cannot understand it, it is a sport which affords enjoyment to all classes of people in this country. In this respect it has a

decided advantage over racing. At Newmarket, when races of the greatest interest are run—races on which enormous sums are staked, and for which the best cattle in England are entered—the peasantry who are engaged in agricultural pursuits in the vicinity of the course scarcely think it worth their while to turn their heads from their ploughs and harrows to see how the contest proceeds ; but when a fox is out, Hodge, the instant that he is aware of the fact, quits his ploughs, and harrows, and all, and away he scampers after the hounds. This shows how exhilarating and delightful a sport it must be. But its advantages are numerous and important. It is not that the physical frame of man is invigorated by it, and his intellect made clear and strong, but by means of this noble amusement habits are acquired which fit a man for the creditable discharge of other and more important duties. Depend upon it, no successful foxhunter was ever a fool. He must not only be a man of sense, but he must have a good eye, a ready hand, a cool head ; he must be capable of enduring great fatigue ; he must, above all, have great nerve, and an unswerving determination to accomplish the object he has in view, no matter what difficulties and obstacles may present themselves in his way. It is upon these qualities that the national character of Britons is based. But, to return to

the topic which more immediately concerns us ; I would remind you, gentlemen, that we are assembled to pay a tribute of respect and esteem to Mr. Conyers, who, for forty-eight years of his life, has been the Master of a pack of foxhounds. We have heard of the father of the Bar, and the father of the House—but here, gentlemen, is the father of the chase. It is a proud thing to think that the county should have come forward thus enthusiastically to testify their regard for one who has so long and so earnestly contributed to its amusement. He does not now ride as hardly as he once did, but he still sympathises in the noble pastime which he for so many years so actively enjoyed ; and even now, in our most eventful runs, when the hounds are suddenly at fault, how often do we hear the voice of my old friend just at that critical moment when it is most required. We know not from whence it comes, but we know that at that critical moment when the voice, and instruction and intelligence of a Master are most needed, there he is to befriend us, and to restore the fallen fortunes of the chase. Mr. Conyers, I wish you a long and happy life, and in the name of the committee and of a most respectable list of subscribers of all ranks and classes in the county, I have the honour to request your acceptance of the piece of plate which stands in the centre of this hall.

The presentation was then made amid shouts of "Yoicks" and "Tally-ho," which were renewed when Mr. CONVERS rose to reply. He said: Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, I call this the very proudest day of my life. That in the capital town of the county to which I belong I should be so received—in so enthusiastic a manner—with such kind compliments, and with everything done in so superior a manner, is a circumstance so extremely gratifying that if I had not the nerves of a foxhunter I should not be able to speak. But, gentlemen, I can assure you, with the most unaffected sincerity, that I do not remember, at any period of my life, to have experienced such gratification as I now feel; and I do tell you, upon my honour, that my heart is as full as the brimming glass in which I have the honour of now drinking all your good healths. I can only say that I most sensibly appreciate your kindness, and that, as I have already stated, I feel that this is, beyond comparison, the proudest and happiest day of my life. I consider that the kindness you have bestowed upon me is more than I deserve. But I do assure you that I most entirely coincide with your excellent Chairman in his admiration of foxhunting, and that I cordially concur with him in the opinion that Old England is the only nation in the world which properly enjoys, and is capable of properly

appreciating, that noblest and most gallant of sports. No other country in the world is capable of understanding, much less of practising, a pastime which has this great and peculiar characteristic, that it equally contributes to the enjoyment of the rich and of the poor, of the exalted and of the lowly. No other country but England knows anything of a sport which allows a chimney-sweep or the lowest man of the community to ride by the side of a duke. The humblest man in the population, provided only he be decent and well-behaved, may ride by the side of a duke when both are in pursuit of the fox, but in what other country but dear Old England could such a sight be seen? When I come to think of the blessings of foxhunting I have no language to do justice to the subject. It is easy to talk of love and its sweet return, but what is there that promotes love, and kindness, and benevolence, and benignity, and everything that is good, genial and kindhearted amongst countrymen and neighbours like foxhunting? At a foxhunt men of the most opposite opinions—men who, on questions of religion and politics, have scarcely one sentiment in common—Whigs, Tories, Radicals, and anything-arians can mingle together with as much harmony, good-humour and good-fellowship as if they had been all their lives on terms of the most cordial unanimity and the most

ardent sympathy. Serious people, who look upon religion as a matter of gloom, occasionally say to me, "How wicked it is to hunt." No later than yesterday morning a very great lady, whose name I will not mention, said to me, "How very wicked it is of you to hunt a fox." "What, madam," said I, "to see all my friends and neighbours thronging round me to enjoy a manly, healthful recreation—with happiness beaming upon every brow and a smile upon every lip—how can that be wicked?" The lady seemed to feel the justice of my statement, but she took advantage of my infirmity and told me that I swore when I hunted. Well, perhaps I have done so before now, but I told her what is the fact, that I nevertheless regard the swearing with as much disfavour as herself, and so I do. Swearing is a vulgar and ungentlemanlike habit. I ought to be ashamed of it, and so I am. I will endeavour never to do so any more ; indeed, I have almost taken an oath never to do such a thing again. But the fact is, a habit that one has contracted very early in life is not very easy to be got rid of. However, I can declare with all sincerity, that there is not a serious person in the country who disapproves of swearing more strongly than I do ; and I could wish to impose a fine upon myself for every time that

I indulge in an oath. But as for foxhunting, I will ever maintain the blessings it confers on a country are great and numerous. It encourages bravery, courage, and enterprise in a people ; and, above all things, it promotes kind feeling and good-fellowship. Whigs, Tories, and Radicals may look darkly and sulkily at each other, when they meet in the street, but the moment that the fox has burst cover, ill-will is forgotten, and mutual animosities are flung to the wind. It would be difficult to find in any country a better man than our chairman, and yet where will you find a man who has a more enthusiastic admiration of foxhunting ? He thinks with me, that foxhunting is not only a very delightful, but also very honourable and useful amusement for the nation at large. In support of that opinion we have the authority of as great a man as the Duke of Wellington himself, who is reported to have said, " Give me a foxhunter, because he knows the line of a country, and makes the best officer I can have under my command." A genuine foxhunter of the right sort, who is determined to get over the country, and who has a good eye, a strong hand, a clear head, and a firm heart, makes one of the best officers that ever wore a sword ; and that this is true, I will appeal to the hero of Waterloo against the

foolish objections of those serious gentlemen who mean well, but do not know what they are talking about. If they say that foxhunting is against religion, they advance an assertion from which I beg leave respectfully to dissent. I have my dogs and my sins—the former I like, the latter I am sincerely sorry for; but we are not all born with the same dispositions, and what is hateful to these serious gentlemen is delightful to me. Many good qualities combine to constitute a genuine fox-hunter. Of these, the first and most essential, is good-humour. And here I must confess to my own deficiency; my temper is not the most amiable in the world, but my ebullitions of temper only last for a moment, and when they are over I would not hesitate to clasp to my bosom the very persons to whom I may have spoken most roughly. And now, gentlemen, I beg you will allow me to offer you my warmest and most heartfelt thanks for the magnificent piece of plate you have done me the honour to present to me. I shall value it to the last moment of my life, and this happy day I shall always regard as the proudest and most glorious of my existence. You have done me a greater honour than I could ever have hoped to have attained to. I thank you all from the bottom of my



Painted by D. W. Holstenholme.

London: Published by D. W., 22, Chalk Row, Gray's Inn Road, May 1st, 1841.

Engraved by D. W.

THE ESSEX HUNT.

Fox crossing country from Leading Roofing to High Easter. The Views from Nature, with portraits of the Huntsman and Hounds belonging to H. J. Conyers, Esq., with characters of several Members of the Hunt.

heart, and I feel peculiarly grateful to the committee who have exerted themselves so energetically, and have got up this entertainment in so admirable a style. With all my heart I thank you all. I am threescore and ten, and must soon take my departure; but it is consolatory for me to know that I leave behind me young, noble, and high-spirited men, who will do better with a pack of hounds than I can. I can say, however, with all truth and sincerity, that I never spared either trouble or expense to uphold, in a becoming manner, our great national sport. I have spent one hundred thousand pounds on that noble amusement, but I have been supported in such a flattering manner by the county that I cannot regret having done so. I can only hope that it will please God to continue my health to me (I am glad to say I am getting the better of my fall), and that I may again enjoy in your society the noble sport to which we are all so much attached. May God bless you all—yourselves, your families, and all that are dear to you, and may you be happy for ever!

So far as can be gathered, Mr. Conyers, sharpened up probably by his periodical visits to the Midlands in his soldier days, was somewhat of a “dashing” horseman

while a young man ; but on settling down for good in Essex he seems to have no longer carried a spare neck in his pocket, but adopted a style of riding like that affected by John Warde, the "father of foxhunting." He smuggled his horse over a country rather than crammed him along, and as his years and weight increased, this style of riding became more and more pronounced, until at last he put on so much flesh as to render straight going out of the question. On more than one occasion he had paid visits to Devonshire, and the practice of "turning over," so common over the great earthworks of the west, appears to have commended itself to him ; at any rate, he adopted it, and, with his intimate knowledge of his own country and the run of his foxes, it enabled him to see most of the fun without doing much jumping. Riding to hunt, he would generally see the best of even a quick five and twenty minutes, and if after a very fast thing, some of the thrusters would remark, "We've done the old fellow this time, I fancy," the "old fellow" would be seen sitting in his saddle quite calm and collected, without having turned a hair. Those who knew the knack he possessed of getting to hounds were never surprised at seeing him appear at any moment. It was a case of Assheton Smith,

senr., over again. "How I wish your father had seen this run," someone remarked to *the* Assheton Smith, after a brilliant hunt. "Depend upon it he has," was the son's observation, and the old gentleman at once came forward to report himself. Mr. Fenwick Bisset, too, for so long a time the successful Master of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, though riding about two and twenty stone, had the most marvellous knack of getting to the end of the longest and the fastest run.

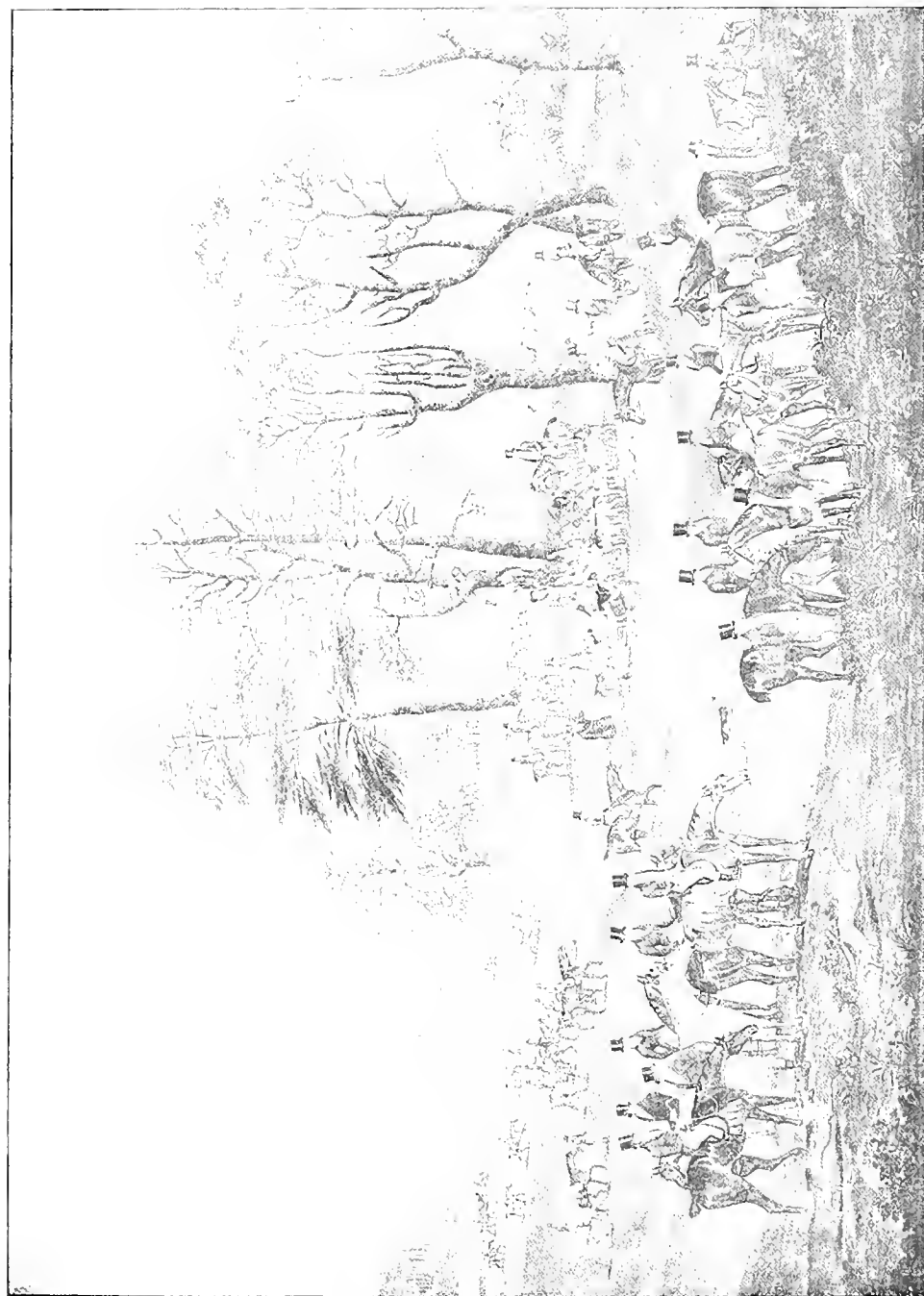
The time came, however, when Mr. Conyers was obliged to abandon the saddle, and then for a time he hunted on wheels: but even this was at last beyond his powers. Nevertheless, as was the case with Assheton Smith, his interest in the doings of his hounds never abated.

In his last illness Will Orvis was sent for to his bedside, on returning from hunting, to give him an account of what had taken place. One evening when his strength was failing fast the huntsman told how, after an extraordinary run, the fox had entered the covert of Canfield Hart, with hounds close at his brush, and not a hound could speak to the line afterwards. When Will came to this part of his story, the Squire, having listened with much attention, and without uttering a word, exclaimed, "Will, why did you not

hold them on to Canfield Thrift?" He died on March 31st, 1853, and persons now living vouch for the story that during his last hours his hounds uttered a low mournful howl as if aware that they were about to lose their old master.

There is an old foxhunting saying that foxes always run to a dying man, and it certainly received what would appear to be a striking confirmation in the case of Mr. Conyers, as shortly before his decease, and while he was confined to his bed, hounds thrice ran to within a gunshot of Copt Hall. On one occasion hounds ran from Ongar Park Wood to Epping Plain. There the scent failed altogether, but a friendly holloa showed that the fox had run the road for a short distance, and hounds eventually succeeded in hitting off the fox on the right of the road—towards Copt Hall. The fox had lain down, and on being fresh found ran as straight as an arrow for the house, and was pulled down just outside the gates. On another occasion the pack had drawn a long stretch of country blank; but a fox jumped up in a field near the Wake Arms and ran to the stables at Copt Hall, where he was lost, and thirdly, a fox from Latton Park went straight for the house.

Mr. Conyers unfortunately left no son to succeed



Printed by D. Webbster.

London: Published by P. W., 23, Charles Ross, Gray's Inn Road, May 1st. 1830.

Engraved by T. H.

THE ESSEX HUNT.

The Death. Fox headed and making for Dummow High Wood. Killed at Easton Lodge, the seat and residence of the Right Honourable Lord Maynard.

him, and upon his death his hunt-servants were dismissed and the horses and hounds were sold at Tattersall's.

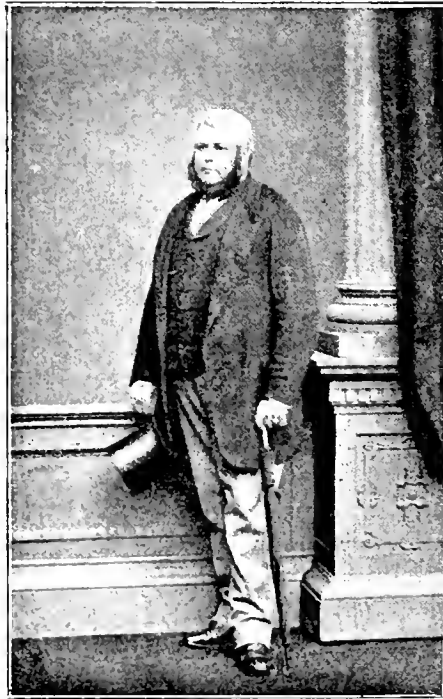
Nearly twelve years after the death of "the Squire," his last huntsman, Will Orvis, lost his life whilst following the hounds in a disaster unparalleled in the history of fox-hunting. He had exchanged the ploughs of Essex for those of Yorkshire, and entered the service of Sir Charles Slingsby, Master of the York and Ainsty Hounds, and one of the best gentlemen huntsmen that ever lived. On February 4, 1869, a fox from Monckton Whin, after giving an hour's twisting run at a tremendous pace, attempted to cross the river Ure at Newby Ferry just in front of the hounds. The river was very high from floods, and the fox and all of the hounds were carried over Newby Weir; but they all got out safely, and the hounds took up the scent immediately on the opposite side. A ferry boat was at hand, and this was entered by Sir Charles Slingsby, Orvis, Sir George Wombwell, and about ten others with their horses. The horses became restive, and the boat capsized, with the result that the Master and Orvis, and four others were drowned. The rest contrived to reach the shore, but even Sir George Wombwell never had a narrower escape—though he had formed one of the gallant Six Hundred at Balaklava.

CHAPTER V.

THE ESSEX HUNT (*Continued*)—MR. HENLEY GEORGE GREAVES AND HIS HUNTSMAN, JOHN TREADWELL.

UPON the death of the Squire of Copt Hall the Mastership of the Essex Hounds was undertaken by Mr. Henley George Greaves, who had seen sport in many counties. He was about thirty-five years of age, and rode wonderfully straight to hounds, though even at that early age his weight was enormous. He had been Master of the Cottesmore for five seasons, living at Cottesmore Hall, and had then removed to Harrington Hall and taken the Southwold Hounds. In consequence of numerous blank days he left Lincolnshire at the end of his first season and came into Essex. He and his family lived at Marden Ash, Ongar, while his horses and hounds were lodged at Myless, where Mr. Sheffield Neave's stag-hounds had formerly been kennelled and where Mr. Harding Newman had been.

The new Master arrived in Essex fully provided with hounds, horses and hunt servants. The hounds were descendants of his Cottesmore pack, including the pick



HENLEY GEORGE GREAVES.

of the Badsworth, which Mr. Greaves had purchased from Lord Hawke. The horses were seasoned hunters accustomed to carry their ponderous rider straight. The

huntsman was John Treadwell, son of James Treadwell, huntsman to Mr. J. Farquharson, who hunted nearly all Dorsetshire. He was three years younger than his master. They were both born at Kingston Bagpuze in Berkshire, and Treadwell, who had served Mr. Greaves as whipper-in with the Cottesmore and Southwold, came with him into Essex, while the first whip was the famous Dan Berkshire. Treadwell killed his first Essex fox at Pyrge Park. It was a tremendously hot morning, and Mr. Greaves said : " You are beat, Treadwell," but he answered, " I will not go home without him ;" and then a single hound, Marksman, caught him and held him firmly until the body of the pack came up.

During Mr. Greaves's Mastership the country was regularly hunted three days a week, the fixtures being advertised. For the meets north of Dunmow a hound-van was provided. The Master's son, Mr. George Greaves, who has a keen recollection of hunting in Essex as a small boy, says : " Treadwell drove the van with a pair of horses from Myless to Ongar, where my father added leaders and drove it himself (he was a fine four-horse coachman) to Dunmow, and back the same way, taking the leaders off at Marden Ash, where we lived, and Treadwell driving the pair back to Myless. I *once* went, when I was about

eleven years old, and shall never forget it. It was the worst night they ever had. I believe we were four hours in getting home from Dunmow; a perfect hurricane was blowing, and we reached Marden Ash about eight or nine o'clock at night. Mr. Westwood Chafy drove behind the van and made Dan Berkshire, who had a seat hung on at the back, show his bull's-eye lantern all the way. We stopped at the King William for a glass of hot brandy and water a-piece, and my hands were so cold that I could not hold the glass; I well remember Treadwell helping me to hold it to my lips whilst I drank the contents."

On these expeditions to the North country, Treadwell became "one of the family." A stranger who called for dinner at the Saracen's Head, in Dunmow, was asked if he was a member of the Essex Hunt, the reason of the enquiry being that he was told Mr. Greaves and Mr. Treadwell were having a roast sucking pig upstairs, if he liked to join them!

Mr. Westwood Chafy, of Bowes, Ongar, to whom Mr. George Greaves refers, was a well-known follower of the Essex Hounds with Mr. Conyers and the Rev. Joseph Arkwright, as well as with Mr. Henley Greaves. Though he was a very heavy man and a hard rider, his horses

lasted wonderfully. The following epitaphs are inscribed upon their graves :—

“To Bendigo by Sir Hercules, a favourite hunter of Westwood Chafy, Esq., hunted three hundred days in thirteen seasons, from 1848 to 1861, died January 19th, 1866, aged 27.”

“To Free Trade by Theon, the most favourite hunter of Westwood Chafy, Esq., hunted four hundred and four days in thirteen seasons, from 1853 to 1866.”

“To Don Juan, a favourite hunter of Westwood Chafy, Esq., hunted three hundred and fourteen days in nine seasons, from 1858 to 1867.”

Through no fault of Mr. Greaves, his period of mastership of the Essex was not signalised by the success that might fairly have been expected. Great was the master's knowledge of foxhunting and everything in connection with it; very complete was his establishment, and the ability of his huntsman, John Treadwell, who had previously proved himself to be a first-class man, was unquestioned; yet a partial failure has to be recorded. It has been said that the fact of his owning no land in the county was against him. It may have been; but it would not be difficult to compile a list of a hundred masters before Mr. Greaves's

time who, in their respective countries, were in the like predicament. Colonel Cook, for example, was equally lacking in acres. In Mr. Greaves's case, however, there seems no room to doubt that in some quarters he was regarded somewhat in the light of an intruder, and was denied that fair chance without which not even a heaven-born sportsman can succeed. His having to succeed Mr. Conyers may have had something to do with the feeling which in some districts almost savoured of open hostility; but the important fact remains that foxes were not plentiful, and Treadwell had to work hard and make the utmost of every slight chance in order to silence the "I told you so" school, who were ready and willing to find fault.

The story runs that one day towards the close of a long hunting run, when scent was failing, some sympathiser remarked to the huntsman, "Treadwell, I'm afraid you will lose your fox"; whereupon he replied at once, as though the idea were the last that could present itself to his imagination, "Lose him, sir, why, I dursn't lose him; I don't know where to find another." History, unfortunately, does not say how this particular run ended; but many a good day's sport in Essex proved that Treadwell was a wonderful huntsman, with an instinctive knowledge of the

run of a fox, and he was, in addition, a brilliant horseman. Never was the Essex country so bare of foxes as when he left. In great woodlands he was at his best. During one season in fifteen visits to the Blackmore High Woods he succeeded in bringing to hand fourteen foxes.

In spite of unfavourable and disheartening surroundings, Mr. Henley Greaves held on until the close of the season 1856-57, when he gave up the somewhat unequal contest in which he had for four years been engaged. It was no small compliment to Mr. Greaves's judgment that his huntsman and first whipper-in were both thought good enough for Leicestershire. They entered the service of Lord Stamford, who had the Quorn, and as huntsman to that famous pack John Treadwell showed brilliant sport. The horses and hounds sold well at Myless, under the hammer of Messrs. Tattersall. The horses numbered twenty-two, and half of England's welter weights wanted one or more of Mr. Greaves's big horses, which in some cases sold for more than their prime cost after seeing ten or twelve years' service; but then, they were up to twenty stone! The stud realised over £2,000, and the hounds, some of which were bought by Mr. Joseph Arkwright, brought more than £1,000, both sums being a pretty good proof of the material with which Mr. Greaves hunted the Essex country.

As Mr. Greaves's horses stood their work so well, he could afford to join in the mirth raised at his gigantic size and great weight by the late Mr. Baron Huddleston in a horse case tried at Oxford. Mr. Greaves was called as a witness to prove that the horse about which they were bringing the action, which was for a breach of warranty, was a "roarer." Mr. Huddleston (then leader of the Circuit) was the counsel who cross-examined him. Mr. Greaves proved that he rode the horse, and that he "roared" directly he was set going. Mr. Huddleston, manipulating his kid gloves as was his wont, giving a malicious look at Mr. Greaves (who filled the witness-box and towered far above the usual standard of witnesses), and making a furtive wink at the jury, with affected *naïveté*, asked: "Did the horse roar, Sir, before you got on him?" "No," was the innocent reply, "certainly not." "Indeed!" said Mr. Huddleston. "He couldn't have known you meant to ride him, or else he would have roared pretty loudly."

Mr. Greaves, who was an excellent sportsman, a good judge of horse and hound, and in many respects qualified to discharge the difficult duties of M.F.H., was certainly a most unlucky master. With the Cottesmore he did fairly well, but with the Southwold, Essex, and Warwickshire he

met with great difficulties. We have already alluded to what beset him in the former countries, and in Warwickshire a combination of unforeseen circumstances tended to seriously discount the success which would in ordinary course have been his. Mr. Greaves succeeded Mr. Spencer Lucy in 1858, but his three years' rule was not marked by any great sport, though he had for huntsman George Wells, a first-class man in all respects. There was, however, one little incident which served to enliven the three years' dullness.

No greater obstruction than the Queen's highway divided the countries of the Heythrop and the Warwickshire; and it chanced that during a period of five and twenty years the Warwickshire Hounds had never forced a fox over the border and killed it in the Heythrop country. Jem Hills was never tired of telling the Warwickshire men that he would have the aforesaid boundary road turfed at his own expense, "so that your Warwickshire foxes shan't know where we begin." However, during the Mastership of Mr. Henley Greaves the spell was broken. The Warwickshire found a fox in the never-failing Woolford Wood, ran him by Cornwell Park, Boulter's Barn, and Sarsden, and killed him within earshot of the Heythrop Kennels. The field jogged on to the

White Hart to refresh, and it chanced to be the day on which the Heythrop Hunt meeting was held. The assembled company sent for Jem Hills, to whom the brush was presented. "I thank you, gentleman," said the excellent huntsman, "I'll have this brush mounted in silver, with the inscription, 'This is the brush of the fox which took the South Warwickshire five and twenty years to kill.'" Subsequently, Jem used to assert that the fox was only a three-legged one they changed on to, as he had missed one from the Norells since that memorable day.

Resigning the Warwickshire in 1861, Mr. Greaves in the same year became master of the Vale of White Horse Hounds (since divided into two), having his kennels at Lord Bathurst's Park, close to Cirencester. There he remained two seasons, and in 1863 he began a three seasons' spell with the old Berkshire. Lord Stamford had given up the Quorn about the same time, and John Treadwell being out of a berth, he returned to Mr. Greaves's service as huntsman. Mr. Greaves had altogether eighteen seasons' experience as Master of Hounds, his career reading thus :—

The Cottesmore	1847—1852	...	5 seasons
Southwold	1852—1853	...	1 season
The Essex	1853—1857	...	4 seasons

Warwickshire	1858—1861	...	3 seasons
V. W. H.	1861—1863	...	2 seasons
Old Berks	1863—1866	...	3 seasons

During the season 1866-1867 Mr. Greaves hunted from Melton Mowbray, and that practically finished his hunting career. Subsequently he went to live at Winslow, in Buckinghamshire, dying there in 1872, at the age of 54.

An opportunity has been afforded us of looking through Treadwell's hunting diaries ; but unfortunately they do not recount his experiences in countries other than the Quorn and Old Berkshire, in both of which he was eminently successful. He concluded his seven years' engagement with Lord Stamford by bringing a fox to hand at Groby Slate Pits after a run of two hours and three-quarters from Gavendon Park. In his next season he hunted the Old Berkshire, and with snow on the ground had a three hours' run—the first part very fast—from Kingston Spinney to Littleworth Station, where they killed. On the retirement of Mr. Henley Greaves from the Old Berkshire, Treadwell stayed on under the rule of a committee, and afterwards when the pack was in the joint mastership of Mr. Martin Atkins and Mr. Thomas Duffield, while later on Lord Craven became associated with the pack. In 1882 Treadwell retired into private life, and he died at King-

ston Bagpuze early in 1895. To his skill in hunting we have adduced ample testimony, and perhaps he never showed to better advantage than he did in the Old



JOHN TREADWELL.

Berks country. Always a quick man, his Leicestershire experience made him even more so; and when he came to Berkshire he at once gained the good opinion of every-

one. No man could better force the foxes to fly from the fastness of Tubney Woods, while if a fox was to be found in Bagley Wood, Treadwell was the man to make him go. For Tar Wood, a covert near Witney, which was neutral with the Heythrop, he had a liking, but he was fondest of the Challow Vale. That beautiful green district no doubt recalled the green pastures of the Midlands, and over it he was at his best. Under Mr. Thomas Duffield's *régime* he rode, among others, a golden chestnut mare and a brown mare with a silver tail. He went well on anything; but when mounted on either of these he was hard to beat indeed.

The new master was a keen foxhunter, an exceptionally fine horseman, and a good judge of horse and hound ; but his fame was possibly less known in Essex



LOFTUS WIGRAM ARKWRIGHT.

than in Leicestershire, in which county he had, of recent years, done most of his hunting ; for, like some of his neighbours, he found it practically impossible to get on

with Mr. Conyers. At the time of his succession to the mastership of the Essex Hounds he was nearer 70 than 60 years of age ; but he was strong and vigorous, his nerve was almost as good as ever, and he was in every way fitted for his self-imposed task. With all speed he set to work to build the present kennels near Mark Hall, and appointed as his first huntsman Charles Barwick, from the Atherstone, a somewhat unlucky choice, as it turned out ; but in Charles Shepherd, his first whipper-in, he was more fortunate. Shepherd, however, left at the end of his first season, and and was replaced by an undoubtedly good man, Tom Wilson, who learned a good deal of his business in the Burton country under Lord Henry Bentinck, from whom he came to Essex.

At the outset, Mr. Arkwright found himself confronted with difficulties of no slight kind. John Treadwell, by his skill and the knowledge that he had to show as much sport as possible with a scant supply of foxes, had killed pretty well every fox in the country and, it was a long time before the stock was raised again. Then Barwick was out of his place as huntsman. In kennel he was quite first class ; but was so terribly slack and slow in the field that the comparatively few opportunities vouchsafed to him were neglected. His employer apparently regarded him as a nonentity, and it

became his custom on viewing a fox away, to blow a whistle which he carried, and thus get the hounds to him. He was not averse to slipping away with the pack, leaving his huntsman and the field to wonder where they had gone. When sure of a find in some good covert—Row Wood, for example—he would have a bye day, announcing his intention only as he rode home the night before, so the news did not travel very fast or far. The regular hunting days were Mondays and Saturdays, with one or sometimes two days in the middle of the week.

For a pack hunting three or four days a week, eight blank days, and no more than fourteen brace of foxes brought to hand, is not suggestive of much sport, yet that summarises what took place during Mr. Joseph Arkwright's first season.

The second season showed a very little improvement on its predecessor. Charles Barwick was still retained as huntsman, but his alleged incapacity in the field was again the theme of conversation, and was satirised in the following letter in the *Chelmsford Chronicle* (of 26th November, 1858):—

“ Sir,—About two seasons back you were so obliging as to insert a billet from me on a subject upon which I, above all animals, am interested; and now I take up my pen, plucked from a goose, boned by your humble servant, to

give you an account of a day's sport with the humane gentlemen who now hunt my native woods.

“ Now, sir, I must first confess myself to be a shifty old beggar—not like Othello, for I am ‘easily moved.’ My lodging was the Rodings, but that bloodthirsty Treadwell pressed me so hard that I gave him leg-bail, and changed my quarters to Harlow Park ; but there my rest was broken in upon at times when I least expected to be disturbed from my cosy kennel. Comfortably dreaming of midnight plunder, and the social science of ‘catch who catch can’—faithfully relying upon the far distant ‘meet,’ where covers are plentiful and foxes abound—I was more than once aroused from my slumbers by the twang of the musical Barwick, and forced to seek safety from my pursuers by a little stiff fencing.

“ This, indeed, was not dangerous, but uncomfortable, and some say, unfair ; but any way, not to be endured by an old ‘un like me, and therefore I hooked it, or moved, or whatever my sporting friends may be pleased to call it, and settled myself in a country where hitherto hounds have seldom drawn—resolving to enjoy the ‘otium’ without the dignity of amusing the Harlovian clique. But ease brought on disease ; my blood became foul from the poultry I ate, my tongue was furred from the rabbits, and horse-flesh produced hypochondriasis. Dr. Wizzel advised exer-

cise, combined with amusement, and knowing that I should find a little of the first, and much of the latter, with my friends of 'the Essex,' I determined to show them the way, on Thursday, the 11th instant, from Kelvedon Common.

"Well, sir, 10.45 was the hour, and the hounds trotted up, full of fettle, and metal, and fire, and brimstone. There were twenty-four couples, well adapted to all classes and ranks; the fast and the slow; the light and the heavy, the dasher and dweller, racer and galloper, 'Jowler and Towler.'

"Then followed the field, in all its variety; black, pink, and the never-to-be-forgotten green. Masters of hounds were there in number four, and a caustic huntsman with piercing eye and vicious mien (I like not thy looks, Abraham!), and ladies, too, graced the scene with charms not to be 'winked at.'

"From a furze plant hard by I viewed it all (for Dr. Wizzel had warned me not to be caught asleep) and saw the interesting cavalcade move off to a neighbouring wood, leaving me, to my surprise, unmolested. But I was not to be cheated of the healthful amusement recommended by my professional friend. I therefore cantered hastily to Church Wood, Doddlinghurst, in the direction of 'the draw,' and showing myself to a screaming clodhopper, soon

had on my track, two furlongs of hounds, three horns, a whistle, besides the clatter of horses, and chatter of men. With nothing to fear but a change—for I had two cousins on foot—I bided their coming, and then breaking, so that fair ladies might see and admire, I crossed over the road for Stondon Massey, having Myless in view, and so would the huntsman, I thought, but, alas! I had committed a fatal error, I had in my retreat threaded a field of white turnips—Barwick is fond of turnips—and for ten whole minutes he stood transfixed with admiration! What were his boiled mutton thoughts, I know not; I could not wait to enquire; but, quietly betaking myself to a snug corner, about a mile distant, I waited till the motley crew had moved off towards the Harlow kennels. I am told by a brother Charlie that he met them on the road, and just gave them five minutes into a drain, and then all returned to their fireside to discuss the day's sport and the price of oats.

“Now, sir, this is only a type of the usual sport given by these hounds, and there are two serious considerations with our class—first, whether we can without proper exercise, keep up our health and appetites, and secondly, if we do, whether, under the circumstances, our royal race will be properly maintained in the country. I feel I am

safe where I reside ; but as I know a fox killed is two preserved, I fear I shall have to put on mourning. Insert this letter please, sir, for the good of the cause. Perhaps you may infuse a little spirit into our good old English sport. I hate to see the noble science degraded by the slackness of its professors.

“ I am, Sir,

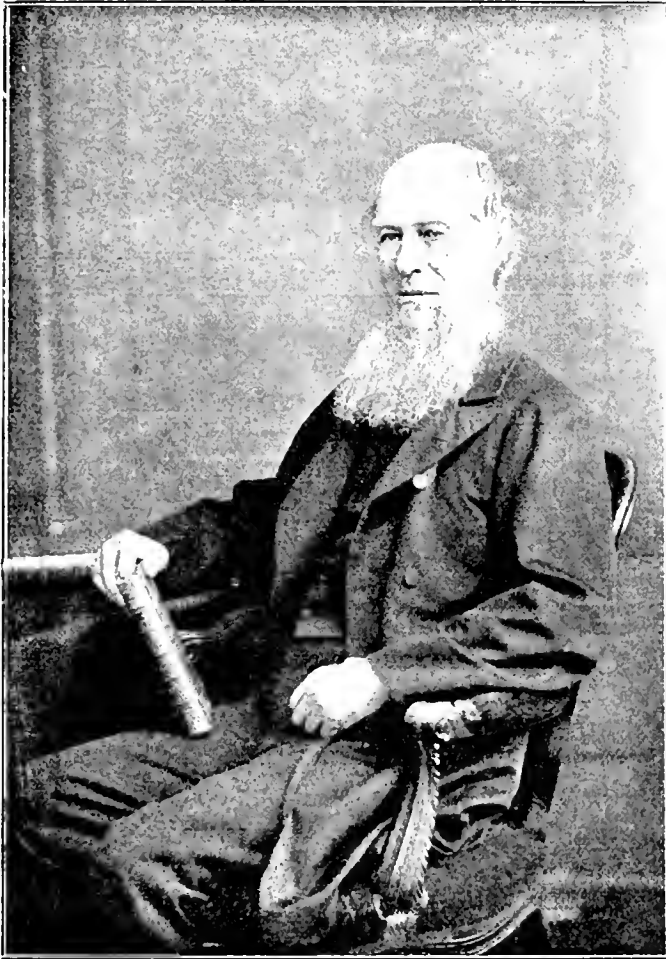
“ Your servant,

“ Park Wood.”

“ Now an Old Fox.

It was at the time an open secret that the writer of the above letter was none other than the late Rev. Frederick Fane—the “ Parson ” Fane of the Essex Hunt. Mr. Arkwright did not, of course, relish having his establishment thus held up to ridicule, and so whatever may have been Mr. Fane’s feelings towards Mr. Arkwright personally, it seems pretty clear that the master harboured just a slight resentment against the interference of his clerical brother. On one occasion when the Essex Hounds ran a fox to ground in Poles Wood, Mr. Arkwright was for digging him out. Mr. Fane protested and high words passed between them. An estrangement of long duration followed, but in the end they became the best of friends.

We give a portrait of Mr. Fane, taken in his vigorous old age. A great part of his life was spent in the saddle.



REV. FREDERICK FANE.

At the age of six, he broke his leg when taking his first lesson in riding, on a donkey, and taught himself to read during his convalescence. So keen was he to show sport that he was in the habit of sending round his man to stop the earths in the coverts adjoining those of which he had the right of shooting. On one occasion the man was caught in the act and a row was the consequence. Throughout his long career in Essex he was devoted to foxhunting, and commented freely upon any conduct that he regarded as prejudicial to sport. He took part in many ways in the life of the county. From 1855 to 1890 he held the living of Norton Mandeville. Besides being one of the most naturally eloquent and effective preachers that ever stood up in a pulpit, he was Chairman of the Ongar Board of Guardians for many years, and took an active part in the Volunteer Movement from its infancy. He died in 1894 in the 84th year of age. He continued to hunt until shortly before his death, and, in his 80th year, he rode through a hunting run of upwards of three hours. To the last he would face a jump if necessary; and on one occasion during his last season, he was much delighted at "pounding" a companion who was as far behind him in years as in courage. We here give a

portrait of Mr. Fane's daughter, Mrs. Waters. She is the only lady now hunting with the Essex Hounds, who



MRS. WATERS.

is entitled to wear the Hunt Button by invitation of the master. The same right has been conferred upon Lady Warwick by her election to the Hunt Club.

During this second season (1858-9) the weather was more open, and there were not so many blank days, yet scent was deplorably bad, and so in one way and another the tale of sport was not great.

On February 5th, 1859, the master, after tendering his resignation at the Annual Meeting of the Hunt, drew Latton and Harlow Parks, Canes Wood, Envilles, Brick-kilns and Man Wood all blank, and it was necessary to go so far afield as Row Wood in order to find a fox.

Mr. Arkwright's resignation was fortunately withdrawn; Charles Barwick was superseded as huntsman by Tom Wilson, and the season 1859-60 brought with it better sport.

A good day's sport is recorded as having attended on the opening meet at Matching Green on the unusually early date of October 31st, 1859, while other good runs took place on January 28th, 1860, from Canes Wood (a covert whence one of the few good runs of the previous season began); on February 4th, from Kelvedon Hall, and again on March 14th, from Man Wood to Skreens. Of

these bright moments in a time of considerable dulness, the first gallop, of January 28th, was one lasting for two hours and twenty-five minutes, the fox having run a big ring, and returned to Canes Wood, where the hounds were whipped off in the dark. The second and third runs were not of such long duration, but were straighter and faster.

During the latter part of Mr. Joseph Arkwright's mastership the records of the sport falling to the share of the Essex Hounds are scanty ; but it would appear that the stock of foxes, and the number and quality of the runs, improved as time went on. The Down Hall Coverts, in particular, proved hospitable strongholds, and on this subject Lord Rookwood writes : " My father took a real pleasure in a find in the coverts, and so fully had the vixens realised that Down Hall was a sanctuary that I remember coming down during that time one spring with my father from London to look after some work he had in hand, and sitting in the evening reading in the library, when we were disturbed by a game of romps, accompanied by squealing under the floor, which made my father order me to have the boards taken up and ferrets put in the next morning, as he and I both believed a whole colony of rats had in our absence taken possession ; but when I

carried out the paternal instructions next morning, we found not rats, but a litter of cubs which the vixen had laid up by the fireplace, having gained access to it through an old drain belonging to Mathew Prior's house in olden times. Fine little fellows they were, their racing each other over the joists under the floor fully accounting for the disturbance of the previous night, and I recollect one of them gave me no end of trouble before I got him from under one of the bookshelves where he had intrenched himself.

“Whether from learning, acquired in their proximity to the books, they knew their way better across country we never ascertained, but the Down Hall library foxes were talked of for one or two seasons after that.”

Mr. Arkwright, though a first-rate horseman, always came out to hunt, and not merely to ride. One foggy morning, when hounds met at the King William, he cleverly gave a lesson to some of his hard-riding followers. Being much pestered to hunt in spite of the fog, he at last said: “Well, if you can keep me in view across three fields, I will let the hounds go.” He started, followed by the “field,” who viewed him over two fences, but at the third he dropped into the ditch, on the far side and, having fairly beaten his pursuers, he awaited their

return to the meet and then pointed out that, as they had not succeeded in keeping their elderly master in view, hunting in such weather would clearly end in the loss of the pack.

At this period no such things were seen in the Essex country as overgrown fields, which in more modern days go so far to vex the souls of masters of hounds and farmers. Thirty-five years ago the number attending even the most popular fixtures rarely exceeded sixty, while often thirty would have included all present.

Amongst the hunting farmers the three brothers Reeve were conspicuous. John, who lived at High Roding, was very fat, and used to drive to covert in an old shandri-dan, with a coachman in top-boots. Sam dwelt at Ingatestone Hall; he was a hard man to hounds and was very well mounted, while Joe lived at Wardens Hall, Willingale. Very strong horses were found in his stable, and one of them passed to Sir Richard Wallace at the price of three hundred guineas. Joe Reeve's domestic arrangements were certainly peculiar, as among other unusual things he carried on all conversation with his wife through the medium of their son, in such fashion as this :—*Mr. Reeve* : " Bill, ask your mother if she'll take some beef." *Mrs. Reeve* : " Bill, tell your father I will, and a piece of the fat."

The late Mr. H. H. Elder, whose presence for many years enlivened the Essex hunting field, was fond of telling how old Joe Reeve once asked a clergyman to refuse the



THE SUN AND WHALEBONE.

most sacred rite of the Church to a female parishoner on the ground that she had killed a fox!

At this period the Essex fields were reinforced by

about fifteen men who hunted from London, keeping about forty or fifty horses between them at Jem Cassidy's inn, the Sun and Whalebone, near Harlow Bush Common, a coaching-house in olden times, and a house of note during Mr. Joseph Arkwright's mastership. The annual meetings of the hunt were held there, as well as the more convivial gatherings of a club formed by the London contingent, and known as the "C.C. Club"; the members of that coterie having their own cellar of wine, and carrying out the idea of good-fellowship introduced into the county, in the form of a club by Colonel Cook, as already mentioned.

Hunters had been stabled at the Sun and Whalebone, by Jem Cassidy, in the later years of Mr. Conyers's mastership. One of the early patrons of the house was the late Mr. Raincock, whose widow—a sister of Mr. George Hart—now living at Ashdon, is as keenly interested as ever in the doings of the Essex Hounds. Half a century ago Mr. and Mrs. Raincock lived at Thornton Heath, near Croydon, and it is related of Mr. Raincock that on one occasion, when hounds met at Canfield Hart, he rode in the morning from Surrey through London to the meet, followed hounds into Suffolk, and, changing horses at Thaxted and at the

Sun and Whalebone, succeeded in reaching home at midnight.

Jem Cassidy, who had been trainer to Lord Exeter, and had done some riding in his time, was a thorough Irishman, a wonderful fellow to keep a horse on his legs, and he managed his livery business and the accommodation for his patrons in a manner which gave infinite satisfaction. He used to send his own and his guests' horses on to covert, and then, clad in his well-known green coat, would drive his party on, even though hounds met as far away as Thaxted. On returning from hunting Jemmy dined with his guests; the neat-handed Phyllis on these occasions being his daughter Mary Ann. She was aided by her father, who would rise from his seat and render whatever help was necessary for the success of the feast. After dinner Jemmy would again mount his 'bus, and drive the party to Harlow Station, whence they would travel to their respective homes.

Amongst the members the "Cock of the Walk" was Charley Young, ever well-mounted, and as keen as possible on hunting, though seldom in the first flight. In the number of his merry companions were Sydney Young, Jack Hall, Bobby Rhodes, and above

all Teddy Boards, of Edmonton. The "Londoners" proved hospitable hosts; and their invitations were extended to many an Essex man, particularly Tom Mashiter, who was about the hardest man of all who threw in their lot with the Essex Hounds in the "fifties" and "sixties." He used to dress himself after the conventional portrait of John Bull, and was indeed a merry soul. On one occasion, when the hounds met at Goldings, the worthy Tom refreshed himself with good old ale, with which he was imprudent enough to mix a *tumblerful* of curaçoa. Thus primed he dismounted at the tree which then stood on the mound at the top of Ongar Park Wood, and no amount of exhortation would induce him to leave the tree. He propped himself against it, and in answer to all entreaty declared that as he had known the tree well for twenty years he was not going to let it fall then!

We close our account of the mastership of Mr. Joseph Arkwright with the following graphic account of a day (February 19th) during the season 1862-3, written by Colonel Howard, of Goldings, who was with the hounds from find to finish :-

"The meet was at Kelvedon Common, and punctually at eleven our septuagenarian master gave the word and off

we trotted in high spirits to Park Wood, anticipating a sure find. The fates, however, had decreed otherwise, the covert having been disturbed the day before by harriers. The Kelvedon and Myless Coverts were then drawn without success, the varmint not being at home, or at any rate not above ground. The Navestock Woods were next tried, as usual without success, and the Squire then directed his steps to Curtis Mill Green, where—thanks to the watchful care of those fine specimens of the sporting British farmer, Messrs. Hicks and Miles, we have never visited in vain—a brace of foxes are always to be found, often a leash, and in that respect the Green under their supervision contrasts favourably with the coverts of some of their wealthy neighbours where we have already twice experienced a blank day.

“ But to return to Thursday’s proceedings : the hounds were scarcely in covert when a single challenge, quickly followed by the welcome music of the whole pack, proclaimed that the object of our search was there and well on foot. One turn round the upper end of the green and away at a splitting pace for Pyrgo. Here in bygone days was a drain that has often afforded safety to the vulpine race, and of this apparently Reynard was thinking ; but a ‘change came o’er the spirit of his dream’ when he found

it stopped, and that he must trust to his own speed in the open to get clear of his pursuers. The iron fencing about here, however, gave him a few moments' law, but the noble pack was quickly on his track, and away through Bedfords and the lower Havering Woods, thence by Cheese Cross, through Gidea Hall, and over the railway towards Upminster Common. At Nelves he appeared to think he had gone far enough in that direction, and a sharp turn to the left bothered some of those who thought they were riding to a straight-going varmint.

"A gallop across Squirrel Heath and some slow hunting across the enclosures brought us to the Romford and Hornchurch road, where a check of some minutes occurred, but at length they made it out over the road and over the brook, and away towards Dagenham.

"Before reaching this place, however, he turned to the right, crossed the railway and the Romford road near the Whalebone Gate, and headed for the new enclosures in Hainault Forest. Suddenly changing his mind, however, he dodged back, occasioning a check of a quarter of an hour or more; but his cunning was of no avail, his line was again struck, and the pack, intent upon a late supper, unerringly followed him through Priests and on to the Bower Wood, at Havering. Here he could do no more.

A turn or two round the wood, and he died as a fox ought to die, after a run of three hours and seven minutes. Those who persevered to the end, and their name was not legion, had thus a most satisfactory finish to as good a day's sport as man need wish to see.

“Not the least pleasant part of the sight was the expression of satisfaction which overspread the face of the worthy master as he watched his pets struggling for the dainty morsels while the shades of evening fell fast around. The distance gone over was not far short of twenty-four miles, and great credit must be given to Tom Wilson for his perseverance in the face of a not very brilliant scent.”

Within a few days of this great run taking place—a run which had stirred the pulses of the Essex sportsmen, and caused them to hold in more esteem than ever the venerable master—the annual meeting of the Hunt was held. With it came the bad news that Mr. Joseph Arkwright had tendered his resignation; and that a reconsideration of his determination was not to be looked for was made patent by a letter, penned by his son to *Bell's Life*, in which the writer stated the country would be vacant at the end of the current season.

Here was something of a poser for the Essex Hunt. As the intelligence of Mr. Joseph Arkwright's with-

drawal fell upon the ears of the assembled members of the hunt they could not at once hit upon any county man likely to fill the breach. Mr. Perry Watlington was spoken of; but he, perhaps, was more interested just then in the Yeomanry, and he had hardly worshipped at the shrine of Diana with sufficient fervour to make it likely that he would care to fill the vacancy. There was Mr. Loftus Arkwright, to be sure, living at home; but he was the fourth son; and ample as were the means of the "Squarson" master, the amount of the youngest son's portion might not be sufficient to induce him to spend a good deal of it in finding fun for others. The three elder sons had settled elsewhere, and it was useless to expect that any of them would come forward to head the Essex Hunt. The Hunt could, of course, invite candidates through the medium of advertisement; but the home counties are, perhaps, less tolerant of strangers than are those further afield. Moreover, the country had not forgotten that even so good a sportsman as Mr. Henley Greaves had not been an unqualified success; and so they shrank from inviting the co-operation of a stranger. In this case, however, as in many others, time came to the rescue. Mr. Joseph Arkwright's resignation was followed in less than

a twelvemonth by his death ; when it was found that in the most unexpected fashion he had passed over the three elder sons, and left the Mark Hall Estate, and a good deal more, to his fourth son, Mr. Loftus Arkwright ; and that gentleman forthwith became the second of his line to rule the fortunes of the Essex Hounds, to the intense satisfaction, it is needless to state, of the country.

For four seasons after the retirement of Mr. Joseph Arkwright the hounds continued to be hunted by Tom Wilson, who had given such satisfaction under the previous *régime*. Many good runs were enjoyed, the best taking place at the end of January in the season 1865-6, when a fox found at Garnish Hall Wood, Margaret Roding, took a line nearly straight to Good Easter, thence to Mashbury Hall, leaving Boyton Hall Wood just on the right, crossing Chignal Hall and Gray's Farm on to Bush Wood, through Sparrow Hawk Wood to Langley's Park, where he crossed the Chelmer—into the East Essex country—crossed the Braintree Road between Hyde Wood and Sheepcotes, and ran thence nearly straight to Lyons Hall Wood, Great Leighs. Hounds hunted their fox right through this large covert, brought him back again to where they entered, and they managed to pull him over at night fall, though the pack was almost as much exhausted as the fox. In this

run a distance of eleven miles was covered in an hour and a quarter. Amongst those present were the master; the Rev. Frederick Fane, accompanied by his daughter (now Mrs. Waters), who was taking an early lesson in riding to hounds; Mr. G. H. Dawson, the late Mr. H. H. Elder and the late Mr. Sam Reeve.

The following account of this great run appeared in the *Chelmsford Chronicle* of February 2nd, 1866:—

“A CAPITAL DAY WITH MR. ARKWRIGHT'S HOUNDS.

“To the Editor of the *Chelmsford Chronicle*.

“Sir,—I only venture to trespass on your valuable space when we have had a day which really deserves rescuing from oblivion, and as last Saturday stands out in bold relief from the ordinary ‘middling’ and ‘fair’ runs which people the sportsman’s limbo, I trust you will spare me a corner.

“The sport with the Essex Hounds has not been brilliant for the last three weeks. For this our energetic master is not to blame, for all that a thorough sportsman can do to show sport, he does; nor is it the fault of the hounds; and we must, therefore, ascribe it to very indifferent scent and the misfortune of seldom finding till late in the day.

“ But to return to Saturday's doings. The meet was at Willingale ; Spain's Wood, and some small coverts were drawn blank, and we then trotted off to the osier bed below Skreens Park. Here we found the animal at home, and the hounds, after some delay owing to his being headed in the park, got away with him on fair terms, and gave us an agreeable gallop of some twenty minutes, when we lost him. Barnish was next drawn blank , but the hounds were no sooner in at one end of the next covert, Garnish Hall Springs, than a fox broke at the other, and went away for Leaden at a rattling pace. Being headed in his attempt to make Lord's Wood, he turned back to Garnish, and thence to the left across the bottom, as if High Easter was his point, but turning to the right, he went over the hill to Mashbury, apparently with the intention of trying the earths by the brook. He altered his mind, however, and turning again to the left he ran through Bush Wood and on to Langleys Park. Here a check of a minute or two brought up some of the stragglers, although the field of 160 with which we started was greatly thinned, and many of the horses looked as if they had already had quite enough. The hounds, however, were keen, and quickly picking up the scent, they took his line across the river near Langleys mill, and away for

Hyde Springs and Lyons Hall Wood; here, finding his strength failing, he took to dodging about the covert, running the water ditches, and doing his utmost to foil his pursuers, but in vain, till, finding further efforts useless, Reynard, with gallant consideration for the fair sex, gave himself up within ten yards of the spot where stood three ladies, who had persevered to the end of this brilliant run. The time was two hours and five minutes from find to finish, and the pace, at times very good, was all through quite fast enough in the deep state of the country.

“Yours obediently,

“VULPISECUTOR.”

At the end of the season 1866-7, both Wilson and J. Dent, the first whipper-in, left, the former getting the berth of huntsman to the Quorn under the casual mastership of the unfortunate Marquis of Hastings, while at the termination of his brief reign he transferred his services to Lord Henry Paget, now Marquis of Anglesey, who was hunting the South Staffordshire country.

In the fifth season of his mastership, therefore, Mr. Loftus Arkwright had to cast about for a new huntsman, and he exercised a wise choice when he appointed Stephen Dobson, who for a dozen years, during which he carried

the horn, showed excellent sport. That, however, was only to be expected from his "bringing up," for he had learned his business under notable masters. Born at Bicester, within earshot of the kennels, the music of the hounds fell early on his ear, and like many another successful huntsman he began in the stable before he addressed himself to the details of the kennel. As his father was head groom to Squire Drake, who then hunted the Bicester country, young Dobson naturally saw and heard a good deal of the management of hunters, and when he went for a time to ride second horse to Simpson, who then hunted the Puckeridge under Mr. Nicholas Parry, he saw something of hounds, and a further spell in the same capacity with Squire Drake served to enlarge his experience. At the Squire's recommendation Dobson went as second whipper-in to Lord Rosslyn when that poet-sportsman had the Fife country, and when he resigned, Dobson stayed on under his successor, Mr. Anstruther Thomson, and his credentials when he made a change, to whip-in to Colonel Welfitt, with the Rufford, were a reference from Mr. Thomson, in these words—"You are worthy of a better place, though I shall be sorry to lose you."

This was "good enough," as the phrase runs, to secure Dobson his desired berth, and on Colonel Welfitt's



STEPHEN DOBSON.

resignation he served the late Mr. Harvey Bayly, going from him to hunt the Essex, in the year 1867.

As already mentioned, Dobson hunted the Essex Hounds for a dozen years, and for that period we have a complete record of sport in the form of his excellently-written and well-kept diaries, to which we are largely indebted for notes of what took place.

The new huntsman's first season in Essex opened well.

During the first month of regular hunting, a brace of foxes on the southern side of the country furnished remarkable runs of an hour and a-half and upwards. One of them was brought to hand near Brentwood, the other within two fields of the Laindon Hills, in the Union country, twenty-six miles from the kennels.

Two particularly good runs are recorded in the huntsman's diary during the following January: on the 20th from Kelvedon Hall Wood to a "gentleman's garden at Epping," where they lost their fox; and two days later, from High Roothing Bury Springs, by Row Wood and Down Hall to Moor Hall, where they killed close to the front door.

During this season there appears to have been no lack of foxes in the country. On January 20th, two brace were found in Kelvedon Hall Wood; and during

much of the run on the 22nd, hounds had a brace in front of them. During regular hunting forty-one foxes were killed and twenty-three run to ground.

The latter part of the season (1867-8) was marred by a serious accident to the master. It took place on the 20th March, 1868, when the hounds met at Colonel Howard's for breakfast. The pack were drawing a portion of Epping Forest when, on jumping a ditch, Mr. Arkwright's horse made a mistake and threw him, planting its hind feet on his chest. The master was much hurt, and two or three hours elapsed before he was able to be removed, first to Epping, and thence to his own house.

The accident was a very bad one. The master did not come out again that season; and he was unable to attend a dinner, given at the close of the season, by the principal London supporters of the hunt to the farmers over whose lands they most frequently rode; and who mustered at the Town Hall, Chelmsford, to the number of over 200. Colonel Howard writes: "The dinner was a great success; and our friends, the farmers, enjoyed themselves much; though the absence of the master took some of the gilt off the gingerbread. A good joke was told of one of the company. Soon after starting for home in his carriage it was evident that the coachman

had been indulging, not wisely but too well ; and the friend who was with him offered to drive him home—putting the coachman inside with his master for safety. After a long, bitter cold drive, the friend drove into the stable-yard and opened the carriage door, when the host, who had been peacefully sleeping whilst his friend had been freezing, thinking it was a stoppage at a turnpike gate, put his hand in his pocket and said, ‘All right, how much?’”

Unhappily neither time nor medical skill could undo the disastrous effects of what had been brought about on Epping Forest in a few seconds. Mr. Arkwright’s injuries proved permanent : never again was he seen in the saddle. A long period of illness, and the knowledge that his riding days were over, would have caused most men to give up at once and for ever the onerous task of keeping hounds ; but Mr. Arkwright refused to be discomfited, and with “unvarying kindness,” as well as rare public spirit, “kept on the country still” for eleven seasons, with Dobson as huntsman. Though unable to mount a horse, an ingenious arrangement was made in a mail phaeton which enabled the master in his chair to be lifted in and wheeled to the front. His marvellous knowledge of the country and the run of foxes now stood him in good stead, and many a time would the

field, after much galloping and jumping strike a road to find the master's carriage standing there, and from him came occasionally a hint as to the direction taken by the fox.

During the season 1868-9 good sport was enjoyed, the best run being that of February 20th, when a fox jumped up outside Norwood and, after a preliminary excursion to Brick-kilns and back, made off again on the same line and continued through Man Wood and Row Wood and away to Hatfield Heath, where hounds ran into him after a first-rate run of one hour and forty minutes.

1869-70. This season opened disastrously, three hounds being lost on the opening day through picking up poisoned herrings in a small covert near Brick-kilns, which has gone by the name of "Herring Grove" ever since. Sport improved at the end of November, good runs being obtained on the 26th, 27th, and 29th of that month, and on January 5th, hounds ran an Old Park fox for nearly an hour without entering a covert and with only one check, and then changed outside Lord's Wood on to a fresh fox which they ran for two hours to near Saling, in the East Essex country. In this run many of the field led their horses across a very narrow footbridge over the river Chelmer. This is the last recorded run from the famous "Old Park."

1870-71. This season was described by the master as "the worst on record." Dobson remarks that "scent was generally very bad and foxes scarce in the Roothings." Hunting was much interfered with by the frosts which added so terribly to the sufferings of those who experienced the Siege of Paris. The run of the season was that of February 17th, when in spite of bad scent at first, hounds hunted their fox for one hour forty-five minutes from Curtis Mill Green and ran into him in Cook's Wood.

1871-2. The most noticeable run of this, as of the preceding season, was afforded from Curtis Mill Green, by a February fox which ran by the Bishop's Hall coverts, Chigwell Row, Chigwell and just under Buckhurst Hill to Woodford Station, where hounds ran into him on the railway. Other good days during this season were February 24th, one hour forty minutes from near Weald Coppice to outside Kelvedon Hall Wood; and on March 2nd, a good hour from outside the Maze to near Henham.

1872-3. This season was remarkable for the extraordinary endurance of some of the hunted foxes, and for the small number of foxes killed. On December 21st, a fox found in Witney Wood, after being run quickly almost to Horseley Park and in a ring back to his starting point, went away by Norton Church and Pingrith Hall to Blackmore

and on through Horseley Park and Bourne Grove, along the brook on the right of Skreens, by Roxwell and through Boyton Hall to Chignall where he was killed after two hours fifty minutes' continual hunting in the open. On January 8th, 1873, a fox found in Lady Grove gave a run of over two hours—part very fast—before he was caught at Mill Green. Three days later, a Norwood fox stood up before hounds for two hours and forty minutes in a twisting run, which ended with a kill within two fields of Takeley Forest. Such days, however, were exceptional. In spite of open weather few good gallops were enjoyed and only eight brace of foxes were killed during “regular hunting.”

1873-4. A successful day's sport from Matching Green was followed by a good season, which ended brilliantly on April 9th, with breakfast at Gaynes Park, after the Hunt Ball on the previous night, and a fast run from Mr. Marsh's coverts, by Rough Tallies, Weald Coppice, Harlow Park, and Barnsley's to Belgium Springs, where they ran into him.

1874-5. The opening meet of this season was held at High Laver, in place of the time-honoured fixture of Matching Green. This was a tribute of respect to the memory of a well-known follower of the hounds, Mr.

T. H. Quare, of Matching Green, whose death occurred in October, 1874, in the 83rd year of his age.

The season does not appear to have furnished any noticeable run; though good sport was shown, and no blank day was experienced.

1875-6. On November 24th, a Broomshawbury fox gave a good run by Barrington Park and Little Hallingbury towards Hyde Hall. A change on to a fresh fox took hounds out of their country into Eastwick Wood, where a third fox divided the pack, and both divisions were stopped. On December 15th, Garnett's furnished a stout fox, which beat the hounds after two hours' run by Stebbing Windmill and Bardfield to How Wood, Finchingfield. On March 2nd, a fox, found in Great Bendysh, was run into the East Essex country, and killed at Steeple Bumpstead fifty-five minutes without a check; and on the 26th of the same month, an Epping Forest fox gave a very fast run from the Warren, ending with a kill near Theydon Garnon rectory. At the end of this month a Hunt Steeplechase Meeting was held, for the first time, at Rundells, Harlow.

1876-7. Before the opening of this season, a grave disaster befell the pack, which had been well maintained by drafts from the Oakley (Mr. Robert Arkwright's

hounds); the Belvoir; the Brocklesby; and Lord Galway's. During the summer, dumb madness was brought into the kennel by one of the young hounds, fresh from a neighbouring walk. As soon as the symptoms manifested themselves, each hound was taken from the kennels and destroyed, no bite being discoverable in any of the others. In spite of this, the disease broke out again in August, and it was thought best to destroy the remainder of the bitch pack. In all, some twenty-seven couples out of fifty were sacrificed. Other masters of hounds readily came forward to aid in the re-establishment of the pack, and the season afforded good sport. The weather was open; and the number of foxes brought to hand was greater than in any of the eight preceding seasons. A good day's sport was that of November 22nd, when a Thoby Wood fox was killed in the open, near Poplars, after a brilliant run. The run from Hempstead Wood, on December 29th, though first-class, was eclipsed, on February 10th, by "the run of the season," from Row's Wood, near Skreens, forty-five minutes' racing all the way to the kill on Stevens' Farm at Chignall.

The ground was very hard in March and April of the season 1877-8, while foxes were decidedly short in the

Roothings and north country generally. Dobson was still Mr. Arkwright's right hand man, but at the close of the season 1878-9, the master's health was more indifferent than it had been; he became less and less able to stand the fatigue entailed by long drives, and at the close of the season he resigned the mastership of the hunt.

During the last year or two of Mr. L. W. Arkwright's mastership Dobson often resigned the horn to his brilliant first whip Dick Yeo, who hunted the hounds through several good runs. One of the best of these was from Takeley Forest, whence the fox ran to Barrington Hall and back to the Forest. Under Yeo's guidance, the pack succeeded in driving him northwards into the Friday country, and ultimately marked him to ground in Barnston Churchyard. Of a large field only about twelve or fifteen were present at the finish.

Amongst the followers of the Essex Hounds during the masterships of the Arkwrights, there was no keener sportsman than Anthony Trollope. In 1859, while very hard at work at his novel "*Framley Parsonage*," a change of his position in the Post Office enabled him to remove from Ireland to a residence about twelve miles from London, in Hertfordshire, but on the borders both of Essex and Middlesex, which was called—in his opinion somewhat

too grandly—Waltham House. Here he lived for twelve years, writing with marvellous success. For each of the novels, "Orley Farm," "The Small House at Allington," "Can you Forgive Her," "The Last Chronicle of Barset," "Phineas Finn" and "He knew he was right," he received £3,000 or more, and many other stories written during this period brought in large sums. Though he had keenly enjoyed hunting in Ireland, when he first came to Waltham Cross, he had almost made up his mind that his hunting was over. As, however, the money came in, he very quickly fell back into his old habits, and found his house near enough to the Roothing country for hunting purposes, though his average distance to the Essex meets was twenty miles.

He writes in his Autobiography:—"First one horse was bought, then another, and then a third, till it became established as a fixed rule that I should not have less than four hunters in the stable. Sometimes when my boys have been at home, I have had as many as six. Essex was the chief scene of my sport, and gradually I became known there almost as well as though I had been an Essex squire, to the manner born. Few have investigated more closely than I have done the depth, and breadth, and water-holding capacities of an Essex ditch. It will, I

think, be accorded to me by Essex men generally that I have ridden hard. The cause of my delight in the amusement I have never been able to analyse to my own satisfaction. In the first place, even now, I know very little about hunting—though I know very much of the accessories of the field. I am too blind to see hounds turning, and cannot therefore tell whether the fox has gone this way or that. Indeed, all the notice I take of hounds is not to ride over them. My eyes are so constituted that I can never see the nature of a fence. I either follow someone, or ride at it with the full conviction that I may be going into a horse-pond or a gravel-pit. I have jumped into both one and the other. I am very heavy, and have never ridden expensive horses. I am also now old for such work, being so stiff that I cannot get on to my horse without the aid of a block or a bank. But I ride still after the same fashion, with a boy's energy, determined to get ahead, if it may possibly be done, hating the roads, despising young men who ride them, and with a feeling that life cannot, with all her riches, have given me anything better than when I have gone through a long run to the finish, keeping a place, not of glory, but of credit, among my juniors."

Trollope was perfectly fearless: but his defective

sight led him often to choose some good man to show him the way. He was indifferent either to jumping on anyone, or being jumped upon. When he and his son Harry were out, it was good betting which would first blunder on the top of the other.

A mishap to Trollope one day, when the hounds ran sharp across the Dagnam brook, is thus described by the novelist's intimate friend, Colonel Howard : " You could not get at the brook to fly it ; but I thought I saw my way to get into the brook through a little coppice. I jumped into the coppice safely ; but they had been making a drain just inside the hedge, and Trollope's horse put his feet into it, pitched Trollope over his head, and he lay on his back with his head close to the horse's front feet. In his first plunge to get out he got half-way over Trollope, and we had great difficulty in preventing him doing serious damage ; however, I got off with a nasty cut on the forehead. We took him up to Mr. John Sands, at the Priory. Mr. Sands, who had only recently come there, was but little known ; but his kindness on this occasion was an introduction, and he soon became one of us."

On giving up Waltham House, Trollope travelled round the world, and returned, in spite of any resolu-

tions to the contrary, with his mind full of hunting. He wrote : " No real resolutions had in truth been made, for out of a stud of four horses I kept three, two of which were absolutely idle through the two summers and winter of my absence.

" Immediately on my arrival I bought another, and settled myself down to hunting from London three days a week. At first I went back to Essex, my old country, but finding that to be inconvenient, I took my horses to Leighton Buzzard, and became one of that numerous herd of sportsmen, who rode with the ' Baron ' and Mr. Selby Lowndes. In those days Baron Meyer was alive, and the riding with his hounds was very good. I did not care so much for Mr. Lowndes" [*which is very strange*, as Mr. Pepys would have said].

" During the winters of 1873, 1874 and 1875, I had my horses back in Essex, and went on with my hunting, always trying to resolve that I would give it up. But still I bought fresh horses, and as I did not give it up, I hunted more than ever. Three times a week the cab has been at my door in London very punctually, and not infrequently before seven in the morning. In order to secure this attendance, the man has always been invited to have his breakfast in the

hall. I have gone to the Great Eastern Railway—ah! so often with the fear that frost would make all my exertions useless, and so often too with that result! And then, from one station or another station, have travelled on wheels at least a dozen miles. After the day's sport, the same toil has been necessary to bring me home to dinner at eight. This has been work for a young man and a rich man; but I have done it as an old man and comparatively a poor man. Now at last, in April, 1876, I do think that my resolution has been taken. I am giving away my old horses; and anybody is welcome to my saddles and horse furniture. I think that I may say with truth that I rode hard to my end.

“Vixi puellis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non sine gloria;
Nunc arma defunctumque bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit.

“I've lived about the covert side,
I've ridden straight and ridden fast;
New breeches, boots, and scarlet pride
Are but mementoes of the past.”

He adhered to his decision, and never again spoke willingly on hunting matters—having resolved to give up his favourite amusement, and that, so far as he was concerned, there should be an end of it. But the recollections

of the sport remained to the last. He had in his possession the brush of a fox which had afforded a capital run one frosty afternoon from Lubberhedges. The first three up at the death were Trollope, John Ridley, and James Stallibrass. When near his end, Trollope sent for Stallibrass, and gave him the brush, saying, "When you are going to die, pass it on to Ridley." This was done, and the brush is now in Mr. Ridley's possession.

CHAPTER VII.

“SIR HENRY.”

ON the resignation of Mr. Arkwright in 1879, two of his nearest neighbours came forward to help in carrying on the hounds. These were Sir Henry Selwin Ibbetson, of Down Hall, and Mr. John Perry Watlington, of Moor Hall. Both of them were well-known Essex men. Sir Henry had just completed one-half of his period of service as a representative of his county in the House of Commons, for this period lasted no fewer than twenty-seven years—from 1865 until his elevation to the peerage in 1892. At the time of which we write he held office at the Treasury, and took a leading part in all matters of interest to his county, where his energy and popularity were unrivalled. Mr. Perry Watlington was associated with Sir Henry in many county matters. He had been a representative of Essex in Parliament, and was very highly esteemed for his abilities and kindly disposition.



LORD ROOKWOOD

The retiring master showed his interest in the welfare of the hunt by lending his hounds to the country, and undertaking the supervision of the kennels. Matters financial and all arrangements in the field were left to Mr. Watlington and Sir Henry, though the latter was sometimes kept out of the saddle through the press of his official duties at the Treasury. He hunted, however, as often as possible, and both at this time and later when he was sole master, he was often booted and spurred at Liverpool Street Station, a passenger by the 7.35 a.m. train to Harlow, and this on many a cold foggy morning when even a younger man might have thought twice about turning out so early after a night's work.

Contemporaneously with Mr. Arkwright's retirement, sundry important changes were made in the staff. Stephen Dobson, after having been in harness for a good many years, surrendered the horn which he had carried with conspicuous success for a dozen seasons, but was not allowed to settle down into private life without receiving, at the hands of the members of the hunt and farmers, a token of the good will borne towards him and the esteem in which he was held by all. This took the form of a gold watch and a well-filled purse. Dobson had played his part well. Both in kennel and in the field he had given every satis-

faction, and he was, moreover, quite a "farmer's huntsman," being extremely punctilious in consulting their rights and interests, and showing by his every act how he acknowledged the very large share they had in the hunting of the country.

Dobson's successor was James Bailey, by whom the Essex Hounds have been hunted from that time to the present, and we can express our wish for the pack's welfare in no better terms than by hoping that he may continue to hunt the hounds for many seasons to come. Bailey, who is now in his 45th year, was born in Hampshire, within earshot of the Hampshire Hunt kennels. His father kept the Anchor Inn, one of the Hampshire Hunt fixtures, and found the horses for the hunt. Young Bailey's first mount was an exceedingly clever donkey, upon which he went almost anywhere, without saddle or bridle. In time he out-grew the donkey, and became covert lad to Mr. W. Ward Tailby, who hunted what was known as the Billesdon, or South Quorn, country, but the hounds were always known as Mr. Tailby's.

No beginner could have entered a better school. Mr. Tailby was a rare sportsman, and during the time that Frank Goodall (afterwards huntsman to the Queen's Stag-hounds) was his huntsman, no pack in England showed

better sport. After four seasons with Mr. Tailby, Bailey was engaged as second whip to the North Warwickshire, when Tom Firr was huntsman. Of him Bailey, to this day, speaks reverentially as "the best schoolmaster I ever had." But Bailey had one season only under "The Huntsman," who then went to hunt the Quorn; and at the expiration of his second season in Warwickshire, Bailey went north, to become second whip to the Duke of Buccleuch, under that perfect huntsman, Shore. At the end of the first or second season he was promoted to be first whip, remaining with the Duke for six or seven seasons, and then succeeded Dobson, as huntsman of the Essex, as already mentioned.

On Bailey's appointment, Dobson's second whip, Fred Firr, was promoted to be first whip, and Charles Littleworth (son of Lord Portsmouth's huntsman), from Lord Portman, was engaged in his place. Crawley, a most popular and trustworthy old servant, who had acted as second horseman to Dobson, and to Wilson before him, retained his post under the new management. He knew every gap in the country, and was always there when wanted. Many a dandy, both in the shires and out of them, with an ambition to "hang a good boot," would have given something for Crawley's legs. No bootmaker who

ever measured him shook his head and wrung his hands at being asked to fit a man with a small ankle and a swelling



JAMES BAILEY

calf like that of a dustman. Crawley's calves—if he ever had any—had long enough ago gone to grass, and so thin were his legs that it used to be said of him that, if his tops had been made to fit his legs properly, he would never have got his feet into them!

Lord Rookwood, in his most valuable contribution to this work, says of the new huntsman:—"A more excellent choice I never made, for, in his first season even, without a knowledge of the country, he showed unmistakable signs of what a first-rate huntsman he was to become. Cool and quiet in the field, a capital horseman, and civility itself, he made up his mind at once when hounds were at fault, and was seldom wrong; and even in that first year of our effort to hunt the country, notwithstanding a most inclement season, when hounds got little cub-hunting from the late harvest, and were stopped by frost for five weeks in 1879, and nearly three weeks in 1880, he showed some excellent sport. This proved one of the shortest seasons I remember, from the causes I have mentioned; but we had only one blank, and there were a few really red-letter days, such as January 15th, 1880, after a morning's run of one hour from Down Hall gorse to a kill in a cottage in Hatfield town, when we had a very fast fifty-three minutes from our avenue to Lord's Wood, in the afternoon, which I

described at the time as the 'best spin I had almost ever seen,' and on the 9th of that month from West Wood, in the Friday country, Bailey got immense kudos for the way in which he hunted his hounds in a first-rate hunting run of one hour and forty minutes, through the best part of that country, and I remember well we had thirty miles to ride home after it was over.

"On two occasions during this season we found foxes at Down Hall up a certain ivy-clad tree in the garden, quite forty feet above the ground; in one case three being seen on branches of the same tree at the same time, and they had to be dislodged by aid of a long ladder and pole—one giving us a run after his descent from the skies, and fairly beating the hounds.

"One unfortunate incident, however, marked this year, for on February 13th, 1880, in the Thaxted country, while drawing Holbrook and Bendish, two of our best hounds, Transit and Melody, fell, whilst running, from poison, and died almost instantly.

"Then came the Hunt Meeting at the end of the season, when Watlington and Arkwright retired; I bought the hounds from Arkwright and was persuaded to hunt the country.

"Bailey, Firr and Littleworth remained with me, and

instead of Clarke in the stables I appointed the old huntsman, Dobson, to superintend the horses, and continue the the clerical work he had done for us during the past year, Crawley of course retaining his post as Bailey's second horseman.

" 1880-1. The cub-hunting season of 1880-1 began on September 7th, at 4.30 in the morning at Latton and Harlow Park, an hour which frightened some, but which I had made up my mind was necessary if any work for the young hounds was to be obtained, and I always found that it answered: on that particular morning the entry did well. This year, we had two runs with foxes, who had to be dislodged from the ivy tree at Down Hall, and were 50 feet above our heads when discovered.

" One day from Witney Wood we took a fox away to Fyfield, where he got into some outbuildings, and when the whip tried to get him out, he bolted up the chimney, and his ears were next seen coming out of the chimney pot, and his head cautiously followed, when after looking round on the hounds and men in the street, he sprang out on the other side of the roof, and got down and away with the pack at his brush, running by Birdhatch, then at the back of Rookwood Hall straight for Man Wood: he slipped through the wood, crossed by the Grange, as if for Lan-

casters, and then turned sharp back, and as Bailey was casting forward towards Hatfield Heath, he was seen by some labourers crawling up the stubble beyond Lancasters, pointing back to the Woods, and we lost him. Besides these incidents we had several really good hunting runs this season, Bailey and hounds distinguishing themselves thoroughly; then, on March 12th, the annual meeting took place, and I was again chosen master with a subscription of £2,000."

This meeting was followed by a remarkable run of which the late Mr. R. C. Ball gives the following account in his diary :—

"1881. March 12th, Saturday. Harlow. Annual Meeting. Drew Parndon Wood. Found at once and ran towards Nettleswell. Bore to the left through Deer Park and then in a large ring towards Cheshunt. Back through Galley Hills and Deer Park, on to Nazing Common and so back to Parndon Wood, through this, out at the same place as before, and across a few fields to the back of Mr. Todhunter's, where he went to ground. Dug him out and killed in a few yards. This was a clinking run of one hour forty-five minutes, with no check of more than three minutes. Owing to the quick find only about seven got away with the hounds, and we had it all to ourselves. I got the brush. Boycott carried me capitally."

Lord Rookwood continues :—

“ 1881-2. The cub-hunting of this autumn, 1881, began on September 12th, again at Latton Park, when we had a good morning's work with lots of cubs, and the entry was most satisfactory. We were stopped one day, on October 14th, by a frightful gale, which made riding in covert dangerous, as branches were falling in all directions. The pack were, by careful drafts, gradually improving in their work, and the year was to be noted as a really sporting one, for we had any number of good runs. I especially remember a run on December 9th, which I entered at the time in my journal as, ‘Y^e run of Y^e season,’ when we met at Blue Gates. We found in Tilty a real good one, who went away for Thaxted, running within two fields of the town, then through Thaxted Lodge Plantations, nearly to Lubberhedges, when he swung round towards Stebbing, but changed his mind, and went back through the Lower Thaxted Plantations to Horeham Hall, and back by Avesey, Tilty and the Maze, and was pulled down by the puppy Chanticleer after one hour and fifty minutes, without a check, in the open close to Easton Park. Not a hound was away at the finish, and no second horse was possible; the hunt servants and everyone declared it was the best run they had ever ridden to; Hervey Foster, Lockwood, Winder

and Barnard being through it all, and with the hunt servants the first up, and I, on my grey Stockbridge, got up just after they pulled him down.

“ But this season was full of really good days ; and I remember we had five of them together on January 25th, 26th, 28th, 30th, and February 1st.

“ From February 25th to March 3rd hounds did not go out ; as I lost then a dear friend in Perry Watlington, and the hunt a keen supporter and good sportsman.”

On March 3rd hounds met at Great Bardfield. Mr. R. C. Ball's diary describes the day's sport :—

“ Found soon and had a nice run of about thirty-one minutes, whipping off as he ran into the East Essex country, and we saw their hounds close to us. Found in Thaxted Lodge Wood and had a brilliant run, part very fast, killing at Chickney ; time, one hour fifty-seven minutes ; distance, sixteen miles. Only Bevan, Foster, Hargreaves, I, and a lot of farmers were out, and our horses could not raise a trot at the end. Drove them in front of us to Broxted, where we gruelled ; and then rode into Dunmow. Left horses there, and home by train. This was a very fine run.”

On March 11th, 1882, the Annual Meeting was



JOHN ARCHER HOUBLON.

held at the Cock Hotel, Epping, instead of at Harlow, in consequence of the death of Mr. Perry Watlington. The master consented to remain in office for another season; and it was resolved to take into consideration a plan for the formation of an Association, to be called "The Essex Hunt Club"; and a Committee was appointed to prepare rules and elect original members. The Committee consisted of Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson, Mr. Deacon, Sir Lumley Graham, Lieut.-Colonel Lockwood, the Rev. Frederick Fane, Mr. Frederick Green, Mr. J. V. Walmsley, Mr. A. J. Edwards, Mr. Robert Wood, and Mr. Hervey Foster. The original members of the Club were about seventy in number; and included, besides the above Committee, Messrs. John Archer Houblon, Edward Ball, Robert Ball, Pemberton Barnes, and R. Y. Bevan, Lord Brooke, Messrs. Andrew Caldecott, George and Arthur Capel Cure, the Rev. Lawrence Capel Cure, Lord Eustace Cecil, Messrs. R. B. Colvin, O. E. Coope, G. H. Dawson, H. H. Elder, Howard Fowler, C. E. Green, Lieut.-Colonel Howard, Messrs. Chisenhale Marsh, John Pelly, Leonard Pelly, C. E. Ridley, W. T. Roffey, J. Sands, W. H. Sewell, A. Suart, Major Tait, Major Tower, Messrs. C. H. J. Tower, E. N. Tufnell, T. Usborne, H. Vigne, A. Waters, General Lockwood, &c.

The first Secretary and Treasurer of the Club was Mr. Hervey Foster, son of the Rev. Sir Cavendish Foster, rector of Theydon Garnon, a kindly, genial soul if ever there was one; an excellent sportsman and a



HERVEY FOSTER.

fine horseman. In the following May (1882), while in Ireland, he met with a bad accident out hunting, a sad mishap which called forth a spontaneous vote of

sympathy, from the newly-formed club. In 1887, a few days before Mr. Foster's lamented death, Mr. Robert Lockwood was elected Secretary and Treasurer in his place; and he, on leaving the country three years later, was succeeded by Mr. Tyndale White, who is still (1895) in office.

The establishment of the club was followed by an inaugural dinner at Down Hall, Lord Rookwood's residence, and for a few years afterwards an annual dinner was held. Though these gatherings have been discontinued, the club maintains its social importance, and membership is eagerly sought after. In 1892, the club had the honour of enrolling the present Countess of Warwick amongst its members.

It only remains to note that the first step towards the "thirty-guinea rule" was taken by the following resolution of the club, passed on April 21st, 1887: "That in the opinion of this meeting, the Hunt Secretary should be empowered, for the future, to ask all strangers hunting with the Essex Hounds for a subscription of thirty guineas." The matter came before the annual meeting of the Hunt in the following year, and is referred to in our account of that meeting.

We resume Lord Rookwood's chronicle: -

"1882-3. — This year we began cubhunting on

September 9th at Down Hall, and found plenty of foxes. This season the lady pack still held their own ; in fact, they were fast becoming my favourites ; and, although not so persevering as the dogs on a poor scent, they were faster and drove their foxes more. We had one blank day only (at Ashdon Mill) this season. We were stopped for four days by frost, and I stopped them for three days on account of the wet state of the ground, as after the deluge we had had it would have been cruel on the farmers to ride over land in such a condition.

“ I recall one very good day, February 5th, at Epping Bury, when we had forty-three minutes without a check and a kill, and another from Horeham Hall on the 9th of the same month, when we found in Bigods and pulled him down, after an hour and ten minutes, just short of Weathersfield, the hounds having hardly been lifted or cast all the way through. And on March 2nd, from Whitehouse Springs, we had a rattling forty-five minutes of beautiful hunting, killing him on the grass below Felstead. Then, at our hunt meeting the next day I was again elected master.”

As to the run of February 5th, Bailey, the huntsman, writes :—

“ Found a fox in Copt Hall, and there being a good

scent, hounds went straight through the Warren, and as hard as they could race, straight through Epping Forest, round by Loughton Shaws, turned to the right, and rased the fox into a cottage at Loughton; killed him in the window; forty minutes. I never before or since saw hounds race through Epping Forest as they did."

As to the 21st of the same month Bailey says:—

"Met at Weald Gullet: found a fox in the Beachetts, getting well away on him, and only Mr. R. Lockwood, Mr. Dickinson, and myself got away on terms with hounds. Going away on the Tawney Hall side, Mr. Dickinson lost his hat at the first fence, when hounds were fairly racing. Close by Shalesmore the fox turned short to the right across Hill Hall Park, down those large fields; only Mr. Lockwood and myself were with hounds: over the road close by Hobbs Cross on the right, and as hard as they could race, as if for Loughton Shaws, which he left on his left, over the rail straight into Epping Forest, and they ran clean into him as he was crossing the High Road near Goldings Hill; time, forty-five minutes. Not a soul ever caught us the whole way, and hounds were never touched. I had such a cropper jumping into the Forest: fell flat on my back, and Mr. Lockwood stood there laughing at me."

As to March 2nd, he says:

“ It was a wonderfully good scenting day. Found in White House Springs, and we had a clinking fifty minutes round by Stebbing and across as if for Marks Hall, over the road as if for Felstead, and racing from scent to view, rolled the fox over in the middle of a grass field. A number of officers were out; they did fall about.”

1883-4. September 14th saw the beginning of cub-hunting at Latton Park. A few keen spirits were of course there, glad enough to see hounds again after the summer of discontent, while the entry appeared to be infected with the prevailing love for foxhunting, for they took to the work like old hounds. Cubhunting went on evenly enough, and in due course came the opening day at the time-honoured Matching Green, when a divine afflatus came over the spirit of a present secretary of the hunt and moved him to record the events of the day in the verses which will be found in the appendix.

Good fortune so far favoured Sir Henry that his exertions in the interests of the hunt were rewarded by good sport; but, in mid-season, just when men, hounds, horses and foxes are at their best, the enjoyment of the followers of the Essex was marred by the dark cloud that settled over Down Hall. Lady Ibbetson was stricken with a severe illness, and the master passed through a

period of anxious suspense. While the illness was at its height and Lady Hbbetson was in imminent danger, the hounds were stopped from December 14th to the 22nd, 1883, while Sir Henry was not out from December 5th, when the patient was first taken ill, till January 23rd, 1884, when it is needless to state, the master's reappearance at the covert side was the subject of the warmest congratulations.

The hounds were out on 71 days and killed 59 foxes. The bitches for the first time headed the other pack by killing 34 foxes and running 18 to ground.

Bailey notes two good days' sport in November. On the 21st, they "found a good fox in Mr. Fane's coverts; had a capital forty-five minutes and killed him as he was jumping into the Blackmore Woods. Found a second fox in Mr. Fane's coverts and had a capital hour and thirty minutes. Stopped hounds at dark."

On November 26th they "found a brace of good foxes at Hyde Hall, and had a good hunting run over by Hatfield Heath towards Hatfield Town, to the right by Lancasters, leaving Man Wood on the left; came close by Matching Green, Newmans End, through the Gorse, and killed him in the brook at Down Hall. Mr. Bevan had the brush; Lord Brooke had three falls, but stuck to the finish."

Lord Rookwood writes :—

“ One remarkable run among many good ones came off this year, on February 8th, when we met at Thaxted. After a long two hours' run in the morning from the Thaxted Lodge Plantations, in which, after much slow hunting, the fox beat us, we drew Lubberhedges at 2 o'clock, found and got away between Foxes Wood and Bardfield Lodge for Shalford Park, then for Weathersfield, and passing that place ran nearly to Stambourne; by this time, most of the horses, including mine, were beat, but Bailey struggled on upon a little horse called Chance, and the hounds had to be whipped off close by Hempstead Wood after two and a half hours; the point was between twelve and thirteen miles. Chance had to be left at Colonel Brise's. Katinka, who afterwards died, was left at Hempstead; the whip was left out; and, though I got Phantom back to Dunmow I had to leave her there and come back in a fly, whilst Bailey arrived on my second horse, Mermaid, at Down Hall, and took Nell Gwynne back from there to the kennels.

“ A curious incident happened on February 16th, when we took away a fox from Apes Grove in the Abridge country, and crossing the line of another towards the end of the run, the pack flashed off on the new line

for a time, but one bitch, Active, stuck to the real fox, and after two or three fields I saw her turn him over in the middle of a big ploughed field, when they had several stand up fights, the fox too beat to get away, and the bitch not strong enough to kill him, till the rest of the pack, who were at last got back on the real line, came to help her. In this run, the river, which was swollen, had to be crossed, and whilst several got in, Bailey and Fred Green swam it gallantly, and kept well with the hounds.

"At the hunt meeting on March 1st this year, I was again elected master."

Mr. R. C. Ball again tells in his diary, as he did three years earlier, of good sport following the annual meeting :—

"1884. March 1st, Saturday. Meeting Day. Found in Latton Park, ran down to Epping Road, then back to Epping Long Green, across Nazing Common and Park, round to Parndon, by Mr. Todhunter's, on to Tyler's Cross; then back to Bay's Grove, and up Harlow Common to Latton, where we killed, after a clinking run of one hour and thirty-five minutes."

A few days later the career of a grand old fox was brought to a close. Bailey writes :—

“ March 7th, 1884. Stebbing Bran End ; went down on purpose to find our friend at Lubberhedges. It seemed as if hounds knew, for, no sooner were they in covert, than they went all of them as straight as they could go to the part where we always found him. He used to lie exactly in one place ; and we found him, I think, six times this season. He was off like a shot, and the first twenty-five minutes was a ripper ; to show what a good one he was he scarcely touched a covert ; he would run by the side of them. He broke on the north side, bearing to the left across by Lindsell, close by Galley Wood, and here we had a check, which I thought I should never recover ; but our second whip got a view at him going close down by Avesey Wood ; he went out towards Thaxted, all over that open country as if for West Wood ; but, turning round, he tried to get once more back to his old home, but he was fairly beat, and they ran him into a timber yard at Great Bardfield, and killed what I consider the best fox I ever hunted in Essex. Time of this run, one hour and forty-five minutes, and no one wanted any more.”

Lord Rookwood continues:—

“ 1884-85. On September 8th, 1884, we began work at Down Hall just after five o'clock, and we had plenty

of cubs as usual, and did some excellent work with the entry.

“ Nothing out of the way occurred this year ; we had a very fair amount of sport with many good runs ; but feeling myself getting old, I was not, I suppose, quite as keen as in past years, and I wished to resign when we met for the annual meeting on March 7th, but was over-persuaded to continue for another season.”

In Bailey's notes on the sport during the season 1884-5 we find the following entries :—

“ Wednesday, December 17th, afforded a fine run. Met at Hatfield Town ; and, going through Barrington Hall Park, three foxes came down out of a tree, and the people holloed and made such a noise. Sir Henry would not let the hounds go after either of them ; I had to go as hard as I could to Canfield Hart ; found directly, and away straight for the Thrift—away as if for Garnetts ; bore to the right close by High Easter, then to the left straight for Pleshy, on to Israels, and lost him just beyond, after a capital run of two hours over the cream of the Roothings.

“ January 19th, 1885. Thornwood Common, and we found a good fox in Parndon Woods ; hounds ran very fast across by Epping Church, straight to the lower forest, out

across the plain the back of the Brewery straight through Spratts Hedge Row through Shatter or Scatter Bushes and Deer Park and ran him to ground at the bottom of Galley Hills near the road. A real good fifty-five minutes.

Lord Rockwood continues — 1888-89. This season, on September 10th we commenced at Down Hall with a bad scent and though we found plenty of cubs the hounds did little to show what they were made of. Later on we faced better found cubs and with better scent did some capital work.

Bailey gives an account of a brilliant run on October 14th —

Found at Lathmore Banks near the river at Stamford came away across the Sewage Farm through the Park straight through the Forest and raced away through Canfield Ham all through the Canfield country round by the Thirk and as if for the Dunmow High Woods but the fox was so beat that hounds pulled him down as he was crawling up the railway bank after one of the finest hunting runs of one hour and forty minutes. I think only three out of a fair good field saw the finish — Mr C. E. Green Mr H. Fowler who had the brush and I am not sure if it wasn't Mr. Terrough.

L. H. R. now picked up the thread. The election came and stopped my hunting. In November with my 15th and Parliamentary rifles interfered with many other days as I was no longer young enough to sit up all night in the House and catch the early train down to be with my hounds—this reminding me of the wisdom of the step I had taken in sending in my resignation.

On December 1st this season we had a real game hunting run from Sir Charles Smith's estate when after taking us by Pyrg and round by Harwood the fox was pulled down after an hour and a quarter in the open just before reaching Ganes Wood and after the Palmerston Races at the King's Arms on March 17th we had the fastest spin of twenty minutes I ever saw from Garsish the 14th Lancers and Screens killing him by the bridge and on the other side of the Park Lodge Entrance as well as any one and our line leading the pack all the way whilst to finish the season and my mastership we had a capital day meeting at Dept Hill where a last hunt meeting was held on March 18th at Rushford Bridge when my resignation was accepted and Arrington again took the reins of the pack Mr. J. H. Green is field master.

So ended seven very pleasant years of sport in

which I got very fond of my hounds, and managed to get together a very good stable of horses, in which task I was most ably supported by Bailey, Dobson, and their staff. No man could have had better servants, and I believe their work was thoroughly appreciated in the country. Nothing could exceed the kindness I received from all the farmers and owners of coverts in the hunt. They love sport, and many of the farmers, when hounds are running, willingly shut their eyes to any damage that may be done to their fields. I remember especially one instance in the Friday country, when many jumped into a lane, and the opposite field being wheat, I turned to get to hounds by a fence higher up, when a man opened the gate of the wheat field, and on my saying 'No, thank you; I won't ride over the wheat,' he said, 'Dang it, sir, come on; it's mine.' Needless to say, I rode along the headland, but it showed a real love of sport which, to a master, makes hunting very pleasant."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ESSEX HUNT (*continued*)—MR. C. E. GREEN.

MR. CHARLES ERNEST GREEN, by whom the field mastership of the Essex Hounds was undertaken when Sir Henry Selwin-Ibbetson gave up the pack, belongs to a family of shipbuilders and shipowners whose name has for generations been a household word to Englishmen.

Before the days of steamships and the Suez Canal the clipper-ships of the firm—known as “Green’s Service”—afforded the established means of transit to India; and, in our own day, the firm has taken a leading part in the management of the Orient line of steamers.

The family has connections, of long standing, with both the county of Essex and the Essex Hunt, through the families of Wigram and Perry, of which the former is closely allied to the Arkwrights; while the latter, as we have seen, furnished Sir Henry Ibbetson with his coadjutor—Mr. J. W. Perry Watlington—on Mr. L. W. Arkwright’s

retirement. The association of the families of Perry, Wigram and Green arose through their common interest



C. E. GREEN.

in the raising of the wooden walls of old England upon the banks of the Thames. The Blackwall ship-building yard has a chronicle of varied interests, extending over three centuries. For our present purpose it must suffice to give a few particulars relating to its later history. During the greater part of the last century the yard was owned by the Perry family. Mr. John Perry built Moor Hall, Harlow, whence he was in the habit of driving to Blackwall, along the then dangerous road through Epping Forest, stopping to dine at Woodford, where he is said to have always taken his own wine with him, paying at the inn for what he might have been expected to consume. Shortly before the century closed, Mr. Perry's daughter was married to Mr. C. E. Green's grandfather, Mr. George Green. The bridegroom's father had neglected his important brewery at Chelsea, through devotion to four-in-hand driving and other amusements, in which there is more pride than profit; but Mr. George Green was well provided for by admission to a partnership in Mr. Perry's business. He used to relate with much satisfaction how, on one of George the Third's visits to Blackwall Yard, to see the ships then building for the British Navy, he had the honour of buckling on the King's spurs. Early in the present century, Sir Robert Wigram, of Walthamstow House, also became interested in the yard.

The inter-marriages between the families of Wigram and Arkwright have been numerous ; and the present Mr. L. J. W. Arkwright is, through his grandmother, the wife of the Rev. Joseph Arkwright, a descendant of Sir Robert Wigram.

Mr. C. E. Green is an Essex man, having been born at Walthamstow. As a boy he hunted with Mr. Vigne's harriers, with an occasional "red-letter day" with the Essex when they were handy. In his school days at Uppingham, and as an undergraduate at Cambridge, he was a prominent cricketer. He played in the University Eleven in his first year, and continued to do so until he took his degree in 1868, being captain of the eleven in his last year ; he was also the best high jumper of his time at Cambridge. His cricketing career reached its climax when, in spite of his entreaties to be spared the honour, he was carried in triumph round a London cricket ground, after pulling out of the fire a hard-fought match for the Gentlemen of England. In later years, by his untiring exertions and liberality, Essex has been enrolled amongst the "first-class counties" in cricket and provided with a cricket ground second to none in England.

Mr. Green's acquaintanceship with the Essex Hounds was renewed in 1877, and shortly after that date he came

to live in Essex, first at Turnours, near Chigwell, and afterwards at Theydon Grove, Epping.

Whilst living in Essex, Mr. C. E. Green has arranged many Hunt cricket matches, in which he has often taken part. In July, 1883, at Moor Hall, Harlow (then the residence of Mrs. Perry Watlington), in a hard-fought match between the Essex and Puckeridge Hunts, his score of thirty-four, coupled with an unexpected display of batting by Bailey (the Essex huntsman), in company with Mr. R. B. Colvin, gave the victory to the Essex team. In the following year, when the two Hunts again played at Moor Hall, Mr. Green scored fifty-five in a match which was drawn, but decidedly in favour of Essex. During his mastership Mr. Green played cricket for the Hunt at Beech Hill Park and Leaden Roding; while Bailey, animated by the master's example, scored further successes as a cricketer.

When Mr. Green undertook the mastership of the Essex Hounds he had no previous experience of such a position, nor was he united with Essex by the tie of landed property in the county; but his remarkable tact and good fellowship, combined with his experience as a leader of men in the cricket field, his ardent love for foxhunting and lavish generosity, were high qualifications for his new office.

Amongst Mr. C. E. Green's numerous supporters none was firmer than his cousin and partner in business, Mr. Frederick Green, who has constantly joined in the sport of various Essex packs ever since, in 1877 (shortly after coming to live in the county), he was alone with the Essex Union Hounds when they ran into their fox after a run of more than an hour from Purleigh Wash. Though his residence at Hainault Lodge is distant from most of the Essex fixtures, no one is better known with the hounds than he, and the family he has entered to foxhunting.

Intimately associated with the names of Mr. C. E. Green and Mr. Frederick Green is that of Mr. Roland Yorke Bevan, the *vates sacer* and present joint Secretary, with Mr. Tyndale White, of the Essex Hunt. Mr. R. Y. Bevan comes of a good hunting stock, being a son of the late Mr. R. C. L. Bevan and Lady Agneta Bevan (*née* Yorke). Mr. R. C. L. Bevan and his brother, Mr. Richard Lee Bevan, lived in their boyhood at Walthamstow, and the first time that they attempted to jump timber was when aged respectively nine and seven, their father brought them over to Harlow, where he went to shoot on land occupied by one of the Stallibrass family. Mr. R. C. L. Bevan jumped his pony successfully over a gate, but Mr. R. L. Bevan could not induce his diminutive steed to follow.

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In later years the two brothers were well known with the Pytchley and Hertfordshire Hounds, and were sometimes the guests of that famous sportsman, Mr. Delmé Radcliffe,¹ whose sister married Mr. R. Y. Bevan's uncle, the Hon. E. T. Yorke, many years M.P. for Cambridge-shire.

Mr. H. O. Nethercote, in his history of the Pytchley Hunt, published in 1888, says of Mr. R. C. L. Bevan, who was then justly famed for his philanthropic and religious zeal, that he "would probably doubt his own identity were he to be told that at one time there was no one except himself who could beat his brother 'Dick' across Leicestershire or Northamptonshire. That it was so, however, no one is more willing to allow than the younger of the two brothers."

Mr. Roland Bevan's share in the sport of the Essex Hounds dates from the time when the Messrs. Green settled in the county. He has kindly furnished us with the following account of one of his early adventures in the field in Essex. Whilst Mr. C. E. Green lived at Turnours, Mr. Bevan was on one occasion riding home from hunting

¹ Mr. Delmé Radcliffe succeeded Mr. Sebright as Master of the Hertfordshire Hounds, in the year 1836, and hunted the county until 1839 or 1840. He wrote "*Notitia Venatica*," which was published in 1839; a new edition of the work appeared in 1893.

with him and his cousin, when, coming across the meadows between Loughton Shaws and Abridge, Mr. Frederick Green jumped his favourite hunter, Glynn, over a stiff post and rail fence and got a fall. The other two opened a gate. Nothing daunted, Mr. Frederick Green, on reaching the river Roding, plunged straight in ; and, on seeing him get over successfully, Mr. Bevan followed him. Mr. C. E. Green, followed by his faithful henchman, Crawley, feared, with his great weight, that his horse would be unable to climb out of the muddy bed of the river, so went two miles round by Abridge. Remembering this event in the subsequent season, when hounds ran from Bishop's Hall to Loughton Shaws, Mr. Bevan attempted to repeat the passage of the Roding in an opposite direction, but with a most unsuccessful result ; for, getting into deep water, he and his horse were both nearly drowned, and only emerged after a struggle in an exhausted condition, and with the loss of both stirrups. A yokel, who had been standing by watching the proceedings, pointed to a spot on the river bank, about fifty yards off, and mentioned, in a casual sort of way to the dripping sportsman, "*That's* where Mr. Green went through last winter !" A gallop to Abridge and an exchange of wet clothes for a dry suit belonging to Mr. Percy Hargreaves, an *all round*

sportsman in more senses than one, while it saved Mr. Bevan from a cold, added greatly to the amusement of the field on his reappearance as they were watching the operation of bolting the fox out of a drain a short distance further on.

Mr. Bevan's hunting experience has not been confined to Essex. He first hunted with the Tedworth and Hertfordshire Hounds, and the best run which he remembers was in 1867, with the Tedworth, from Bedwyn Braids up Shalbourn Hill, and then along the Downs. The fox was eventually killed at Woodhay, about thirteen miles from where he was found. In 1881 Mr. Bevan accompanied Mr. Frederick Green and another Essex sportsman, the late Mr. J. V. Walmsley, on a visit to Melton. The party took with them a stud worthy of the shires, but amongst their servants there was one place unfilled—that of second horseman to Mr. Bevan. This post was accordingly entrusted to a helper engaged from a livery stable. He fully understood his duty, and was one of the few second horsemen who turned up after a particularly good run. Then, mindful of a lack of "smartness" in his appearance, he modestly concealed himself behind a hay stack, whence he privately signalled his whereabouts to his employer. The next time Mr. Bevan met his Meltonian second horse-

man the latter was selling nuts at a railway station in London. Such are the ups and downs of life!

No sooner was Mr. C. E. Green established in the position of Field Master of the Essex Hunt than he at once began to show capital sport. On the opening day of his first season (1886-7), the place of meeting being, of course, Matching Green, a good run was brought off from Row Wood. Notable sport, too, was chronicled from Mrs. McIntosh's gorse, near Havering, on November 8th; while on the 17th of the same month, hounds ran at their best from Takeley Forest. The dawning of the new year brought with it to Bailey, the huntsman, the satisfaction of handling the first fox he ever got hold of in Blackmore High Woods; while on March 14th, after the Point-to-Point Races at Good Easter, a fox, found in Lord's Wood, gave a good run of an hour over the Roothings. In the course of this capital gallop one young man was left right under his horse, at the bottom of a deep Roothing ditch, bringing vividly before one's mind the words Whyte-Melville used in the dedication of his book, "Riding Recollections." He penned that most interesting work in memory of the many happy hours he had spent on the back of a generous hunter; but he did not forget those anxious

minutes when "a mutual indiscretion" caused the normal position to be "reversed." And reversed it was in the case of the young man above mentioned.

Very fortunately for him, willing hands were within hail to rescue him from his dangerous position, or he would have run a good chance of being crushed to death; for it took the rescuers something like a quarter of an hour to extricate him. Mr. Percy Hargreaves, a welter weight, whose good offices to Mr. Bevan have already been mentioned, was chiefly instrumental in bringing about this result, as also in releasing another rider, who was hung up immediately afterwards, by his foot getting fast in the stirrup. To reach this latter victim Mr. Hargreaves, like a good Samaritan, waded through water up to his tops.

This season (1885-6) was prematurely closed by the lamented death of Mr. Hervey Foster, to whom further allusion is made in our account of the Rundells Race Meetings.

The season 1886-7 opened early. Two brace of cubs were killed in August, an achievement which Bailey notes as "a record for this country," adding, "this was the best cubbing season we ever had." On December 5th, 1887, Bailey chronicles that rare event, a very good hunting run from Blackmore. He says: "Found in College Wood, ran

through Parson's Springs, to the left through Fryerning Woods, and just touched Thoby Wood, on by Fryerning Church, as if for Arnolds, close by Ingatestone, and killed him in the open—one hour and thirty minutes."

Even better sport came soon. Bailey writes :—

"Saturday, December 24th, was the great day ; and one of the best days I ever saw. The meet was fixed for Blue Gates but—I don't know for what reason—it was altered to Four Ashes. We found our first fox in Canfield Hart, came away by Canfield Grange to Hatfield Town, straight through Row Wood by Hatfield Grange, and killed him in the open—one hour and ten minutes. We then drew Man Wood blank, but found a clinker in Herrings Grove, the square covert close to Brick-kilns, came away a screamer straight alongside of Man Wood down the Green Lane, right round the Priory Wood, up close by White Roothing, straight by Barrack, over a nice line up to Waples Mill ; the pace had been a cracker : the fox was just going out of the Mill dam as hounds plunged in. Straight by Berners Hall they raced as if for Skreens, on to the left, and racing from scent to view, killed him in the flower garden of a cottage by the side of the road before we got to Skreens Lodge, after one of the best runs—one hour and thirty-five minutes—over a lovely country.

Mr. C. E. Green, Mr. Bevan and Mr. C. E. Ridley went well in this run ; and all thoroughly enjoyed their Christmas dinner the next day." On March 9th, there was a first-rate run from Thaxted Lodge Wood, after the Point-to-Point Races at Thaxted, to which we refer elsewhere.

At the close of this season it had become evident that, out of consideration for the Essex farmers in their struggles with the worst of bad times, stringent measures must be taken to reduce the number of followers, and to prevent the annoyance which every farmer feels when strangers ride over his land. The Hunt Club had recommended as a remedy, that the Secretary should ask all strangers hunting with the hounds for a subscription of thirty guineas. This plan was tried as an experiment during the season 1887-8, and found to work well, and to be well received by both farmers and landowners.

Accordingly, at the Annual Hunt Meeting held on March 17th, 1888, it was resolved : " That for the future the subscription to the Essex Hounds would be thirty guineas for all gentlemen not resident within the limits of the Hunt, with the exception of those who belonged to the Hunt Club, and officers of the army who are quartered in the county."

The latter part of this season was not propitious.

Hunting was much interfered with by frost, and the huntsman's leg was broken by a fall, whilst riding at the Hunt Steeplechase Meeting on April 5th.

1888-9. For this season Mr. Green vacated the position of field master in favour of the master's son, Mr. Loftus Joseph Wigram Arkwright. On the opening day, hounds ran well from Down Hall, through Matching Park, across a big line of country to Belgium Springs, and on to Harlow Park and Latton Park ; but the season was not a fortunate one for sport, and the run of the season, on March 30th, from Blackmore into the Union county, was most unhappily interrupted by the death of a member of the hunt, who fell beneath his horse with fatal result.

At the end of this season Mr. C. E. Green again became field master.

1889-90. Cubhunting began on September 14th, at Harlow Common, and passed off well, cubs being plentiful, particularly at Down Hall.

The opening day of regular hunting afforded two good runs from Man Wood and Envilles ; and, during the same week, a remarkably good day's sport was enjoyed in the Pleshey country. During the day, hounds ran three foxes, and killed one of them at Broomfield, after forty-five minutes from Pudding Wood. In the evening, they found

in an osier bed, near Good Easter, and killed in Berners Wood, after a first-rate run of fifty-eight minutes. Hounds had just light enough to enable them to break up their fox; and it may be noted that a well-known member of the hunt, Mr. Sands, rode through a great part of this run with his girths hanging loose, and dangling against his horse's hind legs.

On December 13th, the meet at Easton Lodge was honoured by the presence of the Prince of Wales. On this important day, weather and sport were, unfortunately, bad; in marked contrast to that of the next morning, when a fox, found in Witney Wood, afforded the run of the season; standing up before hounds for over an hour and a-half before he was cleverly brought to hand near Dudbrook. Before the end of the year there were several more exceptionally good days, including runs of over an hour each from Bendysh Wood and Row Wood; but the picture had its reverse, and a week later, that is to say, on December 21st, it was clearly impressed on Essex sportsmen that no one can command success, for on the latter date came the first of the two blank days of the season.

Excellent sport continued to be enjoyed. In January there were five first-rate days in succession. On two of these days Bailey was absent through illness, and the

hounds were admirably hunted by Jim Cockayne. February also afforded five exceptionally good days; and in March—though there was some interruption from frost and a second blank day—good sport continued.

On March 22nd, after the Hunt Meeting at Harlow, hounds ran well from Harlow Park to the gates of the master's house at Epping. On the 29th, a good forty minutes from Langleys (Mr. Tufnell's) ended in a kill in the East Essex country, after a clash with that pack, and two days later, a fox from the Beachetts took hounds in a quick burst again to the master's house at Epping. This first-rate season ended on the same afternoon with a hard run from Parndon Woods. At the close of the season, the hounds were purchased by Mr. C. E. Green.

1890-1. During this season the Hunt had to contend with drought during October; prolonged frost during the winter, which stopped hunting from December 8th to January 26th, and bad scent during the latter part of the season. A wonderful hunting run occurred on November 24th from Kelvedon Hall Wood. Hounds hunted their fox for upwards of three hours, ultimately killing him in the High Street of Brentwood. The Rev. Frederick Fane, in his eightieth year, was in at the death.

The run of the season was that of March 14th. A fox,

found in a faggot stack near Row Wood, ran for one hour forty minutes by Poplars, Canfield Mount and Aythorpe Roding to White Roding, where hounds ran into him without assistance from the huntsman, who had the misfortune to fall and break his leg.

A week later, the annual meeting was held at Harlow, and Mr. Green again undertook the mastership. On April 4th, the season ended with an hour of woodland hunting round Gaynes Park and Ongar Park in the morning, and a first-rate fifty-five minutes from Harlow Park to Copt Hall and Epping Forest in the afternoon.

1891-2. A plentiful supply of foxes was found during cubhunting and continued throughout the season, which contained no blank day. In spite of bad scent in the early part of the season, and many stoppages from frost, forty-two brace of foxes were killed, the highest number ever known with this pack, and a good stock remained at the end of the season. Amongst the red-letter days were the following :—November 18th, from Mark Hall to ground in Epping Forest by Loughton, and a good evening run from Latton Park. December 9th, very fast from Takeley Forest, where most of the field were left, past Canfield Hart on to High Roding Bury, and, finally, to ground at Wilson's Springs, after three and a-half hours. January

2nd, three good runs in the Rodings, just before a long frost; and on February 6th—the best day of the season—a beautiful hunting run of one hour and fifty minutes, from Wilson's Springs across to Takeley Forest, ending in a kill at Canfield Hart, and a very fast evening run from Down Hall to ground in Latton Park. Another good day was March 21st, when hounds ran well in the morning from Curtis Mill Green to Ditchleys, and in the afternoon from Colonel Lockwood's gorse to below Chigwell village, where they killed their fox.

The close of the season was marred by two incidents, which caused much regret. At the annual meeting on March 26th it was announced that Mr. Green felt unable to continue his mastership, owing to the depressed state of the shipping trade; and four days later, when hounds were running well from Deer Park, Bailey had a fall over wire, and was badly hurt. His own description is that he thought he was a corpse, but deceived himself. The hounds were well hunted for the next fortnight by Jim Cockayne. On April 16th the experiment was tried of hunting at 4.30 a.m., but a blinding snow-storm interfered with its success. Though Lord Willoughby de Broke, who was staying with the master, declared that hunting was out of the question, a select field, including Lady Brooke, faced

the storm, and were rewarded with a short run. Later in the day it was arranged, at an adjourned hunt meeting, that the country should be hunted during the following season by a Committee, with Mr. Green as field master.

1892-3. The cubhunting season was a very good one. An unpleasant incident was an alarm of poison in Blackmore High Woods on October 7th. Next morning there was a remarkable scent at Pleshey. Two and a-half brace of cubs, and an old fox, were brought to hand in a short morning's work. On the opening day hounds ran well for an hour from Down Hall, but thick fog threw out many of the field. During the winter hounds were often stopped by frost; and in the spring, dry weather brought hunting to an early close.

A red-letter day was January 30th. A local paper reports that, after a run from Bishop's Hall, hounds proceeded to draw Curtis Mill Green, a sure find this season. Two foxes, almost at once, went away in the same direction, and the hounds, settling to one, raced him towards Dudbrook, where he leant to the left, and ran through the Navestock coverts, the hounds close at his brush. Over the river Roding, or rather through it, they drove without dwelling a moment. Here a very straight rider, and one who sees more than most of a run, for his courage is

generally equalled by his judgment, indulged in the luxury of a cold bath. We trust that neither this keen sportsman, nor his horse, was any the worse for their gallant, but unsuccessful, attempt to pound the field ; although, to use the language of a popular game, he may fairly be said to have been ‘rubiconed.’ The rest, with more caution and better success, cross by one or other of two convenient fords, in time to see hounds pour across the Ongar road for Sir Charles Smith’s coverts. Streaming on by these, a momentary check occurs ; but Bailey, with his accustomed skill, sets them right, and they are soon in the recesses of that vast expanse of woodland—Ongar Park. But, alas for the fox ! it is of no avail that he has gained this usually safe haven. The hounds stick to him with relentless pertinacity, and he is compelled to succumb to such remorseless pursuers. Mr. Green, who went in his well-known style, must have been pleased to see the grand way his bitches ran ; and, as for Bailey, he beamed with delight when he handled the varmint. Time, forty minutes in the open, fifteen minutes in covert. Among so many thrusters I dare not, without giving offence by inadvertent omission of a name, particularise ; but I may, perhaps, be permitted to say what a real pleasure it was to watch Lady Brooke, on almost her first appearance on this side of the country, seeing the run so well.”

The writer of the above account distinguished himself, a month later, by being first in at the death, at Long Barns, of a fox which had been run very fast for forty minutes from Mr. Caton's barn at Aythorpe Roding, and taking the fox from the hounds, in the absence of any of the hunt servants.

March 3rd was a very good day in the Friday country. Bailey writes :—

“ Met at Thaxted, and had one of the best runs ever seen. Found in Brockleys, and a nice scent; he came straight through West Wood, over the road, and set his head for the finest line of country ever could be straight for Thaxted Lodge Wood, over the big fields they fairly raced, and came as if for Lubber Hedges, bearing away to the right, leaving Avesey on his right. Mr. Green's horse fell down and pitched him head first into a deep mud hole, and when he got up he was such a sight, his eyes, mouth, and ears were full of mud, I thought he would have choked. He had to pull the mud out of his mouth. Hounds ran on through Dow Wood, through one corner of Bigod's Wood straight down to Dummow, through Newton Hall, to the High Woods, across the Park by the Leys to the Maze, where we lost. I think we must have changed foxes, as no one fox could have stood it ;

everyone had enough ; one hour and fifty minutes. We left off by 1.30."

A few days later, after an hour and twenty minutes from Galley Hills to Broxbourne and back to Monkham, where they killed, hounds were running a fox from Latton Park, when a blind ditch gave a fall to one of the best lady riders in the field. The same ditch brought down the master who, springing from it, and seeing a follower of the hounds on a "pumped out" steed on the opposite bank, asked him to cross the ditch on foot and take charge of his horse whilst he went to her ladyship's assistance. But the wary sportsman's motto was "Let well alone." "What," cried he, "am I to do with my own horse?—the beggar will bolt!" The beggar in question looked as if he would prefer, in the words of Mark Twain, "to lean up against a wall and think." Happily, all difficulty was soon removed by the arrival of the faithful Crawley.

This was the last season of Mr. Green's mastership. He was a master for whom the longest day was never too long, and, as we have seen, he showed excellent sport. He gave close attention to the maintenance and improvement of the pack. In 1890 he secured the Belvoir draft—the finest in England, numbering thirty-five couple, with a view to enabling the Hunt to breed their own hounds ; and he

held most successful puppy shows to encourage the careful walking of puppies. His geniality in the field was well described by his successor, Mr. E. S. Bowlby, when he said that Mr. Green had made the Essex Hunt a sort of happy family.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PRESENT MASTERS AND THEIR FIELD.

WHEN Mr. C. E. Green was unable to continue as master, much anxiety was felt for the future of the Essex Hunt. In taking the office previously filled by "Sir Henry," Mr. Green had no light task to perform ; yet so able was his management that it was difficult to tell how matters were to be arranged for the future without giving ground for unfavourable comparisons. Since the death of Mr. Loftus Wigram Arkwright, in 1889, his only son, Mr. Loftus Joseph Wigram Arkwright has been looked upon as entitled, by right of birth, to succeed in due time to the office held for so many years by his father and grandfather. The young squire has long been recognised as "out and away" the best man to hounds with "The Essex," and, as we have seen, he had made his *début* as field master in the season 1888-9. But nowadays the ownership of Essex land does not justify lavish expendi-



LOTUS J. W. ARKWRITH.

ture, and the mastership might have proved too great a burden for Mr. Arkwright to undertake single-handed. The difficulty was happily overcome by the princely generosity of Mr. Edward Salvin Bowlby. This gentleman's country residence—Gilston Park—is in Hertfordshire, but within easy reach of Essex, and Mr. Bowlby has long been a prominent supporter of the Essex, as well as of the Puckeridge hounds; in fact, it is impossible to say how either of these packs could be carried on if his assistance were withdrawn. He now joined Mr. Arkwright in the mastership; whilst Mrs. Bowlby became, so to say, "lady paramount" of the Essex field, a position which she fills to admiration.

Gilston has interesting historical associations; but we must confine ourselves to those of comparatively recent years.

Nearly fifty years ago, the property came into the market, upon the death of Mr. Robert Plumer Ward, third husband and widower of a grand-daughter of the seventh Earl of Abercorn, who had inherited the Gilston property from her first husband, and maintained a stately establishment, blocking the neighbouring lanes with her huge four-horse chariot, preceded by outriders in livery, until she got over the difficulty by causing bays, or "turn-outs," to be cut in the hedges.

The estate was purchased in 1847, by Mr. John Hodgson, by whom the mansion was rebuilt. This gentleman is mentioned in Chapter IV. He had previously lived at Wanstead, and he and his brothers were prominent members of the Essex field in Mr. Conyers's time.

The Messrs. Hodgson were uncles of Mr. E. S. Bowlby, whose possession of Gilston dates from the death of Mr. John Hodgson in 1882, at the age of seventy-six.

The joint mastership of Mr. Bowlby and Mr. Arkwright has now entered upon its third season. It has worked well, and long may it continue.

Our chronicle of the chief incidents of the last two seasons is as follows :—

1893-94. The cubbing season was a very good one ; and during regular hunting several excellent runs took place. On December 20th, hounds ran at a great pace from Harlow Park to the great earths in Epping Forest ; the fox's line being doubtless an example of the good service rendered to foxhunting through the frequent visits to Epping Forest of Mr. Edward Barclay's harriers. On February 24th hounds met at White Roding. The day was a blank until late in the afternoon when an outlying fox gave a first-rate run from near Hatfield Broad



E. S. POWELL

Oak in a large circle to Barrington Hall. Amongst the fortunate few who saw hounds find and were able to live with them in this run, special mention is due to Mr. Chaffey Collin. After riding his horse "Cedric" over a brook between Man Wood and White Roding at a place afterwards measured and found to be twenty-four feet in width, he resigned his pride of place to take charge of Bailey's exhausted horse, whilst the huntsman finished the run on "Cedric." On March 17th hounds again ran well towards Epping Forest, finding their fox in Mark Hall Wood, and killing him in the open near Spratt's Hedge Row, on the Copt Hall Estate.

This year the Essex Hounds were for the first time represented at the Peterborough Hound Show. The result was most successful. Trouncer, bred at the Essex Kennels by the Whaddon Chase Tuner, out of Truelass by the Grafton Dancer, a compact and powerful hound, with forearms like those of a prize-fighter, was adjudged first out of thirteen entries in the Stallion Hound class. We give a portrait of this fine hound, taken from a picture by Mr. Frank Paton.¹ Trouncer unfortunately died in the

¹ This well-known artist lives at Moreton, near Ongar. The Essex Hunt country has furnished subjects for many of his admirable sporting sketches.

following year, but the pack includes several of his progeny.

1894-5. Some good sport was afforded in spite of the stoppages caused by long-continued frost. During this season there were two good runs from Bendysh Wood. On December 7th the line of the fox was over the open country up to and through Lidegates, and on to near Haverhill where he beat the hounds. On January 8th the fox ran a similar line, the run continuing over a fine country beyond Haverhill whence the fox worked his way back by Holmbrook and Hempstead to Little Bendysh, where hounds were stopped. The run had lasted one hour fifty-five minutes. Horses were done to a standstill.

The best run of the season took place on December 22nd. Bailey's account is as follows :—

“Saturday, December 22nd, was one of the windiest mornings I ever was out. It very near blew one out of the saddle. There was a fox in the Hart, but we could hear nothing. We drew the Thrift and found another fox, but couldn't do anything, so the master decided to run through High Roding Springs, and then give it up. We found a good fox, came away by High Roding Street, straight by Dobbs Wood, and rattled along to Lord's



Wood, out by Crippen's Farm, close by Leaden Wood, bearing to the left, as if for Good Easter, ran up the brook, and bearing to the right over a nice line straight to Skreens Wood, through, and were fairly beat; but getting into the park hounds ran into him in the middle of the park after the best run of the season, one hour and ten minutes. A good eight mile point. Miss Morgan had the brush."

Our story of the varying fortunes of the Essex Hunt is told. Before we lay down the pen and return to the saddle, all that remains is to attempt a brief review of the leading members of the Essex "field," which, though larger than in earlier days, is still of moderate size, and is almost entirely restricted, thanks to the salutary "thirty guinea rule" to residents within the limits of the hunt.

Agricultural depression, though nowhere more severely felt than in Essex, has not driven from the hunting field a fairly representative number of covert-owners and occupiers of land, the two classes by whose grace fox-hunting exists. In the former class, second only to Lord Rookwood comes Mr. Loftus J. W. Arkwright, not only as sharer in the mastership with Mr. E. S. Bowlby, but also as one whose care for foxes is as exemplary as his riding in their pursuit.

After the masters "*Place aux dames.*" The late Lord Rosslyn cared little for foxhunting and the Easton coverts acquired in his time an unenviable reputation, but the Countess of Warwick inherits from her father, the Hon. Colonel Maynard, a genuine love of horses and hunting, and insists that the preservation of foxes, as well as game, must be attended to by every gamekeeper who enters her service. Whatever can be done is done by the Countess to ensure sport for her foxhunting neighbours, and for such guests as the Prince of Wales, the late Duke of Albany, the Princes Francis and Adolphus of Teck, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Clarendon, Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord Lonsdale, and Lord Charles Beresford.

Hallingbury Place, long ago closely connected with Easton Lodge in the management of the Essex Hounds, has recently had its hunting memories revived by the appearance in the field of Miss Archer Houblon, daughter of the present owner, Lieut.-Colonel G. B. Archer Houblon.

On the southern side of the country, at Havering, Mrs. McIntosh often joins in a run from her gorse-plantation, or from the coverts of her fox-preserving neighbour, Mrs. Pemberton Barnes, who is represented in the field by her energetic son.



MRS. E. S. BOWLEY

Amongst county magnates, Colonel Lockwood occasionally lightens his Parliamentary labours with a day's hunting, and when hounds visit Down Hall, Lord Rookwood bids defiance to "Old Father Time," and returns to the saddle.

Sir Charles Cunliffe Smith has two sons to represent him, and Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton comes out to see hounds draw the Warlies coverts when he is not called away by a Colonial Governorship. His nephew, Mr. Gerald Buxton, of Birch Hall, Theydon Bois, with his wife and three sisters from Knighton, are often out and always well placed when hounds run. Mr. A. J. Edwards hunts from Beech Hill Park near Waltham Abbey, and will, we trust, be joined by his neighbour, Mr. Richard Beale Colvin and his wife, Lady Gwendoline (*née* Rous), now that they have established themselves at Monkham's. Our list of hunting covert owners would be incomplete were we not to mention Mr. Chisenhale Marsh, though we wish that his cheery voice was heard in the hunting field as often as on the beautiful polo ground which he has, for the last thirteen years, generously provided for the "West Essex Polo Club" at Gaynes Park.

The occupiers of land have for their "Nestor" a fine old sportsman, Mr. George Hart, of "Canes," Harlow, of

whom we give a portrait. He has hunted in Essex for more than half a century, and though he has topped three



GEORGE HART.

score and ten, he is still hale and hearty, as is also his sister, Mrs. Raincock, of Ashdon, near Saffron Walden,

whose interest in foxhunting remains unabated in her seventy-fifth year. We have mentioned in an earlier chapter how indomitably the late Mr. Raincock hunted in Essex without spending the night away from his home in Surrey. When he died, in the same year with Mr. Perry Watlington, it was felt that the hunt had been deprived of its two best supporters.

The families by whom farming has been most successfully carried on within the boundaries of the Essex Hunt are those of Christy and Marriage, in the neighbourhood of Chelmsford. Mr. David Christy has regularly hunted with the Essex Hounds for more than fifty years, and both of these families are well to the fore in the preservation and pursuit of foxes. The well-known sporting family of Swarder is represented with the Essex Hounds by that most graceful of horsemen, Mr. Harry Swarder, of Tawney Hall, who unites with Mr. George Milbank, of Roxwell, in securing the support of the hunt to the Farmers' Benevolent Association. Other farmers, who are not prevented by bad times from joining in the sport, are Mr. Green, of Parndon, Mr. Waltham, of Stanford Rivers, Mr. Newman, and Mr. Fry, of Barnston; and in the northern part of the country, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Beadel, Mr. Scruby, and the veteran, Mr. King, of Bardfield, may be mentioned among others.

Since the death of the Rev. Frederick Fane, the Rev. George Maryon Wilson, Vicar of Great Canfield, and the Rev. Lawrence Capel Cure, Rector of Abbess Roding, may be claimed as Chaplains of the Essex Hunt. Their guidance is equally safe when they are in the pulpit, and when, accompanied by their daughters, they make plain the intricacies of the Roothings in pursuit of hounds.

Foremost among the military members of the hunt is Major-General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., youngest son of the late Rev. Sir John Page Wood, Bart., of Rivenhall and Cressing, Essex. Major Alfred Henry Carter, of Tilbury Fort, is an undaunted man across any country. Mrs. Carter also goes well to hounds. Major Maitland Wilson, Captain Ricardo, and Captain Dalrymple Bruce are all resident in the country, and each of them is accompanied in the hunting-field by his wife.

A glance over the various divisions of the country, taken somewhat in the order of description chosen in Chapter I., will bring before us the "rank and file" of the field. On the London side of the country we find at Walthamstow the Messrs. Horner—father and son—of whom the former has hunted with the Essex Hounds almost as long as Mr. George Hart. He can still outstay many men half his age in a long hack home after a

day in the Roothings, where he much prefers a jump to an open gate.

From Snaresbrook comes Mr. Pemberton Barnes, whose mother lives at Havering; from Woodford, Mr. Joseph Borwick, a feather-weight, but "worth his weight in gold" as a supporter of the hunt; from Chigwell Row Mr. Frederick Green, already mentioned, and his sons and daughters; and from Chigwell Mr. Alfred Stuart, a Hurlingham polo player, and a man of weight both in *haute finance* and in the hunting field.

At Loughton is the present abode of the former master, Mr. C. E. Green, whose return to the covert side last winter completed the enjoyment of his friends on days snatched from the frost in Essex and East Sussex.

At Epping and Coopersale hunting furnishes during the winter the one topic of conversation, and Mr. C. E. Green often revisits his old haunts to talk of days past and to come with such kindred spirits as Major and Mrs. Tait, Mr. and Mrs. Waters, Mr. John Gurney Pelly, Mr. Roland Bevan, the "Hunt Balls," Mr. Yerburch, and the Messrs. Sewell.

To the south we find at Dagnam Mr. John Sands, always ready when opportunity offers, with help such as he once afforded to Mr. Anthony Trollope. At Bentley

Mill are the two Misses Morgan, best in the field of aunts and nieces, and from Warley, just over the border of the Union Country, come Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn Heseltine, often accompanied by Mr. Edwin Caldecott and Mr. E. T. Helme, formerly Secretary of the Essex Union Hounds.

At Harlow stand the horses of the Dawsons, *père et fils*. This family has supported and followed the Essex Hounds through four generations. Mr. Thomas Dawson, of Shern Hall, Walthamstow, was one of Mr. Conyers's first subscribers and a good horseman. He kept horses at the "Cock," Epping, and at the "Saracen's Head," Dunmow, and always hacked there and back. His son, Mr. James Dawson, lived at Snaresbrook, where he kept a pack of beagles, with which Mr. R. C. L. Bevan used to come out. He afterwards removed to High Beach and hunted regularly with the Essex Hounds until 1866. He thoroughly understood hunting and went well. His son, Mr. George Hogarth Dawson, was long without a rival in the art of being with hounds on *any* horse. For some years he was unable to ride owing to an injury to his hip received in a polo match at Bishop Stortford, but his indomitable pluck has enabled him to take the field again.

In the neighbourhood of Harlow, Mr. Newman Gilbey, the tenant of Mark Hall, honours the *genius*

loci by making free use of his stud. He is the latest addition, in our hunting fields, to a large family circle, sons and daughters of Sir Walter Gilbey, Sir James Blyth, Mr. Henry Blyth, and Mr. Charles Gold, M.P. These numerous cousins vie with each other in the promotion of sport on the polo ground, and in the hunting field, where the ardour of the faultlessly attired "Guy" takes him to the front, though a fall may spoil his coat, or a friend may carry off his hat. Well mounted and hard riding members of these families, from Elsenham, Bishop Stortford and Stansted, hunt with and support the Essex as well as the Puckeridge, of which latter pack Mr. Tresham Gilbey is Secretary, jointly with Mr. Heaton Ellis.

Other followers of the hounds, resident within a few miles of the kennels, are Mr. Edward Exton Barclay, Master of the Epping Forest Harriers, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Howard Fowler, both of Roydon, Mr. Todhunter, a tried and trusted fox preserver, and Mr. A. R. Steele, both of Parndon, Mr. R. C. Lyall, of Hastingwood, and Mr. and Mrs. Weston Crocker, of Hatfield Grange.

From Matching Green comes Mr. Ernest Quare. Throughout the history of the Essex Hounds, the name

of Quare has been associated with the opening meet of the season. We have noted in Chapter VI. that in 1874—the year of the death of Mr. Henry Quare, uncle of Mr. Ernest Quare—the opening meet was changed from Matching Green to High Laver as a tribute to his memory. Mr. Henry Quare attained the age of 85, and hunted with the Essex Hounds ten days before his death. Sixty years earlier the zeal for foxhunting of Mr. Ernest Quare's grandfather, Mr. Benjamin Braine Quare, was acknowledged by the presentation to him of a cup with the following inscription:—

This Cup was presented to
 BENJAMIN BRAINE QUARE, ESQ.,
 of Matching Green,
 in the County of Essex,
 by John Archer Houblon, Esq.,
 Member for the County,
 Henry John Conyers, Esq.,
 and the Members of the Essex Hunt,
 in testimony of their sense of his zeal
 in promoting their sport,
 and his polite attention on all occasions.

25th November, 1814.

JOHN NESBITT, *Sec.*

Mr. Tudor Braine Quare, son of the gentleman thus honoured, and father of Mr. Ernest Quare, came into

possession of Man Wood on the death of his uncle, Mr. Henry Quare, and sold that covert to the present owner, Lord Rookwood. Mr. Tudor Braine Quare died in 1889,



THE QUARE CUP

aged eighty-three, having hunted regularly two days a week to within four years of his death.

Mr. Ernest Quare keeps up the traditions of his family. So quick are his eye and ear that he can see the whole of many a good run without risking his neck by cross-country riding. When the foxhounds are not in his neighbourhood, he brings out an excellent pack of beagles, which has won distinction at the Peterborough hound show, and gives capital sport with the stout Essex hares.

From over the Hertfordshire border, Mr. Archibald Peel and his daughters, Mr. F. E. Lloyd and Mr. Edmund Pelly are often out on Wednesdays.

Turning to the Ongar district, we find at Stondon Mr. Tyndale White, Joint Secretary of the Hunt with Mr. R. Y. Bevan. Mr. White came to live at Stondon in 1881. We have heard him assert that the Essex ditches at first frightened him very much, and gave him five or six falls every time he came out, so that, had it not been that it was absolutely necessary for him to hunt in the home counties, and he was thoroughly sick, after some fifteen seasons, of the great Kentish woodlands, he should have retired after the first fortnight.

However, he soon learnt the knack of clearing the Essex ditches as well as anyone, though timber has always been more to his taste, and like old Jem Morgan, he will go out of his way to jump a stile.

From Marden Ash, near Ongar—the residence of Mr. Henley Greaves when he was Master of the Essex—comes Mr. H. E. Jones, an expert in the combination of hunting in the morning with enlightening Counsel in the Temple in the afternoon. Instilling into his horses the motto, *Noblesse oblige*, he yields the palm of straight riding to none but his daughter, Miss Ethel Jones.

The fondness for horses and guns shown by Mr. Howel J. Price, of Greensted Hall, is shared by his neighbour, Mr. Leonard Pelly, of Bowes, Ongar, who stables the hunters of his friend, Mr. Ford Barclay, the “globe-trotter” of the hunt.

Blackmore is represented by Mr. Hull of “Jericho,” and Ingatestone by the Messrs. Carr of “Trueloves.”

From Writtle come Mr. Thomas Usborne, M.P. for the Chelmsford Division of the county, Miss Woodhouse and Mr. W. T. Roffey. The county town is well represented in the hunting field by the Messrs. Ridley, who have an aptitude—especially Mr. C. E. Ridley—for viewing a fox, either away from a covert or during the progress of a run, which is, like poetry, a gift of nature—not to be acquired, but inbred.

CHAPTER X.

ESSEX HUNT RACES.

THE earliest recorded races in connection with the Essex Hunt were those mentioned in our account of the mastership of Colonel John Cook, when a silver cup was presented to be run for by gentlemen and farmers living within the limits of the hunt. Two or three successful races for the cup were run on Galleywood Common, where a race-course had existed for many years before Colonel Cook's arrival in Essex; but, in 1812, the hunt races were abandoned, as there was a lack of entries, and the race-course was under repair. After this, for sixty-four years, we find no trace of Essex Hunt Race Meetings, though the members of the "C. C. Club" occasionally got up a point-to-point race, starting from near Weald Hall and finishing opposite their head-quarters at the Sun and Whalebone. One of these races was ridden by Mr. John Stallibrass on a horse belonging to Mr. Edward Boards, against Jem Cassidy, who rode

for another member of the Club. When passing Mr. George Hart's house at Canes, Mr. Stallibrass was at least one-third of a mile ahead, but Cassidy, whose horse refused the brook, kept on his line, and, no doubt to his agreeable surprise, found Mr. Boards' horse lying in the last ditch thoroughly pumped out, and his rider calmly smoking a cigar, not expecting to see any more of his opponent, who was merrily cheered for carrying out the old motto of "Never give up."

Of late years, race meetings have been held by the Essex Hunt at Rundells, between Harlow and Epping. The first of these meetings, held on March 28th, 1876, was described as follows in the *Essex Herald*:—

"THE ESSEX HUNT.

"*Private Steeplechase Meeting.*

"One of the prettiest country race meetings often witnessed was that which took place on Tuesday last, in connection with the Essex Hunt; and judging from the success with which it was attended, there is little doubt but that the members of the Hunt will look forward to a similar gathering to wind up each season in future.

"The meeting arose out of a wish expressed by Mr. Robert Wood and Mr. Hervey Foster, when re-

turning from a recent run with the hounds, to have a match. To give practical expression to this desire, Mr. James Scruby readily offered the use of some of his meadow land at Rundells. The idea was then taken up by other prominent members of the hunt, and under the guiding influence of Mr. Loftus Arkwright, the popular master, Major-General Mark Wood, Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, Mr. Hervey Foster, Mr. R. Wood, Mr. P. Nickalls, and Mr. J. Scruby, the original match grew into a well-proportioned meeting of five events.

“ Rundells afforded every opportunity for securing a course representative of a run across country, and the stewards must be congratulated upon the very excellent line fixed upon and laid out, regard evidently having been had to the picturesque in the selection. The course was of a circular form, and commencing on some rising ground on the Harlow side, descended rather sharply into a pleasant vale (which ran about midway through the course), and then continued by a rather stiff ascent to the rising ground on the Epping side, where was the water jump marked by a fence; the water was about sixteen feet wide. The line then drew down again into the vale and up a very sharp incline, with a fence just on the brow, to the upper ground on the Harlow side. In the

case of the two first events, the distance was about two and a half miles, which was accomplished by going twice round the course and continuing on it for a certain distance a third time, until descending the hill from the Harlow side to the vale, along which extended a capital straight run in. There were no fewer than twenty fences and two water jumps. In the other three events, the distance was about two miles, and the start was on the hill on the Epping side, just beyond the water.

“ The weather being favourable and the *locale* being about midway between Epping and Harlow, a large company was attracted to the meeting, which may claim to be the *beau idéal* of a country meeting, for while the numerous coaches and carriages laden with ‘fair women and brave men,’ which were drawn up alongside the course in the vale, indicated the presence of the best families of the neighbourhood, the strong force in which the yeomen and tradesmen of the district appeared, testified to their appreciation of the venture, while the betting fraternity and those representatives of a more objectionable profession who generally favour these gatherings in such strong numbers were conspicuous only by their absence.

“ From every point an excellent view could be obtained of the races throughout, and the scene from the stewards' tent was a most exhilarating one. Owing, however, to the fall of rain on Monday night, the going was terribly heavy, the meadows being in such a spongy state that the horses sank at each stride almost up to their fetlocks. Especially was this the case up the ascent to the height on the Harlow side, the awkward fence on the brow being an obstacle which sorely tested the stamina of the animals after the strain to breast the rise.

“ Although several mishaps took place, no injury occurred to either riders or horses to mar the pleasure of this most successful inaugural meeting. The stewards were Mr. L. Arkwright, Major-General Wood, Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, Mr. Hervey Foster, and Mr. P. Nickalls, who were all upon the ground and exerting themselves to the utmost to secure a successful issue, the General especially distinguishing himself as the Admiral Rous of the meeting, whose decision was accepted as readily as his advice was sought upon any moot point. Mr. R. Wood efficiently discharged the duties of hon. secretary; Mr. J. Scruby gave general satisfaction as judge; and Lieutenant-Colonel Howard was all that could be desired as starter.

“ Mr. Superintendent Simpson and Mr. Inspector Robinson were present with a *posse* of constables.

“ *The Light Weight Hunters' Steeplechase.* A cup, value £10, for horses, the property of gentlemen, that have been regularly hunted with Mr. Arkwright's hounds since January 1st, 1876, and have never won a race value £20; 11st.; about 2½ miles; one sovereign entrance to the fund.

Mr. Nickalls' Conquest, 11st. 2lb. (Mr. G. F. Court)	...	1
Mr. H. Foster's Hilda, 11st. (Owner)	2
Mr. Wood's Glenfishie, 11st. 11lb. (Owner)	0
Mr. Daniell's Templar, 11st. (Owner)	0
Mr. T. Harper's Zisca, 11st. 2lb. (Owner)...	0

“ Hilda made the running, with Glenfishie and Conquest in close attendance. At the fourth fence Glenfishie ran into first place, but at the water jump Hilda regained premier position, and showed the way up the terrible incline towards the starting point, and cleverly took the nasty fence on the brow just in advance of Glenfishie, who slipped and fell at the obstacle, and got so fixed in the ditch that it was not released until the race was nearly over. This was rather unfortunate, as the horse was going with great gameness. Templar, witnessing the fall of Glenfishie, most persistently refused to attempt the fence, despite the determined efforts of Mr. Daniell, and he was obliged to retire. In the meantime, Conquest cleared the obstacle, and made it very warm for Hilda,

and on coming to the water a second time, Conquest went to the front, and though Hilda, gamely responding to the gallant riding of Mr. Foster, repeatedly challenged its antagonist, Mr. Court brought Conquest in an easy winner by five lengths. Zisca, which was soon out of the race, did not pass the post.

“*The Welter Cup*, value £10, for horses, the property of gentlemen, that have been regularly hunted with Mr. Arkwright's hounds since January 1st, 1876, and have never won a race value £10; catch weights over 13st.; about 2½ miles; one sovereign entrance to the fund.

Mr. Womersley's Wallflower (Owner)	1
Colonel Howard's Firefly (Mr. Wood)	2
Captain Brace's Welcome (Owner)...	0
Colonel Howard's Shamrock (Mr. H. Foster)	0

“Shamrock jumped off with the lead, but at the third fence Wallflower forged ahead, and going away at a slashing pace, was several lengths in advance at the brook, but, mistaking the course, Mr. Womersley had to return from the bottom to the top of a field to get in the course, which placed him several lengths in the rear of Welcome, who, having come to grief at the water, was a long way behind Shamrock and Firefly. At the second fence in the second round Shamrock fell, and Wallflower, making up its lost ground very quickly, soon passed Firefly, and went

on with a long lead. In the meantime, Mr. Foster, having remounted, was courageously pressing on in advance of Welcome, but Shamrock was winded too much to hold out, and fell, a few fences further on, quite blown, and owing to the long rest it made on the ground, people at a distance, fearing that it was dead, made a general rush towards it, but it resumed its legs just as Wallflower came galloping in a winner by twenty lengths from Firefly — Mr. Womersley being loudly cheered. Welcome fell at a fence in the second round, and being hopelessly in the rear, Captain Brace retired.

“*The Farmers' Cup*, value £20, for horses, the property of tenant farmers and tradesmen residing in Mr. Arkwright's hunt district; the horses to have been hunted with Mr. Arkwright's hounds, and to have been the property of the present owner since January 1st, 1876, and have never won a race value £10; 12st. and upwards; 2s. 6d. entrance, to go to the fund; six horses to start, or no race; 2 miles.

Mr. J. Cutts, jun.'s, Edwin (Yeo)	1
Mr. Brown's Camden (Mr. Kirkby)	2
Mr. F. W. Chilton's Hunting Lass (Owner)	3
Mr. Miller's Tommy (Owner)	0
Mr. Baber's Tom (Mr. H. Baber)	0
Mr. R. Lowe's Harkaway (F. Firn)	0

“Harkaway went away with the lead, with four in close attendance, and the others well up, but Harkaway falling

at the fifth fence, Tom went on first, and held the lead until, in the dip, Edwin went to the fore, and was well in advance at the brook, where Harkaway came to grief, and never showed in the race again. Camden was going very strongly when its rider was thrown, and although he speedily resumed his seat, a good deal of ground was lost. Coming up the hill from the vale, Hunting Lass drew up with Edwin, and for a time seemed like passing him, but she was unequal to the demand made upon her, and dying away in the straight, Camden raced past, and challenged the leader, but without avail, as Yeo, moving on Edwin, brought him in a winner by three lengths. There was an exciting race for third place—Hunting Lass just managing to prevent Tom passing her. Mr. Miller retired towards the close of the race.

“*A Match* for £5; owners up; about 2½ miles.

Mr. H. Foster's Mother Bunch (Owner)	1
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Mr. R. Wood's Snuff (Owner)	2
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“Considerable interest centred in this match, with which the meeting had originated. Snuff went away with a slight lead, but Mother Bunch soon drew up, and the pair went well together until descending into the dip, when Mother Bunch assumed the lead, and was a length or two in advance at the brook, but refusing the fence at

the top of the hill on the Harlow side, Snuff took up the running. Mr. Foster, however, soon brought his mount over the obstacle, and three fences further on held a slight lead; but what promised to be a very exciting race practically ended here by Snuff falling heavily at the fence, and Mother Bunch cantered in at her leisure. It was at first feared Mr. Wood had fallen under his horse, and a rush was made to the spot, but, happily, neither Mr. Wood nor the horse were injured. In this match, Mr. Wood conceded one stone to Mr. Foster.

“*The Parndon Hall Consolation Stakes*, for horses, the property of gentlemen, farmers, or tradesmen, that have been regularly hunted with Mr. Arkwright’s hounds since January 1st, 1876, and that have never won a race at this or any other meeting; catch weights; about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles; entrance fee, 5s. to the fund; to close and name to the Clerk of the Scales, after the preceding run, in the weighing tent.

Mr. H. Foster's Mother Bunch (Owner)	1
Mr. Borwick's Broomielaw (Yeo)	2
Mr. Daniell's Templar (Owner)	0
Mr. Harper's Brunette	0

“Mother Bunch made the running closely attended by Templar, but the latter again refused the fence at the top of the hill on the Harlow side, and being unable to get him over, Mr. Daniell was obliged to retire, although his mount took the other fences in capital style, and went very

strong. Broomielaw then went on in close company with Mother Bunch, and, Brunette having retired through coming to grief at a fence, the race resolved itself into a match between these two. In the dip, Broomielaw showed in front, but Mother Bunch again assumed the lead at the brook, and maintained her advantage to the fence at the top of the hill, where Broomielaw fell, and Mr. Foster, then having the race in hand, went on and won easily, amid loud applause—Mr. Foster's clever riding and the stamina of Mother Bunch, which thus pulled off two successive races, being the subject of general comment.

“*The Scurry Stakes for All Comers.* This stake was arranged on the field, on the conclusion of the previous race, and seven horses were entered for the £10 stake offered.

Mr. H. Foster's Hilda (Owner)	1
Mr. Kirkby's	2
Mr. Chennell's...	0

“Also ran: Mr. W. Foster's, Mr. W. Lowe's, Mr. Mavor's, and Mr. Crossman's.

“Mr. W. Foster's horse made the running, but was soon passed by Hilda, and a very exciting finish ended in Mr. H. Foster securing the stakes.”

It was originally proposed to hold the meetings only

in alternate years, at the close of the hunting season. The second meeting was therefore held in 1878, when, owing to the forwardness of the season, it was thought advisable to fix upon March 5th as the date.

This year, in addition to the Light Weight, Welter, and Farmers' Steeplechases, the card included a race for horses never previously raced, two matches, and two flat races, of which one was a "Consolation Stakes."

In the Light Weight Steeplechase, Mr. Hervey Foster held the lead on Guardsman till, falling at the second water jump, he gave Mr. Pemberton Barnes, on Peacemaker, an easy win.

The Welter Weights afforded the race of the day. After an exciting struggle, Mr. Single, on Once too Often, passed the post in front of Mr. R. B. Colvin, on Bosphorus, but the race was awarded to Mr. R. B. Colvin, as Mr. Single was disqualified. Mr. Colvin, riding Plevna, was also successful in his match against Mr. Edwards, on Farrington. In the second match, Mr. Hervey Foster's Coopersale beat Mr. Womersley's Newman Noggs, after both horses had refused the first two fences. Mr. Foster also won the "Consolation" Flat Race on Interest. This year, Mr. P. R. Tippler made his first appearance at Rundells, winning the Farmers' Cup on

Miss Templar. For this meeting, a temporary "grand stand" was erected, but it was not sufficiently patronised to encourage a repetition of the experiment.

There was an interval of three years between the second and third of these meetings. Meantime, Sir Henry Selwin Ibbetson had undertaken the mastership, and under his superintendence important changes were introduced. For the future, the meeting became an annual one, and though still termed "private," it was registered by Messrs. Weatherby, and the results were published in the *Racing Calendar*. At the third meeting, held in bitterly cold weather, on April 21st, 1881, the master's horses, ridden by the Hunt servants, for the first time took part in the races. A further novelty was the introduction, as the first event, of a Point-to-Point Race, of about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, one class to carry not less than 11st. 7lb. the other not less than 14st. The race was run in a driving snowstorm. Eleven horses started, of whom eight fell in the course of the race, leaving the master's Multum in Parvo, ridden by Charles Littleworth (light weight), Mr. Hervey Foster's Pilgrim, ridden by the owner (light weight), and the master's Lawgiver, ridden by Fred Furr (heavy weight), to finish in the order named.

The other six events were well contested. Sir

Henry followed up his success in the "Point-to-Point" Race by winning the Light Weight Cup with Viscount, ridden by Bailey, and the Welter Cup with Dobson's old hunter Desdichado (known at the kennels as "Dusty Shadow"), ridden by Firr. Mr. Hervey Foster, riding Pilgrim, came in second for the Light Weight Cup, and won the Consolation Race.

The formation of the Essex Hunt Club, in March, 1882, of which we have given an account in Chapter VII., led to modifications of the conditions of the races.

At the fourth meeting, held on April 12th, 1882, the Point-to-Point, Light Weight, and Welter Cups were reserved for members of the club, and they presented the Roothing Cup, for which their own horses were not allowed to compete. At this meeting the weather was favourable, and, although there were no very exciting finishes, the racing was capital. In the first event, the Red Coat Point-to-Point Race, there were nine competitors. Mr. Hervey Foster, on Pilgrim, was first of the light weights, and the master's horses, Matador and Multum in Parvo, ridden by Bailey and Littleworth, finished next in order, followed by the first of the heavy weights, Mr. Roland Bevan, on Sweep. Sir Henry again won both the Light and Heavy Weight Cups with the

same horses and riders as in the previous year. For the Light Weight Cup, Mr. Hervey Foster rode a mare named Satanella, which he had bought from an Essex horse-dealer. She would have easily secured second place, but just before reaching the winning post, she made a bolt for the saddling enclosure, ran on to the ropes, and fell on her knees, knocking down several people, but fortunately no one was hurt. In the Consolation Race, Mr. Foster, by admirable riding, succeeded in bringing the mare in an easy winner. At this meeting, Mr. P. R. Tippler increased his reputation as a jockey by winning the Open Steeplechase, and coming in within half a length of the winner in the Farmers' Point-to-Point.

Shortly after this meeting, Mr. Hervey Foster took Satanella to Ireland, and rode her at Ardee, where he had often run horses whilst visiting his brother in the neighbourhood. The result was a bad accident. The mare ran well, but in leaping a stone wall, horses in front of her knocked down some stones. On these Satanella stumbled. She fell upon her rider, and he sustained very severe injuries, which crippled him for life.

At the fifth meeting, held on March 29th, 1883, the Point-to-Point Race was won by Mr. Edward Ball's Burke (light weight), and Mr. Frederick Green's Madrid

was first of the heavy weights. Each horse was ridden by its owner. For the Light Weight Hunt Cup, the master's Viscount came in first, but was disqualified for having gone the wrong side of a flag, and the race was awarded to The Prince, belonging to Mr. N. E. Charrington. In the Essex Open Steeplechase no such mishap occurred, and the master's horses, Desdichado and Vixen, ridden by the Hunt servants, were placed first and second. Sir Henry also won the Essex Welter Cup, with Mince Pie. In this race, the flagging of the course was not clear enough for Mr. R. Y. Bevan, who came in first by twenty lengths, on Mr. Alfred Suart's St. George, but was disqualified for having failed to keep to the course. A special feature of this meeting was a handicap privately arranged by seven gallant heavy weights for the "Briggins Cup," presented by Mr. Albert Deacon, of Briggins Park, who himself rode in the race. The winner was Mr. C. E. Green (16st. 11lb.), on Joke. Next came Mr. Roland Bevan (15st. 9lb.), on Sweep, but he was disqualified because he could not draw the weight, and second place was awarded to Colonel Howard (15st. 13lb.), on Blue Beard.

The sixth meeting was held on April 17th, 1884. Though the weather was bitterly cold the attendance was

very large. There were seven events, all bringing forth good fields. The huntsman was, unfortunately, unable to ride, his horse having swerved and crushed his foot against a gate-post about three weeks before. In the Point-to-Point Race, out of thirteen starters, Mr. C. E. Green's Chance, ridden by Mr. Roland Bevan (light weight), finished first, and Mr. H. E. Jones's Chasseur, ridden by the owner (heavy weight), came in second. Viscount was again entered for the Hunt Cup. Mr. Edward Ball succeeded in keeping him in the course, and winning the Cup for the master, Mr. Hervey Foster's Pilgrim, ridden by Mr. Harry Bagot, being second. The Welter Cup also went to Sir Henry, the winner being Desdichado, ridden by Mr. H. Bagot. This year several improvements were made in the arrangements. Mr. J. H. Verrall kindly acted as Clerk of the Scales, and found the meeting so much to his taste that he continued to attend every year until prevented by another engagement. The Hunt Club had a luncheon marquee on the ground, and the band of the First Essex Artillery played during the afternoon.

The seventh meeting was held on April 9th, 1885. The attendance was larger than ever, though the weather was little better than in 1884. Mr. Roland Bevan again came in first in the Point-to-Point Race, riding this year his horse

Gay Boy. The master's Maid-of-all-Work, ridden by Mr. Frederick Green, was first of the heavy weights. The race was run in a mist, and the two winners rode wide of the true direction on the outward journey until they turned in pursuit of Bailey, whose mount, though kept to the direct line, lacked speed to contend with Gay Boy. A Point-to-Point Race was also run for farmers. Sir Henry scored further successes in the course of the day, winning the Hunt Cup with Deception, and the Welter Cup with Maid-of-all-Work, both ridden by Bailey.

The Essex Open Steeplechase Plate was won by Mr. Beale Colvin, on Studgroom, the property of Mr. Albert Deacon, and the favourite hunter of his daughter, Miss Amy Deacon, who in those days was one of the few ladies who rode straight to the Essex hounds. Her death, not long afterwards, was a blow which ended her father's hunting career.

1885 was the last year in which a Point-to-Point Race was run at Rundells, the reason being that after that date, by the Grand National Hunt Rules, not more than two steeplechases were allowed to be held at Point-to-Point meetings. In subsequent meetings a change of name was also introduced, the Rundells meetings being in future

known as the "Essex Hunt Club Private Steeplechases," instead of, as hitherto, the "Essex Hunt Private Steeplechases."

The first of the separate "Point-to-Point" Race meetings was held at Great Hassells, High Easter, on March 27th, 1886. Two races were run, each finishing in the starting field. The course was, for the Red Coat Race, towards Pleshey, to Mashbury Mill, and round by Elbows: and, for the Farmers' Race, towards Good Easter, to Bedford's Farm, leaving Good Easter on the left, then to Herring's, round by Mr. Oliver's and back. There were ten starters for the Red Coat Race, which was won by the master's Shylock, ridden by Bailey. The only heavy weight to complete the course was Mr. Alfred Stuart, though his horse, appropriately named Kingfisher, took a dip in the brook. In the Farmers' Race fifteen horses started, two of them (Lady Bell and The Caber) being winners at the Chelmsford Hunt Steeplechases on the previous Tuesday. This race proved very exciting at the finish, as two of the first four that landed in the last field went the wrong side of the winning flags. This disqualified the first whip, Wesley, who came in first on Mr. W. Bambridge's Emily, and the race was awarded to Mr. Waylett's Lucy, ridden by the second whip, Jack

Turner. Mr. R. Y. Bevan, on Mr. T. Milbank's *The Caber*, secured second place, though his saddle slipped round within ten lengths of the winning post. After the races nearly 500 guests were entertained at luncheon by the master and members of the hunt.

The eighth of the Rundells meetings was held on the 29th of the following month (April, 1886). The entries were received by Mr. A. J. Edwards, who has ever since taken a leading part in the management. At this meeting Sir Henry closed his mastership by winning, for the third year in succession, both the Hunt Cup and Welter Cup, the former with Lord John, ridden by Turner, and the latter with *Maid-of-all-Work*, ridden by Mr. R. C. Ball. There were eleven starters for the Essex Hunt Steeplechase (Handicap). Mr. Colvin's *Emily*, ridden by the owner, came in first and was adjudged the winner, after an objection had been lodged by Mr. H. E. Jones (who finished second on his *Krok*), and over-ruled.

In 1887 the Point-to-Point Races were held at Good Easter on March 12th. A fall of snow, accompanied by a bitter wind, prevailed for some hours during the morning, but in spite of this there was a large attendance, including Sir Henry, Mr. Loftus W. Arkwright, and his new field master, Mr. C. E. Green.

For the Red Coat Race there were eight starters. The course was about four and a half miles of fair hunting country. A well-contested race was won by Mr. Robert Lockwood's Bullseye, ridden by Mr. H. B. Yerburch. Mr. Roland Bevan's Knight o' the Pencil, ridden by the owner, was a good second, and next came Mr. Frank Bowlby, who, in spite of two falls, one being over a gate, secured first honours in the heavy weight division for his horse Kilkenny.

A Tenant Farmers' Point-to-Point Steeplechase followed, prizes of £30, £10, and £5 being offered for the first, second, and third horses in each class (light weights and heavy weights). Eight horses faced the starter, and were shown the way from start to finish by the first whip, Jem Cockayne, on Mr. Ephgrave's Midge. Mr. W. Milbank's Union Jack (heavy weight) came in second. After the race an objection was lodged against Mr. Ephgrave's qualification to run a horse. Upon enquiry, the objection proved to be well founded, and Union Jack was adjudged the winner in the light weight as well as the heavy weight class. At the conclusion of the races the master and the members of the Essex Hunt Club entertained a very large party at luncheon.

The death of Mr. Hervey Foster on March 31st led to the abandonment of the Rundells Race Meeting for the year

1887. Mr. Foster had lived all his life at Theydon Garnon Rectory, near Epping, with his father, the Rev. Sir Cavendish Foster, who did not long survive his loss. He was born in 1851, and, like many another Essex boy, he took his first lessons in riding to hounds with Mr. Henry Vigne's harriers. On coming of age in 1872 he undertook the secretaryship of the Essex Hounds, in succession to Mr. Soames. Ten years later, on the formation of the Essex Hunt Club, he was made secretary of that also, and he continued to hold both offices until his death. After his first experience of race riding at Childerditch, near Brentwood, he became devoted to this form of sport. As we have already seen, it was due to his efforts, in conjunction with his life-long friend, Mr. Robert Wood (now Lockwood) that the Rundells Meetings were started, and he was a constant competitor there as long as he could ride. He was of very light, almost fragile, build, and in Mr. Lockwood's opinion he was "a much better man to hounds than between the flags. Though a very neat rider, with beautiful hands and iron nerve, he lacked the strength to make a bad horse go. He had a good eye to hounds, and as long as he stood up he was there; but his judgment failed him, and so he generally came to grief." He had Irish blood in his veins, and he rivalled the heroes of Lever's novels in

reckless adventure. To sit behind his thorough-bred tandem in a wild gallop down Monkham's Hill towards the lodge gates, opened in the nick of time by a small child, or to dash home with him in pitch darkness from a ball at Chelmsford, was an experience never to be forgotten. Yet, such was the affection he inspired, that his faithful groom, when ordered at an exciting moment not to leave his seat at the back of the dog-cart, burst into tears at being thought capable of deserting his master. It was delightful to hear the shouts of "Hervey! Hervey!" which greeted him from all the countryside whenever he rode at Rundells. His great popularity with all classes in Essex was due to an unequalled courtesy and charm of manner. Deep sympathy was felt for him and his father in the sudden blow that struck him down, and during the five following years, when, in spite of much suffering, he was often seen following the hounds on wheels. The affection he inspired found expression in the following verses, written by Mr. R. Y. Bevan :—

Never again! the Essex Hounds may meet
In calm or storm, in sunshine or in rain,
But Hervey's presence at the trysting place
Shall ne'er rejoice these aching eyes again.

What though our hearts to pity long were moved
By crippled form and face that told of pain ?
Against hope still to the fond hope we clung,
That he would climb the saddle once again.

Never again ! the slender form that seemed
Too slight so brave a spirit to contain,
O'er bank and brook, o'er Roothing ditch and plough,
Shall never guide our straining steeds again.

Never again ! Oh ! then let stillness brood
On Rundells pastures this sad Eastertide.
Hushed be our revel ; where he triumphed erst
This year no eager rivalry shall ride.

Untrampled let the grass this spring revive,
No breath of spring can give us back our dead.
On Pilgrim once a victor, he is now
The last lone pilgrimage compelled to tread.

Come, friends, stand here, a little space aside,
In reverent, silent sympathy for one,
The widowed father, who has lost in him
The solace of his years, his darling son.

The Point-to-Point Races of 1888 were of more than usual interest, as the East Essex Hunt united with the Essex in the arrangements for the Meeting, which was held at Thaxted on March 9th, and attracted a very large attendance. Twenty-two horses faced Sir Henry, who started them at the first attempt. The Essex Hunt entries were the most numerous. Mr. Alfred Kemp, a young Essex

light weight, on his Killarney, soon took the lead. Riding with admirable judgment, he held his advantage, and won, after a very exciting finish. He was closely followed by the future Master of the Essex Hounds, Mr. L. J. W. Arkwright, on Alba, and next came Bailey, the Essex Huntsman, on Mr. H. E. Jones's The Knight. Mr. Richard Beale Colvin, Master of the East Essex Hounds, on Mr. Cecil Colvin's Cossack, came in fourth, and pulled off the Heavy Weight Stakes. After this most successful meeting, an interval of two years elapsed before the next Point-to-Point Races were held by the Essex Hunt.

The ninth of the Rundells Meetings was held on April 5th, 1888. In the Light Weight Hunt Cup Race Mr. J. V. Walmesley's grand hunter Harlequin made his first appearance at Rundells. Unfortunately he fell, and Bailey, who was riding him, broke his leg, leaving Mr. Alfred Kemp's Kingston, ridden by the owner, to win a good race by a short head in front of the master's Misunderstood, ridden by Mr. R. D. Hill. After this accident the Hunt servants ceased to ride in the races at Rundells. In the same race Harlequin's stable companion, Gay Boy, ridden by Jem Cockayne, fell and broke a leg, and had to be destroyed. His rider,

fortunately, escaped unhurt. On the same day, in the Welter Cup, Mr. Alfred Kemp rode Harlequin, and brought him in first, with Mr. H. E. Jones's Kingswood, ridden by Mr. Roland Bevan, second, and Mr. Cecil Colvin's Cossack, ridden by Mr. R. B. Colvin, third.

At the tenth of the Rundells Meetings, held on April 25th, 1889, Harlequin was ridden by Mr. Alfred Kemp in the Light Weight Hunt Cup and Welter Cup, and won both races. In the former race Mr. Loftus J. W. Arkwright's Diana ran second, and Sir Henry's Misunderstood was third. In the latter race there was only one other competitor, and Harlequin came in alone.

In the following year, on April 10th, at the eleventh Rundells Meeting, Harlequin, again ridden by Mr. Alfred Kemp, won the Open Hunters' Steeplechase Plate, and the Rundells Hunt Cup. This year the Light Weight Hunt Cup was taken by Mr. A. J. Edwards's Blanchette, ridden by Mr. Harry Bagot, and the Welter Cup (which was this year a 15 stone race) by Mr. H. E. Jones's Luxury, ridden by the owner. Mr. Sheffield Neave, on Mr. Percy Hargreave's Conservative, was second, and the rush with which Colonel the Hon. W. H. Allsopp, who was third, came at the finish on his gallant grey horse, Coroner, though rather late (some two or three minutes) was much admired.

At this meeting, Mr. C. E. Green celebrated the close of his first season as M.F.H. (his previous position had been that of Field Master) by entertaining the farmers and occupiers of land in the district of the hunt at a sumptuous luncheon. Similar festivities were held at each of the Rundells Meetings during Mr. Green's mastership.

Harlequin did not again run at Rundells. His triumphs were closed by the premature death of Mr. Walmsley—described by one who knew him well, as “a dear good chap, and one of the best companions.”

In 1891, Point-to-Point Races were held on February 28th at High Roding, over a course of about two and a half miles, in which it was necessary to cross and recross the River Roding. In the Red Coat Race the stream maintained its formidable character by bringing to grief, on the return journey, Mr. Tyndale White, on *Proserpine*. Mr. L. J. W. Arkwright, on *Diana*, cleared the jump, and, distancing the other eleven competitors, came in first, followed by Miss Morgan's *Terry*, ridden by Mr. Alfred Kemp, and Mr. Tresham Gilbey's *Glencairn*, ridden by the owner. Mr. Sheffield Neave, on Mr. Weston Crocker's *The Marquis*, came in fourth, and was first of the heavy weights. In the Farmers'

Race the Roding brought a lot of grief, so much so, that the last man had no chance of riding at it, there being so many splashing about in it. The race was won by Mr. A. C. Doxat, on his wonderful mare Dolly (scarcely more than a pony), and Mr. W. D. Caton, of Aythorpe Roding, finished first of the heavy weights on his good horse Woodman, after a gallant struggle with Mr. Sheffield Neave on Mr. W. Blyth's Sally.

At the twelfth Rundells Meeting, held on April 2nd, 1891, Blanchette, again ridden by Mr. Harry Bagot, was relegated to second place, for the Light Weight Hunt Cup, won by Mr. Alfred Kemp, on Sir Henry's Burnouse. The Welter Cup was taken by Mr. Cecil Colvin's Cossack, ridden by Mr. R. B. Colvin. Mr. Percy Tippler's fine riding secured the Roothing Steeplechase for Mr. A. Poole's Drummer Lad, and the Essex United Hunt Cup for Mr. Solomon Young's Covertside.

In 1892 Point-to-Point Races were held on March 23rd, at Wintry Farm, Epping. The course across the Cobbins Brook to a turning flag near Epping Old Church was marked out by Sir Henry Selwin Ibbetson, who also acted as starter and judge. Of the fourteen starters for the Red Coat Race, there were seven light weights and seven heavy weights. The light weights were first despatched. Mr.

Loftus J. W. Arkwright, on his mare, Diana, took a line of his own on the outward journey, and succeeded in reaching home three lengths in front of Lady Brooke's Cheltenham, ridden by Mr. Seymour Caldwell. In the Heavy Weight class Mr. George Sewell came in first on his mare Duchesse. Mr. Cyril Buxton, whose melancholy death soon after caused universal regret, rode in this race.

The Farmers' Race was won with ease by Mr. Harry Sworder, on Telephone. Mr. J. T. Mills's Cardinal, ridden by Mr. H. J. Miller, was first of the Heavy Weights.

The thirteenth Rundells Meeting was held on April 21st, 1892. Times were bad, and few horses were entered for the Hunt Cup and Welter Cup. In the former race there were only two starters. The winner was Blanchette, ridden this year by Mr. Loftus J. W. Arkwright. In the latter race an exciting incident occurred. Sir Henry's Saturn fell at the water jump, and his rider, Mr. Harry Bagot, was disabled. The well-known amateur jockey, Mr. G. B. Milne, who was standing close by, sprang upon the horse, overtook Mr. Loftus J. W. Arkwright, on Diana, and finished in front of him amid tremendous cheering. The race, however, fell to Mr. Arkwright, as Mr. Milne could not draw the weight.

In 1893 the Point-to-Point Races were held at Stondon,

near Ongar, on March 15th, and were remarkably successful, the only cause for regret, and it was very generally shared, being the absence of Mr. Tyndale White from a meeting held almost at his own door, in consequence of the death of his father. There were seventeen starters for the Red Coat Race, and Lord Rookwood decided, with the consent of the riders, that there should be separate races for the Light and Heavy Weights. Both races were well contested, the former being won by Lady Brooke's Truelove, ridden by Mr. Loftus J. W. Arkwright, and the latter, as in the previous year, by Mr. George Sewell's Duchesse, ridden by the owner. In the Farmers' Race, which followed, a most exciting finish resulted in a win for Mr. J. Christy's Borderer, ridden by Mr. Loftus J. W. Arkwright, Mr. J. Milbank's Sir Frederick, ridden by Mr. "Trevor," being second.

The fourteenth Rundells Meeting, held on April 6th, 1893, was remarkable for the presence of a horse belonging to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and for the hardness of the ground, which caused many refusals. The Prince's horse, Sweetwood, ridden by Mr. Loftus J. W. Arkwright, was one of eight starters for the Open Steeplechase Plate. At the open ditch all the eight repeatedly refused. In the end the race was won by Mr. Edwards's Parasite, ridden by

Mr. Percy Tippler. Of the others, Sweetwood alone finished. The Light Weight Hunt Cup and Welter Cup Races were poorly contested, as nothing finished except the winners—True Love and Duchesse, each carrying the same rider as at Stondon. During the following season, Mr. George Sewell and Duchesse had a perilous adventure whilst following hounds near Epping. The mare was taking a fence in her usual bold style, when wire, unseen by her rider till it was too late to check her, became entangled about her, and brought her down. Mr. Sewell had a wonderful escape from injury, though his coat and saddle-flaps were torn to ribbons. The poor mare was terribly lacerated, and so completely unnerved that for three weeks she could not be left alone, day or night. Yet, by assiduous care, she has been enabled to carry her master to hounds again.

In 1894 the Point-to-Point Races were held on March 2nd at Great Easton, over a course about four miles in length consisting entirely of ploughed land, on which the going was very deep. As in the two previous years, the Red Coat Race was run in two classes, the Light Weight class being won by Major Carter on Spitfire, and the Heavy Weight class by Mr. "Darnley" on Woodside. Mr. "Darnley" also finished first for the Farmers' Cup

on Mr. Milbank's Sir Frederick. In the latter race Mr. Avila's Kildare, ridden by Mr. Sheffield Neave, finished first of the Heavy Weights.

At the fifteenth Rundells Meeting, held on April 5th, 1894, small fields were still the order of the day. There were four starters for the Light Weight Hunt Cup, which was won by Mr. Walter Buckmaster's Success, ridden by the owner. Mr. P. Sellar's La Comtesse, also ridden by her owner, won the Welter Cup with only one competitor.

In the present year (1895) the Point-to-Point Races were held on March 23rd at High Roding Bury in charming weather. The course of about three and a-half miles included several stiff fences and water jumps, one of the latter being the River Roding. There were no less than twenty-four starters for the Red Coat Race which, as usual in recent years, was run in two classes. The Light Weight class was won by Mr. Tresham Gilbey's Joan, ridden by Mr. Walter Buckmaster, and the Heavy Weight class by Mr. Newman Gilbey's Watchman, ridden by Captain Bruce.

The Farmers' Race was again won by Sir Frederick, ridden this year by Mr. Loftus J. W. Arkwright. The first of the Heavy Weights was Mr. Theodore Christy on Chinaman.

The Rundells Meeting has proved only too attractive to a rough element from the East End of London. As early as 1878 it was remarked that the idea of a "private meeting" was but feebly sustained, the course being literally deluged with a large number of the woollen-throated East End betting fraternity. Welshers and card-sharpers were present in force, and some excitement was caused by a horse-whipping administered to one of the latter by Mr. William Symonds, the Clerk of the Course. Since those days some improvement has been effected, but in the present year (1895) the Committee of the Hunt Club thought that, as the "fields" were getting smaller, and the East End element of the races was getting larger, it would be well to abandon the Rundells Races and merely have a Point-to-Point Meeting, with a lunch. A petition was, however, presented to the Committee signed by three hundred Essex farmers, expressing their regret at the proposed abandonment of the races, to which they assured the Committee they and their families had looked forward from year to year. On finding that much disappointment would be caused if the races were not held, it was resolved that the meeting should take place as usual.

The sixteenth meeting was accordingly held on April 18th, 1895, and proved as attractive as ever to spectators,

though the number of entries was small. The chief event was the Essex Hunt Club Cup, which was won by Major Carter on Spitfire, with Mr. R. D. Hill on Eastern Lady second, and Major Little on Mr. A. J. Edwards's Flying Childers third.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ESSEN UNION COUNTRY—ITS PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS—LORD PETRE AND HIS HUNT SERVANTS—DIVISION OF THE COUNTRY—MR. PAYNE—MR. SCRATTON—MR. WARD AND MR. JAMES PARKER—MR. PARKER'S HUNT SERVANTS—MR. SCRATTON'S SECOND MASTERSHIP—THE SOUTH ESSEN AND MR. ABRAHAM CAWSTON—MR. ARTHUR COX—HIS DEATH—SIR THOMAS LENNARD—C. SHEPHERD—NIMROD LONG—MR. OFFIN—MR. W. H. WHITE—DICK YEO—BAYLEY—CAPTAIN CARNEGIE—COMMANDER KEMBLE—TESTIMONIAL TO GEORGE RAE—MR. ASHTON—COLONEL HORNBY—LANDOWNERS IN THE ESSEN UNION COUNTRY—SOME OLD RECORDS—A DAY WITH MR. SCRATTON—GOOD RUNS.

[*Contributed by "Ex-Sec."*]

IN our school-days we were put through our facings in geography by being asked to define the boundaries of a country. Let us, therefore, commence this chapter with

a geographical description of the Essex Union country. It is bounded on the north by the mail-coach road from London to Colchester,¹ on the south by the River Thames, on the east by the Blackwater River and an arm of the German Ocean, and on the west, we were going to say by London, for the western end of the country extends to Barking, which is within five miles of the metropolis. A glance at the map shows that it is a long narrow country, as it is no less than forty miles in length from the eastern to western extremity. Though not such a fine open country as the Essex, the Union is, nevertheless, a very sporting one. It has always been known as carrying a good scent, and being well stocked with good wild foxes. Of late years, in consequence of the wretched price obtainable for wheat, the area of grass has considerably increased. We doubt if the grass carries as good a scent as the plough. We can quite hear some of our readers exclaim at this remark; still, that is our experience, and though, of course, there are some days when hounds drive along better over the grass, we think, take the season through, particularly should it be

¹ We believe that it is now agreed that for the future the Essex country is to extend to the railway line, so far as it runs south of the coach road.

a wet one, that the ploughs in this particular district hold the better scent. It is essentially a bank and ditch country with occasional opportunities for a good water jumper to distinguish himself. As regards the amount of timber to be negotiated, we verily believe you might go through a whole season and never lose a gallop, were you mounted on a horse that would not look at a sheep-hurdle. You want a clever horse who will use his hind legs, and who can stay through dirt. There is a good deal of jumping, and there are nothing like the number of gates we find in the so-called "swell" countries. But you may go farther and fare worse, and the writer, who has assisted at the chase in several other happy hunting districts, can fairly say that anyone really fond of sport, and who does not want always to be on grass, will see more than the average amount of fun here. For past records, going back to 1822 up to the present time, we think the following is a true bill. In that year, Lord Petre, grandfather of the present Lord, hunted the country with kennels at Thorndon Hall; but it was not till some three years later that he hunted the portion lying between Danbury and Tillingham. In order to do this, hounds were sent once a fortnight to the Griffin Inn, Danbury, where a temporary kennel was erected. William

Evans, who had previously served as whipper-in to the Cottesmore, under the late Lord Lonsdale, was his huntsman. He remained till 1824, and was succeeded by Hort. In 1832 his Lordship migrated to the Puckeridge country, taking Hort with him as huntsman. He remained for three seasons as master of the Puckeridge, and during this period the Essex Union was carried on by Messrs. Brewett and Nash, both of whom lived at Rayleigh. They had their kennels there for two seasons, and subsequently at Crows Heath, near Downham. Meshach Cornell was huntsman at this time, and must have been a wonderful man in his way. He could ride any horse, and was frequently put on those others could not ride. He was a little man, with a very shrill voice. He died of a fit some years afterwards in the boiler house at the kennels at Mucking, where he was employed by Mr. Cawston, then master of the South Essex. In 1836, Lord Petre again became master of the Union country, and purchased the hounds from Mr. Brewett. Joe Roots was then put on as huntsman, and remained with Lord Petre till the latter gave up the hounds in 1839. Roots went to the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds, subsequently returning as first whip to the Hon. F. Petre, his lordship's son, who, for many seasons, hunted the Essex Stag-hounds with great success, carrying the

horn himself. During the two periods of Lord Petre's mastership, the hounds were styled "Lord Petre's Foxhounds." As we have mentioned in our first chapter, Lord Petre hunted the Blackmore High Woods and Thoby Wood (both in the Essex country) and Moulsham Thrift (in the Union country), as neutral coverts with Mr. Conyers. Lord Petre hunted the country in princely style, was a good judge of both horse and hound, and devotedly fond of both. He purchased most of his animals from Anderson in Piccadilly, a noted man in those days. He was particularly cheery, affable, and kind, seldom speaking harshly to anyone. He was, moreover, the best and kindest of masters. The following letter, written to a second whip, shows the kind feeling that existed between him and his servants:—"Bill,—I am so grieved at being obliged to tell you that the largeness of my family obliges me to give up the hounds; I am obliged to write this, for I cannot speak it, as it cuts me deep. I shall be happy to assist you in getting another place." A farmer who had got into difficulties, and consequently was obliged to sell his hunter, was very miserable at being unable to hunt. Matters were arranged for his keeping on the farm. Lord Petre sent for him, gave him a good horse, and sent him some oats to finish the season with. Need we say the

country sustained a great loss when so popular a master resigned? In 1839, after Lord Petre resigned, the country was divided—the north-eastern portion being styled the Essex Union, and the south-western portion the South Essex. The first-named comprised the country lying between Bradwell-on-Sea and Norsey Wood, and the latter from Norsey Wood to Barking—Norsey being drawn by both packs. Norsey Wood, the property of Lord Petre, is a biggish cover near Billericay. Mr. C. Comyns Parker built kennels at the Hyde Farm, Danbury, and Mr. Payne, of Maldon, hunted that portion of the country (Essex Union) from 1839 to 1848, with Will Cross as huntsman, while Mr. Harding Newman, of Nelmes, near Hornchurch, hunted the South Essex. Mr. Scratton succeeded Mr. Payne in 1848 (with Jem Morgan as huntsman), and he was succeeded, in 1851, by Mr. Ward for one season, when the latter died. Mr. James Parker, of Baddow House, then took the reins for two seasons. He was supposed to be the handsomest man in Essex, having very good features, and teeth of extraordinary whiteness. No better fellow ever breathed. He was a strong Conservative, full of fun, and those who remember him will never forget his cheery face and hearty laugh, and the fun they had with him. On one occasion

his hounds met at the Royal Hotel, Southend. They found a fox in what is known as the Shrubbery, on the cliff there (a place where in these days nothing but numberless "'Arrys and 'Arriets spending a 'appy day at the sea" are to be found), had a gallop and killed him, returned to lunch at the Royal, drew the Shrubbery again, and found another fox and killed him. His servants were Will Cross and Joe Sorrell. Mr. Parker died at the early age of forty. In 1854, succeeding Mr. Parker, Mr. Scratton again took the hounds with Will Cross as huntsman, but in 1857 Mr. Scratton took the horn himself for two seasons, till 1859, when Shepherd, who had previously been whip in the Essex country, came to him as huntsman. The kennels had been moved to Prittlewell Priory, Mr. Scratton's place, near Southend, in 1857. During this period the South Essex had been hunted by Mr. Abraham Cawston, who came from Suffolk. He was a large yeoman farmer at Mucking, and the kennels were at the latter place on a farm of Mr. Arthur Button's (as his name was then). Mr. Cawston showed fine sport to the farmers in that district, who solely composed the field in those days. He had an almost intuitive knowledge of the run of a fox, and was so persevering that he frequently made a run where other huntsmen would have thrown up the sponge in sheer disgust. In

1857 Mr. Arthur Button took the South Essex, and a few years afterwards, on succeeding his uncle, Captain Cox, of Harewood Hall, near Upminster, he took the name of Cox. No better sportsman ever rode to hounds than Arthur Cox, it did you good to see him out hunting, he was so cheery and keen and full of chaff. "Six days a week if the horses are right" was his motto. Poor fellow, he was a perfect martyr to rheumatism, and often rode in the greatest pain. The writer has sometimes seen him barely able to get on to his horse, but when once there and hounds ran, no one could get in front of him. He couldn't bear to see hounds pressed—as what good sportsman can? and on one occasion he was heard calling out, "'Ware wire!" to an ardent young pursuer. It had the desired effect, as the gentleman in question pulled up, and Cox riding up to him said: "It is all right, but don't press 'em." As he was hospitable to a degree, the meet at Herongate was always a favourite one, and a fox was invariably to be found afterwards in Pigott's Bushes, a covert Cox rented from Lord Petre at that time. He always rode small, well-bred horses. His end was a very sad one. When jumping a fence near White's Bridge at the end of the season 1869-70 he threw his arm up and broke it. Amputation was found necessary, and he never rallied from the shock. Everyone liked him.

and the large number of foxhunters present at his funeral at Upminster will never be forgotten. During his last illness, Rees, Mr. Offin's huntsman (who was very fond of him), said one day to one of the surgeons who was attending him: "If you, Sir, will cure Mr. Cox, there is £50 in a drawer of mine at the kennels, which is yours." This speaks for itself. In 1860 Sir Thomas Lennard, of Belhus, succeeded Mr. Cox with kennels at Belhus and Ransom as his huntsman, son of the stud-groom so long at the Royal Paddocks, Hampton Court, now, alas! a thing of the past. Sir Thomas resigned in the spring of 1861. In that year Mr. Scratton consented to hunt the whole country which Lord Petre had, as before mentioned, reigned over, and the division into two countries came to an end. The pack was styled "Mr. Scratton's Foxhounds," and his first season in the two united countries was an unprecedentedly good one, Shepherd accounting for forty-four and a-half brace of foxes, a score which has never been approached since. It was not child's play hunting this large extent of country four days a week, with the kennels situated as they were on the extreme corner of the country. Mr. Scratton, a very good coachman, used, when the meets were a long way off, to drive his hounds and servants on in a hound van with four horses to Wickford, nine miles from Prittle-

well Kennels, and for the extreme western part of the country the railway at times was made use of. The Hadleigh and Hockley Woodlands, near Prittlewell, were regularly hunted every Monday, and capital sport was the result in what the masher of the day calls "jungles." Foxes, from being so frequently hunted, used to leave their strongholds.

Shepherd left at the end of the season 1861-62, and migrated to Lord Leconfield's country in Sussex, where he has remained as huntsman ever since, and is doubtless the oldest professional in harness at the present day. We saw him a few years since, his seat as upright and fine as ever, and though he must be over seventy he is, we are told, as good a hand at bringing his fox to book as any huntsman in the country. He was the quickest man in getting his hounds on to their fox's back, when he broke covert, we ever saw, and his fine voice and good manner with hounds made them so handy that his whips had little trouble in turning them to him. Long may he still be in the saddle. Nimrod Long, son of Will Long (so many years huntsman to the Duke of Beaufort), succeeded Shepherd, but he only remained two seasons, and went on to the Brocklesby to Lord Yarborough. He had as pretty a seat on a horse as you often see. Harry Rees, a Welshman, succeeded

Long, and remained in the country till the end of the season 1872-73, when he went as huntsman to the Kildare in Ireland. In the meantime Mr. Scratton had resigned in 1869, to the regret of all Essex sportsmen, and left the county for Devonshire, where he is still as enthusiastic in breeding shorthorns as he was formerly in breeding hounds. During his terms of office, between 1848 to 1869, he had succeeded in forming a splendid pack of hounds, and no man worked harder than he did in attending to the breeding of hounds. He used to keep his field in the best of order, and if there was occasion would throw his tongue freely, and the consequence was that he was able to show good sport. One day, towards the end of the season, a gentleman, hunting from London, was unduly pressing hounds on a very good-looking horse. Mr. Scratton said, "Pray hold hard, sir, that horse is a great deal too valuable to be ridden like that on the hard ground." The reply was: "I only gave £15 for him at Aldridge's yesterday." He certainly looked worth £150. Mr. Scratton gave the writer, when a boy of eighteen, a valuable lesson, which he has never forgotten, as to holloaing a fresh fox. Hounds were running hard in covert and a fox came away close to the writer who holloaed his level best, little

knowing that Mr. Scratton was just behind him. Naturally it was a very trying thing for a master to have the risk of his hounds getting their heads up, though luckily they did not, and I deserved every word he said. I don't think I have ever holloaed a fresh fox since to this day. On Mr. Scratton resigning in 1869 there appeared for a time to be some little difficulty in finding a master, but Mr. Offin, who farmed some 6,000 acres, was induced by Lord Petre to take the hounds, as he did not want a stranger in the country, and Mr. Offin's mastership was welcomed by all the landowners and farmers in the hunt. He built kennels and stables on one of his farms at Great Burstead, near Billericay, about the centre of the country, and the hounds, which he had purchased from Mr. Scratton for £2,000, were moved there from Prittlewell in the spring. Though a welter-weight, and not a young man when he took the hounds, Mr. Offin never missed a meet, even during cubhunting, during the six years he hunted the country. Mounting his men most admirably, and with a good pack of hounds, he was able to show capital sport. He kept on Rees as huntsman till end of the season 1872-3, when Bentley, who had previously made his mark as first whipper-in under Mr. Parry in the

Puckeridge country, succeeded him, remaining for two seasons, viz., till 1875, when Mr. Offin gave up the country, and Bentley took service with Mr. Selby Lowndes in the broad pastures of the vale of Aylesbury. He is there at the present time as huntsman. During Mr. Offin's mastership the Duke of Connaught, who was then at Woolwich, used frequently to come across the river and have a day with the Union, and very well he went on a nice roan horse. About the second time that he was out we had a very good gallop from one of the Belhus covers, and killed our fox in the open near Franks Wood, one of the Warley covers. It having oozed out that the Duke had never seen a fox killed before, the master, through one of the equerries, ascertained if H.R.H. would object to be blooded, which he readily consented to, and the rites were accordingly faithfully performed by Mr. Offin. It is not everyone who has been an eyewitness of royalty being blooded. One day the Duke dropped his hunting-whip, and some snob of a fellow, but loyal, jumped off his horse and handed it to the Duke, saying, "Will your Royal Highness allow me to give your Royal Highness his Royal whip?" Mr. Offin died shortly after resigning. The pack during his mastership was styled "Mr. Offin's Foxhounds."

We now come to the mastership of Mr. W. H. White, who had previously hunted the Essex and Suffolk and East Essex countries. He carried the horn himself, with Joe Bailey as first whip. We had some excellent sport during his mastership, and no prettier horseman or better man to hounds could you find. We have seen him on some very awkward ones riding to his hounds as if his mount was perfection. He thoroughly understood the art of hunting the fox. On his taking the reins the country purchased the hounds from Mr. Offin. In those days "times were good," and owing to the energy and popularity of Mr. Ind, of Coombe Lodge, who was then Secretary, the money was easily forthcoming, and the pack was then styled "The Essex Union Hounds," which name it retains to this day. In the two last seasons of Mr. White's mastership Dick Yeo whipped in to him, having come from the Essex, where he had been first whip. Joe Bailey had to give up from ill-health and increasing years, after thirty-eight seasons in the country. A nice purse was presented to him by the subscribers. He has since died. He was quite a character, and no one knew or ever will know the country and the run of the foxes as well as he did. His way of riding to hounds was what Whyte Melville so aptly describes as

"getting through a country, not over it." He didn't care much about jumping, but was invariably on the spot to turn hounds when required, and seemed, as it were, to drop down from the clouds. On Mr. White giving up in 1880, Dick Yeo went to hunt hounds for Admiral Parker in Devonshire. He is now huntsman to one of the Shropshire packs.

In 1880 Captain Carnegie, of Lour, in Forfarshire, who had previously hunted that country for nine seasons, became the new master, bringing with him some of his best hounds, and his first whipper-in and kennel huntsman, George Rae. He held the reins till the end of the season 1890-91, reigning longer than any previous master of the "Essex Union." He carried the horn himself, and being a consummate judge of horse and hound, and in the writer's humble opinion, the finest horseman for his weight he has ever seen, everything was most admirably done. He cannot have found his first season a bed of roses, inasmuch as both he and his staff were quite new to the country, nevertheless he had a very fair season and one notable run, which we mention later on. We think it was his third season which was an exceptionally good one, as we had a gallop every day hounds were out. He knew "every rope in the ship," and kept his field in good order, never throwing his tongue

unless there was real occasion for it. No one was happier in his expressions in the hunting-field or on hunting matters. He was asked one day what sort of sport he had



CAPTAIN CARNEGIE
on Mistletoe.

been having: his reply was: "There is nothing good about the country except the foxes, and they are so good

I can't catch 'em." This was after a succession of bad scenting days, and he had naturally been rather out of heart. On another occasion he was asked by a friend who hunted elsewhere what sort of a country the Essex Union was. He readily replied: "Oh! it is always either bricks or mortar." How can a heavy plough country be better described?—as when it gets dry it becomes the former directly in exchange for its mortar-like condition. On another occasion he jumped into a field which was on three sides surrounded with wire. It was just killing time, and an ardent sportsman, viewing the fox, called out, "Here you are," to the master, who promptly replied: "That is just what I am not, for I am in an infernal birdcage." It was with great regret that the members received his resignation at the end of the season 1890-91. He was asked to continue as master, keeping a professional huntsman, but his health, he felt, would not permit of his keeping on any longer. The appreciation of his successful mastership was expressed by presents being made to both himself and Mrs. Carnegy, at a luncheon, in the presence of all the principal landowners, farmers, and subscribers. Commander Kemble, R.N., of Great Claydon, a son of Mr. Thomas Kemble, of Runwell Hall (the father of the

hunt and one of its best supporters in every way for more years than we can remember) succeeded Captain Carnegie, and no more popular man could have been found, the name of Kemble being quite a household word. At the expiration of his third season, George Rae, whom Captain Kemble had kept on as huntsman, had two very bad falls, rendering him unable to carry the horn any longer. This, coupled with the long distance of Captain Kemble's residence from the kennels, induced the latter to resign, which he did, to the universal regret of all members of the hunt, and with the satisfaction to himself of having made no end of friends and not a single enemy. There was not a single hunting or non-hunting farmer with whom he was not most popular; consequently, he handed over to his successor a country full of foxes and the knowledge that all the occupiers of land were well disposed towards the chase. His huntsman, George Rae, who had served for fourteen seasons in Essex under Captain Carnegie and Captain Kemble, was presented with a very substantial testimonial in hard cash, as a recognition by the members of the hunt of his services in the field. Thus we come down to the advent of Mr. Ashton as successor to Captain Kemble. The former had previously been Master of the Cambridgeshire and the

North Warwickshire. He resigned, however, at the end of the season, and this brings us to this year of grace, 1895, when we find Colonel Hornby, who has previously been Field Master of the Queen's Staghounds, and subsequently Master of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, Master of the Essex Union, keeping on, as huntsman, Goddard, whom Mr. Ashton brought with him from Warwickshire.

Having now given an account of the various masters and servants who have held office, we may pass on to mention a few of the principal landowners in the hunt, the best coverts, and some of the finest runs that have taken place during the last seventy years. Lord Petre is by far the largest landowner in the hunt, an immense tract of country belonging to him, and, like his predecessors, he is the staunchest supporter of foxhunting. Sir Thomas Lennard, of Belhus, is another good supporter and landowner. The writer remembers how, during the mastership of Mr. Scrutton, the latter used invariably to bring his hounds up to the Belhus Kennels at the commencement of the cubbing season for a whole week, hunting four consecutive mornings. He used to begin as soon as it was light, and the coverts were full of foxes in those days. They are admirably suited for cub-hunting—not being

too large, and giving young hounds a chance of seeing their fox. We know large woodlands are useful for cub-hunting, as there is often a good cry in covert which teaches the juveniles to go to the cry, but at the same time we think, unless there is a very good scent they sometimes sicken young hounds, particularly if the weather is hot, whereas in smaller coverts they get a better chance at their fox. Adjoining the Belhus Estate is Stubbers, the residence of Mr. Champion Russell, who often has a fox in his coverts. We may mention, *en passant*, that the first master of the South Essex (the country mentioned in an early part of this chapter as lying between Dagenham and Norsey Wood) was Mr. William Russell, an ancestor of Mr. Champion Russell's. His huntsman was John Stevens, who afterwards lived at Hornchurch, and dealt a bit in horses, and died at the great age of ninety-three. His son, the celebrated Jack Stevens, whipped in to him before he went to Lord Middleton, in Warwickshire, and became so well known with Mr. Osbaldeston in the Quorn country. As we have mentioned in Chapter I. (p. 44), Mr. Russell's hounds were at one time hunted by the famous Richard Fairbrother before he entered the service of Mr. Harding Newman. Mr. Champion Russell has kindly furnished us with the following extracts from

old newspapers, relating to Mr. William Russell's hounds :— " Oct. 9th, 1788. — Yesterday, Mr. Russell's hounds run a fox for an hour and a half ; when finding himself pressed very hard, he took through Mr. Bonham's hen-house yard, at Warley Common, run through the lower part of his dwelling-house, and was killed in a bedchamber above stairs." " 1790.—Among the different packs of foxhounds which have had remarkably good sport this season, is to be enumerated Mr. Russell's, which has killed the last fifteen without missing a single fox, and most of them after chaces of two or three hours." (Below this cutting is a note in Mr. Russell's [?] writing :—" *N.B.—Killed 18 Foxes without missing a fox, and con'ded [concluded] the Season.*" Adjoining the Stubbers property lies a large extent of land belonging to Mr. Benyon, of Berkshire ; his land is joined by that of Mr. Ind, of Coombe Lodge, now, alas ! gone over to the majority, and Mr. Lescher, of Boyles Court. Lord Headley, of Warley Lodge (another non-resident landowner), adjoins. Captain Douglas Whitmore, of Orsett Hall, is a large landowner, and a good friend to hunting—his son having a very merry pack of harriers with which he shows great sport in the Orsett country. Lord Rayleigh, of Terling Place, situated in the East

Essex country, has a large extent of land and some excellent coverts at Woodham, between Danbury and Maldon. The chain of woodlands at Danbury, about five miles from Chelmsford, are the property of the Fitzwalter family. In the Dengie Hundred country, which lies between Danbury and Southminster, a good deal of the land belongs to some of the London Hospitals. Sir Henry Mildmay, Lord Petre, and Mr. Christopher Parker are also landowners in these parts. Mr. Kemble, of Runwell Hall, whom we have mentioned above, is another landowner. His gorse covert at Runwell planted in May, 1872, answered to the call when drawn in the following December. "A seven months' old covert to hold a fox!!" Hounds drew his coverts twenty-two times in three years and found in them twenty times. No mean record. Mr. Kemble knows every inch of the country, and though, as he has often told the writer, he never jumps a fence, he is always at the end of the fastest and straightest run, and can generally tell you which hounds have been cutting out the work, and every field they have gone into. His old friend, Arthur Cox, of whom we have spoken above, made the following riddle of his friend, "Why is Mr. Kemble the most good-natured man in the hunt?" "Because he never takes offence (a fence)." May he yet see many a good

gallop. Major Spitty, of Billericay, is a large landowner. Perhaps his best covert is Mill Hill Wood, near Billericay. Captain Digby Neave, of Hutton Hall, is another resident and hunting landowner, and has some excellent coverts on his Hutton property, which are full of foxes, showing that foxes and pheasants can live together where the owner is determined to have both. Captain Neave is a son of the late Mr. Sheffield Neave, who was Master of the Stag-hounds before the Hon. F. Petre took them, and Captain Neave's elder brother has been the master now for several years, and has shown some excellent sport. Mr. Davies, of Ramsden Hall, near Billericay, is another landowner who, although a shooting man, is a staunch preserver of foxes. The best coverts—we mean those which are the surest finds, and which for years have had a reputation for affording good runs—are Fambridge Hall Wood, Mundon Furze, Hazeleigh Hall Wood, situated in the Maldon district, Askeldam Gorse, Lord's Wood, and Baker's Grove, in the Dengie Hundred. Then, in the eastern end of the country, Puddle Dock, near North Ockendon, is a noted covert, and though, like Fambridge Hall, it stands close to the road, it nearly always holds a fox, and we have always considered that the line from Puddle Dock to Laindon Hills, about five miles, dead flat, without the semblance

of a covert and boasting a fair sprinkling of grass, is the best in the whole country. Coming to the north side, Arnold's and Ingrave Thrift are safe finds, also Rook Wood, near Ingatestone. The Danbury and Woodham coverts are most useful, though in rather a woodland district. The Warley and Mountnessing coverts on Lord Petre's property are always well stocked with foxes.

We have records of the following fine runs during the last seventy years, amongst many others, which have probably not found their way into print, or been remembered by the present generation of hunting men :— During Lord Petre's mastership there was an extraordinary run from the Woodham coverts. Three hours from find to finish; a seventeen mile point, and, of course, more as hounds ran, they killing their fox (after running through eighteen parishes) between Chelmsford and Braintree. Another good run was from Mallard's Garden (one of the Belhus coverts) over a fine open line of country, and hounds killed their fox at Jury Hills, close to where the old Thorndon Hall formerly stood, and within a mile of the kennels. Hounds met at 10.30 in those days, and so quick was the find and so fast the run that hounds were in kennel by twelve o'clock. During Mr. Ward's mastership there was a very fine run from Dan-

bury, hounds pulling their fox down at Bradwell-on-Sea, a seventeen mile point. We cannot help thinking this is about the only instance of a really good run from Danbury, as during the last forty years no one can recall a long point having been made from these woodlands. The run took place the day before Mr. Ward's death. Coming down to later days, we hear of two celebrated runs with the same fox from Mill Hill, near Billericay, to Purfleet, where on the first occasion the fox got to ground, but on the second attempt they killed him just before reaching the earths. This was a fourteen mile point, over a good, but most unusual, line of country. Bulvan Fen was crossed *en route*. During Mr. Scratton's mastership there were two pre-eminently good runs. The first was from Hadleigh Wood, the largest covert in the hunt (near Southend), to Norsey Wood, near Billericay, hounds killing their fox one hundred yards inside the latter covert, but this was not discovered till the next day, when Mr. Arthur Petre, who was shooting there, found his dead body. At the moment of killing him a fresh fox must have jumped up under the hounds' noses, for they ran at score round the covert and were stopped, the huntsman being sure that it was a fresh fox. It was not till the next day that the field knew that hounds had accounted for their fox. The other noted run is thus described in *Bell's Life* of December 28th, 1861 :—

“MR. SCRATTON'S FOXHOUNDS. SATURDAY, 21ST.

“*Galleywood Racecourse.*”

“A large field of over 150 to meet the squire of Prittlewell and ‘the lively ladies.’ Drew Moulsham Thrift and found no fox, though there was a line through it. Next, a grove by the side of the Racecourse, then Temple Grove, and here one of the stoutest foxes that ever stood before hounds was at home and off in a second. Setting his head at once due south he seemed to have a stiffness of neck that prevented his looking right or left. True as a needle to the north pole was he to the south pole. Leaving Stock Ship on his right he ‘slashed’ through the narrowest part of Blue Hedges, crossed an offshoot of Pandan and went straight to Cock Wood, apparently his point from the first. Clear of it, he bent slightly to the left (the only bend in his course) appearing to mean Moor Gardens, but disclaiming even that refuge he sunk the hill by Downham church, and faced that splendid valley to the south without a covert for shelter between him and the Thames. Fifteen minutes more racing and Crays Hill was at hand. ‘Yonder he goes,’ cries a leading horseman, and there he was, not two fields ahead, struggling gallantly on. Crossing the Wickford Road, west of the village, ‘the lively ladies’ tickled on, a check of two or three minutes on some

greasy fallows giving him a little respite. Clear of these away they went again, 'Cream Gorse,' a field on the left; an upraised hat in the clear distance told his course. But his merciless pursuers heeded not that signal. On they raced till Bowers Gifford was reached. Into the road he turned too beat to leave it. Running from scent to view, the darling ladies rolled him over within one yard of Bowers Gifford churchyard. Ten miles from point to point, fourteen as they ran, one hour and twenty-six minutes. To the astonishment of a well-satisfied field (some nags were more than satisfied) the insatiable squire said he would draw again, and he did too. Found instantly in Nevendon Bushes, came away due east, and ran a 'burster,' about six only with the hounds, nearly to Bowers Church, into the marshes, and up to Vange Creek. But the tide being in, and the water very salt, could make nothing of our fox, and gave it up very willingly. Twenty-five minutes—a 'tickler.'"

In Mr. Offin's time, one of the best runs was from Arnolds (near Mountnessing) to Beauchamp Roding, in the Essex country, where hounds killed their fox in a pond. A hard riding farmer, Mr. Bunter, of Cranham Hall, went up to his middle into the pond to pull out the fox hounds so richly deserved. Another good run was from

Rook Wood (near Ingatestone) to Boyton Hall. Both of these runs were over very unusual lines for a Union fox to take. Coming down to Mr. White's time, perhaps the best run he had was from Stifford, where a fox jumped out of a hedgerow, and hounds getting away on his back, raced him down to Puddle Dock and over the road to the Warley Coverts, and so on to Ingrave Thrift; from here he was very prettily hunted to Arnolds, then across the high road into the Essex country, and killed in the open at Fitzwalters. The field were afterwards most hospitably entertained at luncheon by Mr. Courage, of Shenfield Place, one of the most liberal supporters of the hunt in every way for the last thirty years. The kennels at Burstead now belong to his son. Mr. White had another fine run from Moor Hall Spring, a small covert near Aveley, in the Belhus district. They ran their fox through Fourteen Acre Wood, and from there to Stubbers and Cranham Springs, crossing the road near Cranham Schools, up to Upminster Hall, and alongside the Ingrebourn brook up to Harold Wood station. Crossing the high road into the Essex country, hounds ran him across Dagnam Park, and lost him between there and Bentley Mill.

The best runs Mr. Carnegie had were undoubtedly the

two following, and both these occurred during his first season, and on two consecutive Saturdays. The first was from Houndon (near West Hanningfield), when hounds killed between the Fortune of War and Laindon Hills; the first part was slow up to Downham Church, but from that point the pack were always on better terms with their fox till they killed him. Cray's Wood was the only covert of any size touched. The following week, while drawing Rook Wood, hounds demonstrated pretty plainly the presence of a fox under a faggot stack in the covert. He was very soon given notice to quit, the Squire of Runwell being foremost in helping to eject him. Hounds got away on nice terms with him, and, putting his head due north, the fox ran fast up to and through Blackmore Highwoods without dwelling for a moment. The writer will never forget the cry of hounds and the pace at which they drove him through these woodlands. From here through Parson's Spring they took him *via* Horseley Park up to Skreens. Here we had the first check of any consequence, and it looked any odds on the fox, as in such a good covert a fresh fox was so likely to jump up. As luck would have it our master, who cast carefully round the covert, descried a ploughman waving his hat some two fields away, and getting hounds on the line again, though with a cold scent, he hunted his fox up to

Leaden Wood, where they jumped him up dead beat and killed him in covert. This was the finest run the writer ever saw, and the noticeable features of it were that the whole of it, barring the first half mile, was in the Essex country (a *terra incognita* to the master and his staff), and that the scent served so well as to enable hounds to carry the line through the High Woods without changing. The straightness of the run was also remarkable. It was an eleven mile point straight. One of the oldest members of the hunt, Mr. Madgwick Davidson, who for years had hunted from London, had a bad fall, and was never able to hunt again. Another good run was from Puddle Dock to Bentley Mili, the line being up to Warley Hall Wood, turned left to Great Warley Village, across Boyles Court Park, and from here to Rochett's, losing the fox at dark at the Moors, a covert at Bentley. A large water ditch (a branch of the unjumpable piece of water known as the Mar Dyke) was jumped by about six of the field, the master getting in, and a good part of the field lost a portion of the run. Another memorable run was from Eastland Springs near Herongate, running our fox by way of Dunton Hall to near Bulvan, turned left-handed up to Horndon-on-the-Hill village, and as if for Fobbing, but turned up

to Martin's Hole, where he beat us at dark. A very hard day for horses, as it was a severe run, and hounds had been vainly drawing up to 3.30 without finding. Another pretty gallop we had was from the same covert, and killed the fox in the open near South Ockendon, hounds crossing the best part of the country. We should have probably returned home without blood had not Wilson, then second whip, and now with Mr. Wroughton in the Pytchley country, luckily seen our dead beaten fox crawling down a ditch just as hounds seemed to be baffled. Another good run was from Martin's Hole, one of the Laindon coverts, the fox being killed in the open between Orsett and Stifford. Captain Kemble had good sport from one of the Hutton coverts to Bulvan village, darkness alone saving the fox's life. Mr. Ashton, though Master of the Foxhounds for one season only here, had one exceptionally fine run, finding his fox in Ingrave Thrift, running to Shenfield, thence to Arnold's, through the covert and away to Mountnessing Church; from there to Brett's, and up to Stock village, through Swan Wood, and from there to Galley Wood, killing him in the open near Great Baddow. Ten miles as the crow flies, and a good bit more as they ran.

Our fields, as a rule, are small. If one hundred are out it is a large number for the country. Very few of the farmers (who in the days when the Union was divided into two countries were almost the only people in this part of Essex) are, alas! able to hunt in these days, so that the field is composed of the resident subscribers to the hunt, the officers from Warley and Shoeburyness, and an occasional gunner from Woolwich. At the present time there are not three men hunting from London. Up to within the last few years, perhaps, there have been few hunting districts more free from the "iron horse" than the Essex Union country; but there are now two new railways running through it, which naturally at times do not improve sport, but they are of the greatest benefit in saving hounds and horses long distances when meeting in the Dengie Hundred country, the extreme portion of which lies twenty-five miles from the kennels, and entailed the staff frequently lying out over night at Latchingdon, about five miles from Maldon. Reader, I will not ask you to bear with me any longer, even if you have borne with me up to this point. My say is done. I have put down in a casual way my impressions of the country next my heart. My happiest days have been, and I trust ever will be, spent in it.

CHAPTER XII.

THE EAST ESSEX AND THE PUCKERIDGE.

THE EAST ESSEX.

As already mentioned, quite a number of packs of hounds hunted over the face of the county of Essex while hunting geography was yet one of the inexact sciences. Boundaries, if they existed, are difficult to trace ; hunts appear to have overlapped in the most wonderful manner, while packs were started and disappeared one after another. Captain Wilson, Captain Saich, Mr. Canning, and Mr. Harding Newman wandered into parts of what is now the East Essex country. The two first-named hunted both hare and fox ; but the two others, together with Mr. Tufnell, who also went into East Essex on occasions, confined themselves to fox exclusively.

The honour of founding the East Essex country, however, may perhaps, with perfect propriety, be assigned to

Mr. Charles Newman, who lived at Scripps, Little Coggeshall, where he kennelled his pack. When Mr. Charles Newman first took the field cannot be ascertained ; but he was hunting the country in 1817, and in a year or so he took the Thurlow country as well, in succession to Mr. Wilson, above-mentioned, his two kennels being thirty miles apart—a long way truly ; yet it must be remembered that Mr. Osbaldeston was at the same time Master of the Thurlow and Pytchley countries for two or three seasons. Mr. Charles Newman appears to have been an excellent sportsman ; he hunted his own hounds, and according to “Gélert,” lifted them very quickly, and rode where few of his field were disposed to follow him. Meshach Cornell before referred to whipped in to Mr. Charles Newman, and from all accounts he was quite a master of his duties. For nearly thirty years did Mr. Charles Newman keep hounds ; he was successful in showing excellent sport ; but, in an evil day, he was tempted into speculating in Welsh mines—a channel through which large sums of money ran away in the “thirties” and “forties.” The loss of this money compelled him to give up hounds and leave Essex, to the great regret of the farmers, with whom “poor old Charley Newman” was a very great favourite. His popularity was recognised by the pre-

sentation to him of his portrait painted by F. C. Turner; the work was afterwards engraved by Barraud, and the original is, or was not very long ago, in the possession of Mr. Charles Start, of Pebmarsh, Essex. The picture includes portraits of sundry East Essex sportsmen, among others, Mr. Caswell Newman, Mr. Thomas White, Parson Cox, and Meshech Cornell. Mr. Newman himself is represented riding a white horse, while the hounds are breaking covert. He gave up the hounds in 1842, when the hounds and the stud were disposed of, and in 1849 he died.

Mr. H. R. G. Marriott, of Abbots Hall, Shalford, kindly sends us the following particulars concerning the East Essex country :—

“ Mr. Newman was master a long time, probably twenty years or more. My father was born in 1801, and I have heard him speak of hunting with Charles Newman when he was quite a young man. A committee had the country in 1842, and my father, Richard Marriott, became master in 1843. My father was a master of harriers for twenty-four years before he took the East Essex country. He was left without father or mother at the age of twelve, and his guardians, I suppose, were not very strict, and did not stint him as to money, for he has told me that before

he left Eton he bought his first pack, and, I believe, kept them in the neighbourhood of the school during his last term. From that day to within a year of his death, a period of fifty years, he was never without hounds. Part of one season, when Charles Newman broke his leg and could not ride, he hunted his hounds for him three times a week, and his harriers generally the other three days, but he has told me it was terribly hard work, even for a young man of twenty-five. My father was master of the East Essex for twenty-five years, when I succeeded him in the field for one season with his hounds, horses, and servants.

“ In 1869 Mr. W. H. White (commonly called Captain White) took the country, on his resignation of the Essex and Suffolk country, and hunted the hounds seven seasons, when he was succeeded by Colonel Jelf Sharp, also an ex-master of the Essex and Suffolk hounds, who hunted the country five seasons. In 1881 Mr. Archibald Ruggles-Brise took the country, but after one season had a partner, his brother-in-law, Mr. Jesser Coope. The joint mastership, however, only went on for one season, and in 1883 Mr. Jesser Coope became sole master, and continued till 1886, when he was succeeded by Mr. Beale Colvin, who resigned in 1891, when our present master, Mr. Walter Grimston, took the country. I have hunted in this country

for more than fifty years, and the boundaries have always remained the same as they are now; but after Charles Newman's retirement a few coverts were lost to our hunt on the Essex and Suffolk side, Mr. Carrington Nunn, the master of the Essex and Suffolk having claimed them as having been stolen by Charles Newman from their hunt in former times."

A few years after the termination of Mr. Charles Newman's mastership a question as to the boundary between the East Essex and Essex Union Hunts was decided in Mr. Marriott's favour. The statement of the case and award of the arbitrators, now in the possession of Mr. Sheffield Neave, are as follows :—

Statement.

"The Essex Union Hounds were established in 1839 to be managed by a Committee chosen by the subscribers, which Committee selected Mr. John Payne junior as the manager, in which office he has continued until his retirement in April, 1848.

"The hounds were purchased by six shareholders. . . . Upon the retirement of Mr. Payne, junior, from the management, Mr. Scratton has been appointed as his successor. Mr. Charles Newman was for many years the

master of the East Essex Hounds, and hunted the country (now in possession of the Essex Union Hunt, and which Mr. Marriott now lays claim to) up to the time of his retirement, which took place in April, 1842, at which period the country became abandoned, no one coming forward to take the hounds as Mr. Newman's successor. The former subscribers to the East Essex applied to the Essex Union to hunt in the East Essex country, and accordingly the Committee of the Essex Union Hounds applied to the different owners of coverts for permission to draw them, which was complied with without any restriction, except in the cases of Lord Western and Mr. Bullock, both of whom stipulated that in the event of the East Essex Hounds being again established, their coverts should be given up to that hunt again.

“In the summer of 1843 Mr. Marriott established his pack of hounds under the title of the East Essex, and the Essex Union Hunt immediately gave up to him the coverts of Lord Western and Mr. Bullock, but Mr. Marriott demanded all the country which Mr. Newman had previously hunted. This demand was resisted, a correspondence ensued, and ultimately the line of railway, as proposed by Mr. Marriott, was fixed upon as the division between the two countries ; and from that time to the present the Essex

Union Hounds have always hunted the country south of the railway."

Award.

"ARTHUR'S CLUB,

"LONDON,

"*August 28th, 1848.*

"We, the undersigned, after due consideration of the respective statements placed in our hands by Mr. Marriott and Mr. Ward, together with a letter from Mr. Payne, dated March 9th, 1848, in which he admits that the country in dispute was only lent to him by Mr. Marriott, to be relinquished upon his retirement from the management of the Union Hounds, are of opinion that, according to the laws of foxhunting, Mr. Marriott is entitled to the said country upon Mr. Payne's retirement.

"N. PARRY,

"S. NEAVE."

THE PUCKERIDGE.

The early history of this old-established country is thus given by "Arundel," writing in the *Field* of February 2nd, 1889:—"So long ago as 1725 a few hounds were kept at Cheshunt, near Broxbourne, one of the proprietors being Mr. Calvert, an ancestor of Mr. Felix Calvert, of

Furneaux Pelham, and of Colonel Calvert, late Master of the Crawley and Horsham Hunt. These hounds Mr. Calvert subsequently purchased and removed to Albury, where he was joined by Mr. Panton, probably father of Mr. Panton, who afterwards hunted the Thurlow country. Mr. John Calvert succeeded to the hounds, keeping them till about 1794, when they became a subscription pack, and were called the Hertfordshire. What are now known as the Hertfordshire were originally the Hatfield, of which Lady Salisbury, who, after surviving the risks of the chase, was burned to death in her dressing-room at Hatfield House, was the moving spirit. Mr. Calvert and his fellow committee men, however, appear to have paid most of the expenses themselves; for I find a notice in a newspaper of 1795, that 'the subscription list does not fill, as the country does not attract strangers.'

"About 1796, Mr. Panton gave up the Thurlow country, the Committee of the Hertfordshire taking to his best hounds, and as much of the country as they wanted; while Mr. Panton enrolled himself as a subscriber, and took a hunting-box at Ware. In 1799, Mr. Sampson Hanbury, of Poles, became associated in the management, and a couple of years later, on becoming sole master, bought the hounds of Mr. Coe

Pigott, who had hunted a portion of the East Essex and Essex Union countries."

The kennels at Puckeridge were built for Mr. Hanbury, and he continued to hunt the county until 1832. Next came Lord Petre, grandfather of the present lord. As stated in our account of the Essex Union, he hunted the Puckeridge for three seasons, and then returned to Essex. He was succeeded by Mr. John Dalyell, from Fifeshire, for three seasons, and then in 1838 Mr. John Archer Houlton, of Hallingbury Place, purchased the hounds and installed Mr. Nicholas Parry as master. Mr. Parry afterwards became the owner of the hounds and retained the mastership until the year 1875. He devoted nearly a lifetime to hound breeding, and the excellence of the Puckeridge pack was chiefly due to the care which he bestowed upon it. In 1875 Mr. Parry sold the hounds to the late Mr. Gosling, who hunted the whole country until 1885, and from that date hunted a portion only until 1890. In 1890 a committee purchased the hounds, which were hunted under the name of the Herts and Essex. Disputes arose, into which it is needless to enter. Happily in 1894, under the guidance of Mr. E. S. Bowlby (one of the joint masters of the Essex Hounds), a most amicable arrangement was made, viz., that the Hon. L. J. Bathurst,

who for five seasons had been hunting the Exmoor Foxhounds, be elected Master of the Puckeridge Hunt, Mr. Tresham Gilbey and Mr. C. Heaton Ellis being appointed joint Hon. Secretaries of the Hunt.

The new management has worked well, and there is every reason to hope that the Puckeridge Hunt will flourish in future as in the palmiest days of its past.

CHAPTER XIII.

STAG-HUNTING IN ESSEX—ROYAL STAG-HUNTING—THE
TILNEYS AND THE MELLISHES—"LONG WELLESLEY"
—THE PETRES AND THE NEAVES.

IN common with other forests—past and present—that of Epping, formerly of great extent, and known as "Waltham Forest," or "The Forest of Essex," held red deer from time immemorial, and they were found therein until the reign of George IV. Unless, however, restrained by high walls or palings, the wild red deer will not live in a circumscribed space, as those who have hunted on Exmoor well know, and so it comes about that, so far as Epping Forest is concerned, the red deer have died out. In the hope of restoring the breed, a stag and a couple of hinds were turned out on the forest a few years ago; but, as was only natural, they did so much mischief to crops that they were destroyed. To-day the Epping Forest deer are chiefly fallow deer of a dark brown

colour, but roe deer were imported from Dorsetshire in 1883.

In the time of the early Henrys we find that stag-hunting in Epping Forest was a recognised form of sport, and even in those days the chase "brought together them as wouldn't otherwise meet," for a certain Peter the Barber formed one of the field on one occasion, and found himself face to face with a stag which promptly attempted to jump over Peter, horse and all. In this, however, he failed; the barber was unhorsed by the collision, and escaped *non sine lacione capitis*, as the chronicler informs us.

Mr. Fisher, in his interesting work on "The Forest of Essex," says that from the time of Edward the Confessor, and probably much earlier, the kings of England hunted in the Forest. Edward VI. complained of the destruction of the deer in consequence of reports that he intended to disafforest the forest, and gave notice that he would maintain it as his father had done. Queen Elizabeth resorted to the lodge at Chingford, which bears her name: but, in her time, the grand old style of hunting "at force" had given place to the indolent method of driving the deer to "stands," from which the Queen and her courtiers fired as the quarry fled by. The records of the Court of Attachments, which was held at Chigwell

in those days, tell what bucks were shot by the Queen and the ladies and gentlemen of her suite.

In the latter part of the Queen's reign, the neglect of the laws again led to great irregularities ; and James I. had sat on the throne for hardly a year, when he violently scolded his subjects for their ill-manners in interfering with the sport of himself and his family, threatening not only to enforce the Forest Laws against all stealers and hunters of deer, and to exempt them from his general pardon, but to debar any person of quality so offending from his presence, and to proceed by martial law against those who provoked his displeasure.

He had hoped, he said, seeing his subjects knew how greatly he delighted in hunting, that none would have offered offence to him in his sports ; gentlemen of the better sort had behaved as those who knew their duty, but not so some of the baser sort ; there had been more offences since his last coming forth to his progress than even in the late Queen's time, when her years being less fit for recreation, the game was less carefully preserved. Such offences showed insolence and want of reason, and he wondered, seeing he had shown his maintenance of the laws of the realm, that they should think he would not enforce the

Forest Laws, which were as ancient and authentic as the Great Charter.

During the Commonwealth, the deer in the Royal forests had a bad time of it. A patent was issued in 1660, authorising an advance of £1,000 to replenish the stock. In December, 1660, and January, 1661, certain deer were removed from St. James' Park to Wanstead, and an entry occurs "for taking 33 Jermayne Deere out of a shipp at Tower Hill and conveying them in five waggons to Waltham fforest with several other charges incident thereto £148 1s." . . . Sir William Hicks, "for keeping the Germaine Deere at Wanstead in the winter [of] 1662," received £15.

Sir John Bramston, who lived at Skreens in the time of James II., tells in his "Autobiography" of that monarch's keenness for stag-hunting, and of the gallant manner in which he pounded the field in the Roothings.

"The Kinge beinge inuited by the Duke of Albemarle to New Hall to hunt some out-lyinge red deere, his Majestie went towards New Hall, the 3rd of May, 1686; and when he came neere Chelmesford, hearinge the Duke with the hounds were neere the place where the stagge was harboured, in a wood neere Bicknaker Mill, his Majestie turned out of the road, and went by Moulsham Hall thither.

The stagge came out of the wood neere where the Kinge was, and manie with him, whoe followed the hounds ; but Prince George (whoe had married the Princess Ann), the Duke of Albemarle, the Earle of Feversham, Lord Dartmouth, and seuerall others, being on the other side of the wood, heard not the hounds, nor knew not that the stagge had left the wood vntill late, and so seuerall cast out, and neuer reacht the hounds. The stagge made toward the forest, and gott thither and rann almost as farr as Wanstead, where, turninge head, he was at last killed between Rumford and Brentwood, or neerer Rumford. The Kinge was neere at the death ; he gott a coach to carrie him to Brentwood (where his owne coach was) and well pleased that he was in, and the Lords throwne out. They, not recouering the hounds, went all to New Hall" [Borcham], "whither, after 9 of the clock at night, his Majestie came to a supper. A table was prepared for his Majestie, and others for the Lords and gentlemen, but the Kinge would haue his fellow hunters sup with him, and about a dozen sate downe with him. The next day he hunted a stagge which lay in New Hall parke, and had been there the most part of the winter. After a round or two, he leapt the pale, tookt the riuier, and rann thro' Bramfeeld, Pleshie, and so to the Roothings, and was killed in Hatfield. His Majestie kept

pretie neere the doggs, tho' the ditches were broad and deep, the hedges high, and the way and feilds dirtie and deepe; but most of the Lords were cast out again, and amongst them the Duke of Albermarle. The King was much pleased again that the Lords were cast out, who yet recovered him ere long, and considering his coach and guards were quite another way, they were at a loss what to doe. The Lord Dartmouth aduised to send to Copt Hall to the Earl of Dorset, that the Kinge would come and dine there, and dispatched away a groome to giue his Lordship notice, and so rode easily on (it beinge directly in his way to London). The messenger came, and found the Lady Northampton, and the Lady Dorset, her daughter, in a coach, goeing abroad on a visit, the Earle beinge at dinner that day, with a great manie gentlemen, at Sir W. Hicks's" ["Ruckholts," or "Rookholts," an ancient manor-house which stood near the river Lea at Leyton many years ago]. "The Countess was much surprised. Her cook and butler were gone to a faire at Waltham, and would haue excused it, her Lord and seruants all from home; but a second messenger coeming, she turned her coach, and went home, and sent her coach to meete his Majestie, and by breaking open locks and dores, and with the help of the maides, etc., and by such tyme as his Majestie arriued, had washt

and viewed the gardens and house, a very handsome collation was gotten for him. Extreameley well pleased with the treat (he) came toward London, and on the road met the Earl of Dorset returning home from Rookholts. The Earl alighted and comeinge to the coach side bemoaninge his ill fortune that he should not be in the way to receaue that great honour, and makeinge excuse that things were not answerable to his desires, the King replied, 'Make noe excuses, it was exceedinge well, and very handsome.' And soe his Majestie came safe and well (to) London, and well pleased with his sport."

In the early part of the eighteenth century the Royal buckhounds hunted the Essex deer. At this time Sir Francis Child, Alderman of the Ward of Farringdon Without, was a thorough sportsman. He principally patronised the City Hunt, which gave grand sport during the whole period it was led by Mr. Cuttenden, the "Common Hunt," from the time of his appointment to that office in September, 1723. Sir Francis Child came out with the Royal buckhounds when the latter pack hunted in Epping Forest. On these occasions, at Sir Francis Child's house at Brentwood, there usually assembled a large number of hunting men who were regaled with a sumptuous banquet; but, sad to say, never a word transpires relating to the runs.

The Treasury Records show that his Majesty's hounds killed in Epping Forest in 1729, thirteen stags; in 1730, nine stags (no hinds or bucks).

In 1747 one run only is reported. It took place in Epping Forest on August 24th, which "being the day fix't for the Ladies' Hunt, a stag was rous'd, near the Green Man, which ran several hours, and afforded excellent diversion."

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, the Epping Forest deer were hunted by a pack of the old "lemon-pye" staghounds, the Royal pack being also of that breed, until the fourth Duke of Richmond presented his foxhounds to the Prince of Wales about 1813, when the old hounds, "with ears as big as cobblers' aprons," were bought by Colonel Thornton and taken to France.

It is said that the Essex pack were originally kept at Wanstead House by Earl Tilney, and were known as the Tilney Hounds. Before the death of the Earl, in 1784, the pack was taken over by a number of the sporting dwellers of the neighbourhood, who maintained them until the management was undertaken by that keen sportsman, Mr. Joseph Mellish, an opulent London merchant, who was supported by numerous subscribers, mostly London gentle-

men. Mr. Joseph Mellish's mastership continued until his tragic death in 1798. He had been hunting with his friend Mr. Bosanquet, a banker, and another gentleman, near Windsor, with the king's staghounds. Returning to London at night, when crossing Hounslow Heath in a post-chaise, three highwaymen rode up to the chaise window and fired two pistols into it, but with no ill effect ; they demanded money, which was given. The men then rode away ; shortly after, one of them returning, fired a third shot in at the window ; the ball struck Mr. Mellish in the centre of his forehead, and the man galloped off. Mr. Mellish was taken to the Three Magpies Inn on the heath, medical assistance was called in, but the case was pronounced hopeless. He then called for writing materials, made his will, and shortly after expired. The culprit was never detected ; the murder was believed to be from some cause other than mere plunder. After the death of Mr. Joseph Mellish the hounds were kept by his nephew, Mr. William Mellish, until the year 1806, when they were sold to Lord Middleton. The *Sporting Magazine* for February, 1806, contains an engraving of the kennels in which these hounds were kept at Chingford Green. At the time of the sale to Lord Middleton the pack numbered thirty-two or more couples. They were taken

to Yorkshire by their huntsman, William Cranston, who had shortly before been appointed successor to William Dean, that famous old huntsman having kept to his work until he had reached the age of eighty and had broken eleven bones.

It has often been alleged that the famous Epping Forest Easter Hunt owed its origin to the sporting habits of the Lord Mayors of olden days, as described by Harrison Ainsworth in his novel, "The Lord Mayor of London." Of this, however, there is no proof. A more probable origin of the Easter Hunt is suggested by an article in the *Sporting Magazine* of April, 1809, which states that Lord Tilney's hunt "was called the Ladies' Hunt, as many ladies in the neighbourhood joined in it. The meetings were in general at Fencepiece, near Hainault Forest, and there was an anniversary meeting on Easter Monday, with a dinner, ball, &c. To this Easter meeting it was customary for the Londoners to resort—some as invited guests, others as strangers, merely to enjoy the holiday sports." The same writer says that in Mr. Mellish's time, the ball and other entertainments were discontinued, but the annual Easter Hunt was still kept up.

Whatever its origin, the Easter Hunt obtained notoriety as an outing for cockney sportsmen. It was ridiculed

in drawings, in verses and on the stage, and gained the distinction of furnishing the subject of a poem to Tom Hood, when he lived at Wanstead (1832-35). He describes the deer cart as—

“ In shape like half a hearse, though not
For corpses in the least,
For this contains the deer alive,
And not the dear deceased.”

Returning to the last century, we find sporting poets singing the praises of the staghounds. The following extract from verses quoted by Mr. Harting in the “ Essex Naturalist,” out of a scarce little book entitled “ The Sportsman’s Vocal Cabinet,” will serve as a specimen :—

“ Squire Laughton¹ was there, with his excellent pack,
Tilney Long,² too, that baronet bold ;
The Marquis of Lorne, with his suite at his back,
In green livery, bedizened with gold.
“ And these were well furnished with horns of the best,
That the skilful ere took into hand ;
So kind was my lord that, to pleasure each guest,
He provided this musical band.
“ Will Dean was our huntsman, at Epping well known
For riding his hunter with grace,
For having a voice of stentorian tone,
And for breeding good hounds for the chase.”

¹ He was associated with Admiral Sir Eliab Harvey, of Chigwell, and others in the support of the pack.

² He died in 1794.

The verses go on to describe how "a brave looking stag" was roused, and ran southward to the Thames, where "his fears made his courage recede," and he was taken at East Ham, in the garden of Dr. Fothergill. The worthy doctor—

" Begged for the life of the deer.
 " The favour was granted, the buck cart in view,
 We drew the faint beast from his lair,
 And sent him to Hale End, to join with the crew,
 Once more in their comforts to share."

Within a few years of the sale of Mr. Mellish's hounds, we find a pack of staghounds again established at Wanstead House, which had become the property of Mr. Tilney Long Wellesley, through his marriage with the heiress of the last Earl Tilney. This gentleman was immortalised by the well-known line in "Rejected Addresses," "Long may Long Tilney Wellesley Long Pole live," and we have some recollection of an epigram attributed to Lord Beaconsfield:—

" Let spacious Wanstead House, well known to fame
 Resound Long Tilney Wellesley Long Pole's name,
 But he's not even fit to black your boots,
 Burdett Coutts Ashmead Bartlett Burdett Coutts."

Mr. Wellesley kept forty or fifty hunters and hackneys, and hunted the country in magnificent style. His hounds,

like those of his predecessors, were not foxhounds entered to deer, but old-fashioned staghounds. The servants were dressed in Lincoln green. Everything was done with the most reckless extravagance. Mr. Wellesley would scatter sovereigns to countrymen in the hunting-field as readily as other liberal sportsmen would give shillings or sixpences. Such was his reckless prodigality that, having acquired by his marriage, in 1812, a rent-roll in Essex alone, raised under the influence of war prices to £70,000 per annum, he was, within ten years of that time, obliged to escape down the Thames from his creditors in an open boat. His wife died broken-hearted; the custody of his children was taken from him by the Court of Chancery; Wanstead House was pulled down; and, though he had succeeded in the meantime to the headship of his own family as Earl of Mornington, he died a pensioner of his uncle, the great Duke of Wellington.

When the Wellesley hounds were sold, Tom Rounding, who is said to have acted as Wellesley's huntsman, and whose foxhunting experiences are alluded to in a previous chapter, secured a few couple, and with these the hunting of the wild red deer was continued.

For years afterwards, at the festive gatherings at the Horse and Groom, a handsome silver cup used to be

handed round, with the inscription, "From Long Wellesley abroad to Tommy Rounding at home."

Latterly the red deer kept to Hainault Forest, and rarely crossed the River Roding. The forest had ceased to be a sanctuary for them, and at length it was thought best to transport what was left of the herd to Windsor Forest. Tradition says that Tom Rounding's last day's sport with a red deer ended at Plaistow. A note, which probably refers to this run, has been unearthed by Mr. Harting. It occurs in a copy of Cary's "Survey of the Country Fifteen Miles round London," and is in the author's own handwriting.

"1827, Oct. 20.—I met the staghounds at Hoghill House, in Hainault Forest, to unharbour a stag. After drawing the coverts a short time a fine old stag was roused, and took a turn round the forest away to Packnall Corner, hence to Dagenham, and was taken at Plaistow." He adds: "Red deer to be so near the metropolis I consider as a singular circumstance."

It appears from the above entry that, on this occasion, the hunted stag was not enlarged from a cart but found on Hainault Forest. The verses in the "Sportsman's Vocal Cabinet" describe the "rousing" of a stag which, when taken, was sent to Hale End. The deer were

often captured and kept in captivity until required for hunting. There were four paddocks for deer at Mr. Mellish's hunting lodge at Chingford Green, and it is said that a similar paddock existed at Loughton Bridge where the deer were kept, after being caught on the Forest by means of a net a mile in length.

We now turn from the chase of the wild red deer, to what Mr. Jorrocks called "the sport incarcerate." In Essex this branch of sport owes everything to the Petre and Neave families. It was in the year 1831 that the late Mr. Sheffield Neave, third son of Sir Thomas Neave, second baronet, began to hunt the carted deer with his hounds. Mr. Neave's age was thirty-two. At first he had the assistance of Mr. Tufnell and Mr. Drummond, but later became the sole master. He hunted the hounds himself; and the old inhabitants are still ever ready to tell of his doings, such as jumping a river lock with a stone coping at Ware; jumping the river at Shonks Mill, and many others. He was a very hard man to hounds, and is said to have been the first to introduce a fashion of flying the banks in the Union or South Essex country; whereas formerly it had always been customary to do the scrambling business, which, of course, was very slow if sure. In 1837, or thereabouts, Meshach

Cornell came as whip from Mr. Newman, of "Scripps," who hunted the East Essex and Thurlow countries, as already mentioned ; he was a wonderfully good horseman, with a clear, shrill voice, and was called the "Wild Indian."

Amongst Mr. Neave's field were many who have been mentioned in previous chapters ; such as Lord Maynard's son (father of the present Lady Warwick), Mr. Tufnell, the Revs. J. Arkwright, J. B. Stane and C. Tyrell, Mr. Hankey, Tom Mashiter, John Stallibrass, Tom Webb, Jim Cassidy, and George Orbell. Other "regulars" were "thrusting Jack Hammond," who was as great an acquisition in the hunting field as in the smoking-room ; he always had a good story to tell, and was always ready to lend a horse or a "fiver" to any friend ; Tommy Crooks, the butcher, of Chelmsford, who always seemed to enjoy his day ; Captain Kingscote, Mr. Fane, the Commissioner of Bankruptcy, who "would charge e'en the Thames if it ran in his way," and who also kept a pack of beagles ; bold Mr. Balfour ; "Jack Judd with his neat bit of blood ;" "Parson" Simms, who generally rode a grey ; "Parson" Billy Tower, who'll stick to McAdam from Fyfield to Hadham ; John Hill ; John Chandlers, North Surridge, who had hunted the South Essex ; Colonel Vyse, Mr. Harrington

and Parson Rush, the latter as well known on Newmarket Heath as with the E.S.H.; but he never came out for more than a spin, and then went home again. Mr. Neave was not content with hunting only in Essex, for he used to go into the Fitzwilliam and Oakley countries, where he was always welcomed, and in return he always gave them the best of sport.

These hounds had a famous run on December 6th, 1833, when the well-known deer "Tom Tickler" gave them a tremendous doing: he ran clean through a pack of harriers and was finally taken in a bedroom at Gidea Hall, much to the annoyance of Mr. Black, the owner. On this memorable day, Mr. Neave got to the bottom of three horses, Teddy, Shakespeare, and Snarl. The same good deer gave them two very fine runs in the following January. For the second of these runs a large field assembled, but only Messrs. Arkwright and Fane could get to the end, the first seven or eight miles being the fastest thing Mr. Neave had ever had. Another famous run was in March, 1843, when "Wildgoose" gave them twenty-seven and a half miles in two hours and fifteen minutes, including two checks: there were only four up at the finish at Aythorp Roding.

"Wildgoose" was the best deer Mr. Neave ever had: he was never known to run more than fifty yards down any

road, and was sold with the hounds in 1844, being bought by some Yorkshire master of staghounds. Mr. Neave challenged them to take him the first time out; they tried, but he ran clean away from them, and was only taken a day or so afterwards, owing to his having made a heavy meal of turnips, and then he gave them fifteen miles without a check, and was taken in the town of Rotherham.

Once when meeting at Harlow, Mr. Neave's hounds fell in with Mr. Conyers, when he at once shut up his own pack and showed them the way, helping them all he could, and then spent the remainder of the day in cursing the whole lot; he hated them and did not mind telling them so.

Mr. Neave kept the hounds at Myless and the deer at the King William. When hunting in the Roothings he used as a rule to stay at Roxwell.

When Mr. Neave gave up the hounds, he was presented with a very handsome piece of plate with the following inscription :—" This piece of plate was presented in grateful remembrance of his spirited exertions in the field, and of the zeal and urbanity displayed by him as Master of the Essex Staghounds, during twelve seasons of singular harmony and unrivalled success in which he not only secured the cordial support of the owners and occupiers of the land, but acquired the lasting esteem and regard of all.

“ From the Gentlemen, Yeomen and supporters of the Essex Staghounds to Sheffield Neave, Esq., December 20th, 1843.”

In 1846 Lord Petre was master, with Joe Roots as huntsman. The latter had begun by whipping in to Mr. N. Surridge when he had the South Essex ; after that he spent nearly all his life with the Petre family, though for a time we find him hunting the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. He died from injuries received from a horse which he was killing falling on him ; he broke his thigh, from which accident he never recovered.

After Lord Petre gave them up, they seem to have lapsed for a short time. Tommy Crooks, the butcher, appears to have kept a scratch pack for one season. He had a wonderful voice ; he used to buy his deer from Thorndon. They were rather partial to hunt dinners in those days, and on one occasion, after dinner, Tommy ordered his favourite deer, “ Red Rover,” to be brought into the room to show his friends, but “ Red Rover ” seems to have found it too hot for him, for, making his escape by jumping through the window, it took his followers over a week to retake him, he giving them a run every day, and finishing up somewhere in the Midlands. Tommy Crooks had to give the hounds up owing to damaging his leg, and

James Parker seems to have gone on with them for a short time.

However, they started again with renewed strength in 1851, when Lord Petre's son, the Hon. Frederick Petre, took them, hunting them himself. Before taking them, he had kept a pack of harriers at Writtle, and so was no novice at the game; he kept on Joe Roots, who turned hounds to him, and later on Jack Barker took his place. After this we find Frank Barker hunting the hounds, besides which, he had the management of the deer—a post which he kept till killed by his own horse, Bird on the Wing, rearing and falling on him at the Islington May Horse Show.

Amongst the regulars of the day were James Parker, who had these hounds for one season as well as being Master of the Essex Union in 1853; he was a very handsome man, and was a very well-known figure on his grey horse; Charles Ducane, Mr. Tufnell, Edmund Round, the two Messrs. Reeves, Soames, Lord Wolverton, or, as he was then, Mr. Glyn, with his favourite horse, Strychnine, and the late Mr. Albert Deacon, of Briggins Park.

In 1867, the Hon. Frederick Petre was succeeded by his brother Henry, and Frank Barker hunted the

hounds, the kennels being at Oakhurst. In 1871, however, the master began hunting them himself, and moved the kennels to Westlands. He had wonderful hands, and a great control over his field. For secretary he had Mr. Vickerman, who lived at that quaint old place, Thoby Priory. He was a great man for horse-breeding, and had several good ones. John Collar, who, during the continuance of the Belhus sales, used to show the horses, was whip.

Phil Barker kept the hounds and some of the deer, while Mr. James Christy kept the remainder.

Amongst the followers were Mr. James Christy, whose father always entertained the hunt several times during the season; Mr. Collison Hall, Mr. Usborne (now M.P. for Chelmsford), who always had a good horse, though he was particular enough about buying one; Mr. Marriage, Mr. Page Wood (from the East Essex); his brother, Colonel Wood (now Sir Evelyn Wood); Mr. John Tabor, Sir Charles Cunliffe Smith, General Mark Wood, and Mr. Edmund Courage, of Shenfield. Sir Thomas Leonard came out sometimes; but he had a pack of draghounds of his own, and lived right away at Belhus.

Amongst those who hunted with the Petres were two men whose literary tastes drew them together. These were

Anthony Trollope, who was also a foxhunter, and has already been mentioned, and Mr. Charles Buxton, who came from Surrey to join Sir Fowell Buxton and other relatives, in riding with the staghounds in the style of the family motto, "Do it with thy might." Mr. Charles Buxton's life of his father gained from Mr. Hampden Gurney the high praise that he would put it into a boy's hands next to the Bible. Whereupon the *Saturday Review* asked whether the old invocation might not be thus amended: "Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and Charles Buxton, bless the bed that I lie on."

In 1867 Mr. Charles Buxton had a bad fall, and lay long in a darkened room, suffering from concussion of the brain. Whilst there he described the run in which he fell in the following verses :—

THE STAGHOUNDS.

I.

Forrard away! Forrard away
Cheerly, ye beauties, forrard away!
They flash like a gleam o'er the upland brow,
They flash like a gleam o'er the russet plow,
O'er the green wheatland, fair to see;
Over the pasture, over the lea.

Forrard away—ferrard away!
Cheerly, ye beauties, ferrard away!

II.

How soft lies the valley asleep below,
In the golden sunshine, as on we go,
Down the long sweep of the hillside bare,
Drinking sweet draughts of the vernal air !
The lark is raining his music down,
The partridge whirrs up from the grass-tuft brown.

Forrard away, &c.

III.

A stiff ox fence with its oaken rail—
Rap, rap, go the hoofs like a peasant's flail ;
A five-foot drop—see, the Roding brook,
Send him at it, don't stop to look ;
Dash through the quickset into the lane
Out on the other side, forrard again—

Forrard away, &c.

IV.

Carefully now, at the ditch and bank,
Into the copse wood thick and dank ;
The violet hangs her timid head,
And cowers down in her lowly bed ;
The primrose opes wide her golden eyes,
And gazes upward in mute surprise.

Forrard away, &c.

V.

A moment's check, one cast around ;
'Tis forrard again, with a furious bound,
Mellow and sweet their voices sound.

Steady, my pet, at the five-barred gate,
Lightly over, with heart elate ;
Up with the elbow, down with the head,
Crash through the bullfinch like shot of lead.

Forrard away, &c.

VI.

Look at the hounds, their muzzles high ;
A sheet would cover them ; on they fly ;
No music now, not a whimpering cry —
Neck or nothing : we'll do or die.
Swinging along at a slashing pace,
With souls on fire each risk to face.

Forrard away, &c.

VII.

Thread the hazels ; over the stile—
'Tis forty-five minutes each five a mile.
Hurrah for the staghounds ! let others sneer
At the fatted calf, and the carted deer ;
But we know, as we feel our hunter's stride,
A man must be a man who with these can ride.

Forrard away, &c.

The reign of the present master, Mr. Sheffield Henry Morier Neave, began in the year 1885. In January of that year he removed from Hertfordshire to his present residence at Mill Green, and at Easter he was invited to take the staghounds. The opening meet was held at the King William on November 10th, when an untried hind

afforded a fast run of two and a quarter hours. Seven days later, a run of over twenty miles from Fyfield was ended with hospitable entertainment at Sir Charles Smith's (Suttons). Many other good days followed, including a remarkable run on March 23rd, 1886, from High Easter to Epping—twenty miles at least, as hounds ran—in two hours. The best run of the present master's second season occurred on March 15th, 1887, when a deer, enlarged at Marks Hall, and taken eleven miles away at Shenfield Place, afforded a run of double that distance, in four and a half hours, which was successfully ended in spite of two inches of snow on the ground.

In the next season (1887-8) the great day was February 7th, 1888. The following account of the day's sport appeared in the *County Gentleman* :—

“*Mr. Sheffield Neave's Staghounds.*—These hounds met on Tuesday, the 7th, at Marks Hall, in the Rodings, perhaps the best part of this celebrated country, and a very favourite meet. A field of some fifty horsemen included, besides our regular supporters, several strangers, and among the latter we noticed the Secretary of the Essex Foxhounds. As the hounds dashed out into the line of the deer, we heard the master say : ‘ Now for twenty-five miles,’ and ‘ The Pigeon ’ soon showed that his confidence

was not misplaced. She went away well towards Abbess Roothing, but was headed at the first fence to the left. We ran at best pace by Barnish, Pepper's Green, and Chalk End to the brook at Boyton Springs—about five miles, as we went, in some twenty-five minutes. Here we found her in the brook, after a check of perhaps a couple of minutes, and away again at a great pace, with hardly a check to the end, to the right of Mashbury, by Fitzjohn's, over Dunmow Lane, and then to Warner's Farm, Little Green and Hyde Wood; over the brook by Little Leighs, and to the left of St. Anne's Castle, where by this time the field was very select. On by Moulsham, Halland Paul's and Hazleton Woods nearly to Black Notley, and up to her in the back-water of Bulford Mill. From this she went away in view over the line beyond Bulford Station. There was some delay in getting over the water and railway—hounds all the time racing—but the master's chestnut, though dead beat and blundering on to his nose at every fence, managed to let him keep view of the tail hounds. Down the north side of the line nearly to Cressing Temple, by Boar Styce Green, round Storey's Wood close to Felix Hall, and back to the farm opposite Rivenhall Place, where the hind ran into a barn and was secured."

The last few miles thinned the field to half-a-dozen

beside the master. It is needless to say that these included Mr. James Christy and Mr. William Blyth. Time, two hours and twenty minutes. Point, sixteen miles.

This run was said to be the hardest for horses, hounds, and men that could be remembered within twenty-five years. The line of country in the earlier part of the run was much the same as that of the run with Mr. Loftus Arkwright's hounds, described on pp. 146-149.

Excellent sport has been enjoyed during the following seasons down to the present time. One of the best days was December 19th, 1893, which was described as follows in the *Field*:—

“*Essex Staghounds*.—Tuesday, December 19th, will be recollected as a red-letter day, as we scored a really first-rate run. Leaving Mashbury Mill with a numerous field, we hunted somewhat slowly for three or four minutes towards Pleshey, but coming to a view we simply raced, leaving High Easter on the left, to the north of High Rodling Street—a good four mile point in very quick time. Here the usual thing with staghounds would have been to stop the pack for a breathing space, but the master never allows this; and I have never seen these hounds stopped, and attribute their keenness and hunting powers a good deal to this fact. From here, after a semblance of a

check, we made at a good pace, turning at right angles, for Dunmow. Striking the Chelmer we ran down it to the back of Barnston Lodge, where a lucky ford allowed us to cross. Then, following Stebbing Brook, we crossed the line, and still continuing without a check, we went on at a good pace, and, running along Pods Brook down stream, we came up to her in the mill dam. One hour and twenty minutes, and only five of the field besides the officials there to see. Here we checked for two minutes, and thought about taking her, but she was off again as fresh as paint. I hear that two of the field besides the officials got over the brook with a flounder, and, going still at a pace, crossed the river Pant on the left of Bocking Street; then, passing Boyington Hall, they ran by High Garrett to Froyz Hall, where the hind was taken. A fourteen mile point—twenty-one and a-half as we went. Time, one hour and forty-five minutes. Only Messrs. Hall and Blyth to the end, besides the master and two whips."

Mr. Neave hunts the hounds himself in masterly style, assisted by an amateur whipper-in. This office has been successively held by Mr. Colley, of Writtle Park, Mr. Edward Neave, and Mr. Brindle.

CHAPTER XIV.

HARE-HUNTING IN EPPING FOREST.

AFTER the last chase of a wild stag, deer-hunting in Epping Forest survived only in the cockney carnival of the Easter Hunt. For true sport, there was in future nothing on the Forest to compare with the hunting of the hare.

In early days the Epping Forest hares were hunted under great difficulties. According to a writer in *The Field* (January 19th, 1895), a humble sportsman named John Osbaldeston (no relation to the squire of that name) kennelled a few couple of miserable harriers in Clare Market, and went down by road to hunt in Essex for several years. He earned a living as a clerk, and in the evening made up the books of the butchers of Clare Market, and they, in return for his services, rewarded him with a small money payment and enough offal to feed his hounds. One horse was stabled in a shed close at hand; and, on such days as he could command, he and his pack

set off for the neighbourhood of Epping Forest, hunted for a time, and returned to their dismal quarters, the hounds having their lodging-room in the basement of his modest dwelling.

But the sport is worthy of something better than this squalid establishment, maintained as it was in the face of hardship and prompted by a keenness we do not often find now. For the last seventy-five years, therefore, hounds have been kept in the neighbourhood of the Forest for hare-hunting; nor must we forget the merry little pack of Mr., or Captain, Saich in the last century, not to mention several other "cries."

About the year 1820 harriers were kept by Mr. Robinson, of Chingford, and, later on, by Mr. Mills, of Claybury, until, tiring of the sport, he handed them over to Mr. Gore, an Australian gentleman settled in Woodford, who obtained a good number of subscribers to their support. In the year 1830 or thereabouts Mr. Henry Vigne began to keep a few of these harriers in the kennels which had previously been used by the Roundings for their hounds, the rest of the pack being distributed amongst Mr. Gore and other gentlemen. Gradually the others dropped out; Mr. Vigne became sole master, and built himself kennels at "The Oaks," Woodford, the subscriptions being

still continued. Mr. Vigne's family, which was of Swiss extraction, had immigrated to England at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and settled in or near London. His father, Mr. Thomas Vigne, was, when a young man, a well-known cricketer, and a member of the M.C.C. Though not a hunting man, Mr. Thomas Vigne was a good judge of a horse and an accomplished rider.

It was intended that Mr. Henry Vigne should follow a professional career; but, meeting with a serious accident early in life, through being thrown from his horse, the choice of a profession was deferred *sine die*, and eventually abandoned.

From the first Mr. Vigne devoted himself to his hounds. They soon developed into a very useful pack which would hold to the line of their hare though a herd of deer crossed in front of them—no uncommon occurrence in the Forest. Fast hounds are required for Epping Forest, where a hare has every facility for making work, so, to obtain the requisite speed, Mr. Vigne procured dwarf foxhounds from the best kennels. His hunting days were Tuesdays and Saturdays, with sometimes a bye-day, when the master mostly went out on foot. Owing to his popularity and his efforts on all occasions to avoid doing mischief to crops, he was not restricted to the Forest, and he

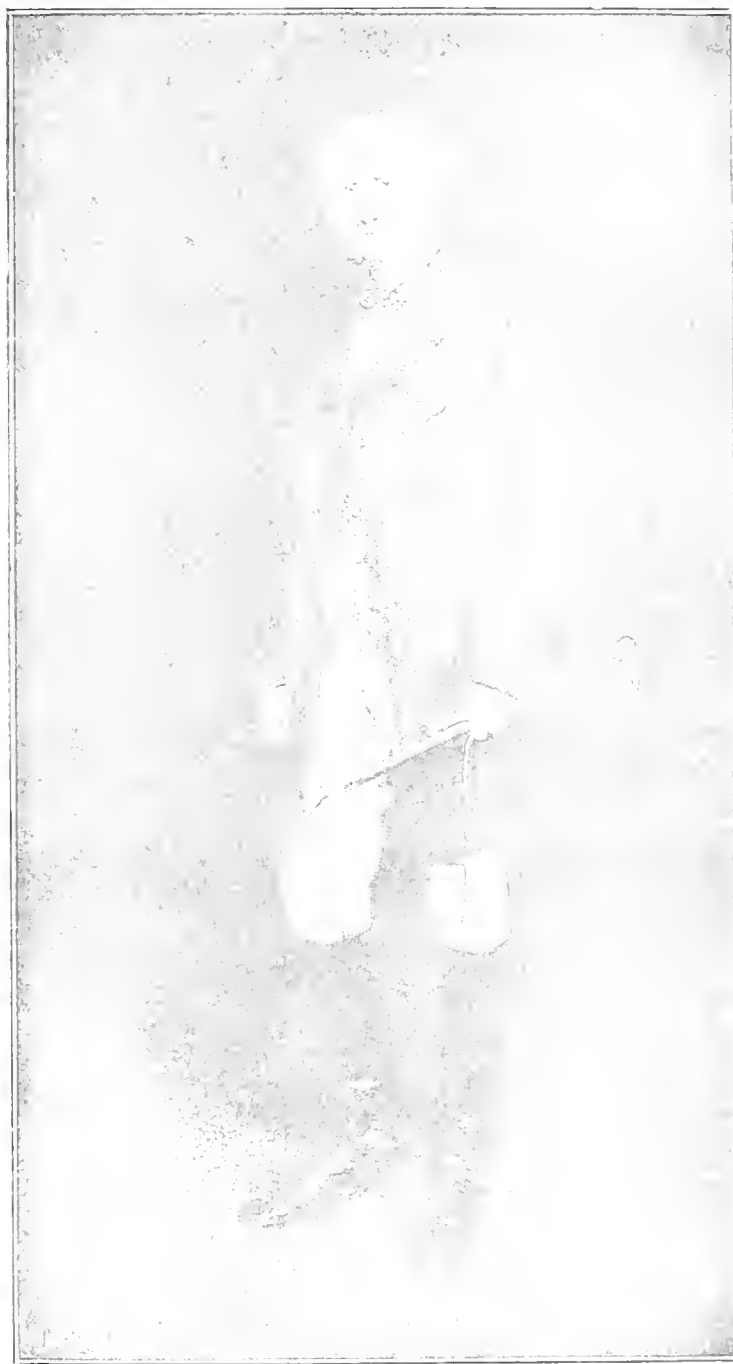


FIGURE 1.

hunted a very extensive range of open country through the bounty of landlords and tenants.

To prevent large fields the fixtures were kept as secret as possible. In his later years Mr. Vigne's method of ensuring secrecy was amusing. The fixtures were communicated to a few favoured friends by post cards upon which was often added the caution, "Do not let servants know"—an injunction somewhat at variance with this style of correspondence! A story, for the truth of which we do not vouch, relates that inside Mr. Vigne's hat was inscribed, "Do not bleed me, but give me plenty of brandy and water." This was his prescription for "first aid" in case of a fall. A life-like portrait, painted by Mr. J. J. Shannon and presented to Mr. Vigne by numerous friends, has been reproduced for the present work. It shows him as he was—a true type of an English gentleman. Many good sportsmen owed their first lessons in hunting to Mr. Vigne. Amongst them were Mr. C. E. Green, afterwards Master of the Essex Hounds; Mr. Hervey Foster and Mr. Robert Lockwood, secretaries to that pack. Mr. Green's brother, Major George Green, writes of Mr. Vigne: "Good wine needs no bush; he was a sportsman among ten thousand, and I consider it a privilege to have been entered by him. He made more boys into sportsmen than

any man I ever met. He was strict with us, but never swore. His strongest expression was 'By Gad,' and that I can hear him saying now; generally, 'By Gad, that's pretty,' as his little hounds streamed away."

Mr. Vigne's mastership lasted for about sixty years. He died after a lingering illness on July 20th, 1892, at the ripe age of eighty-seven. For many years before his death he was the oldest master of hounds in England.

Since his death his country has been hunted with much success by Mr. Edward Barclay, of Roydon Lodge, who spares no pains to keep down the number of his "field" and to avoid damage to the farmers.¹

¹ For the contents of the above chapter we are largely indebted to *Baily's Magazine*, also to articles in the *County Gentleman* and *Woodford Times*, kindly placed at our disposal by the Editors.

APPENDIX.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MR. HENRY JOHN CONYERS AND MR. RICHARD MARRIOTT.

[*See Chapter I., pp. 4-5.*]

HENRY JOHN CONYERS TO RICHARD MARRIOTT, JANUARY 26TH, 1831.

DEAR MARRIOTT,—I am sure you must confess we are unlucky in our weather. This is the *third* time we have come down when the frost has set in, and [*considering*] the great expense we are at being at an inn, we, of course, have made a retreat again.

We shall be in your neighbourhood whenever the weather is open and mild again. I have no doubt I shall be abused, but that is better than being in Chelmsford Gaol.¹ We had no cubs to come to in the first part of the year, or else we should have been there oftener. I hear Newman complains all your foxes are got to us. Do not believe it. Foxes may have a brace in it, as for Grand Courts they are felling it, and a hundred dogs in it and a thousand people.—Yours truly,

H. J. CONYERS.

Saturday, 29th, Matching Green.

Monday, 31st, Leading Roothing.

¹ ? For debt.

RICHARD MARRIOTT TO HENRY JOHN CONYERS, JANUARY 27TH, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged by your letter stating your appointments, and am truly sorry the frost should again have prevented us the pleasure of seeing you in this country, as the people in this immediate neighbourhood are very much dissatisfied with you for not hunting the country oftener, and swear by all that's good they will destroy every fox they can. Would it not be better, and more conducive to your sport, if Newman were to draw Foxes, Grand Courts, Boxted, and Nupister occasionally, when you could not conveniently come down? I know it would meet with the approbation of the neighbourhood, and I think would be the very best way of keeping them quiet. So much money and trouble as I bestow upon the preservation of foxes, it does certainly (as may be supposed) grieve me very much to know they are destroyed the first walk they take. You have not been misinformed respecting my determination of not stopping any more this season. I told Newman so before he met here the last time, and every earth was open, as he had occasion to expect they would be. Should the plan which I have submitted to you meet with your approbation, you will very much oblige me by stating your wishes to Newman immediately, as it really is of consequence. Although I will not stop the earths, I will arrange matters in such a way that you need not fear running to ground. Perhaps you will be kind enough to give me a line at your earliest convenience. —Believe me, my dear Sir, yours most truly,

RD. MARRIOTT.

HENRY JOHN CONYERS TO RICHARD MARRIOTT, JANUARY 29TH, 1831.

DEAR SIR,—I have to return you my thanks for your preservation of foxes, because I have no doubt I may benefit occasionally from it, though I am well aware the preservation is not for me to benefit by, but it is for the benefit of Mr. Newman's sport. I now begin to see the folly of giving up Panfield Hall for Mr. Newman to draw as well as myself: because I was kind enough to do that, it is expected I am to give up more, and if I was a fool to give up Grand Courts, Boxted,

and Nupister, your immediate neighbourhood would soon swear by all that's good they would destroy every fox if I did not allow Mr. Newman's hounds to draw (when I could not go there) Dunmow High Wood, Marks and Big Woods.

By the laws of foxhunting there must be *some boundary*, and if you had kept foxhounds as long as I have you would know by letting another pack draw your country would be a certain way of having blank days, and as I had four blank days in the Dunmow country last year, I do not wish to add to the number. If the weather had not been frosty I should have been much oftener in your *immediate neighbourhood*, and as I cannot command weather, I do not think they ought to be so much dissatisfied. If there had been cubs bred in that part of the country, I should have been there more frequently in the early part of November, but when I knew there was only an old fox or two, what was the good of going oftener? If I had I should have only had blank days and spoilt the young hounds. It is unfortunate you live at the edge of Newman's country, or rather I should say in *my country* and that the foxes will not stay in one place. It would give me the greatest pleasure to oblige you in any way except giving up my country to another pack of hounds.—I remain, dear Sir, yours most truly,

H. JOHN CONYERS.

P.S.—I am sure I shall feel greatly obliged if you can in any way prevent the fox going to ground, and any way you think proper to do it I shall be satisfied with, and cannot wish you to stop if you think it will injure the earths.

HENRY JOHN CONYERS TO RICHARD MARRIOTT (UNDATED).

MY DEAR SIR,—I fear in writing to you in haste I did not make myself perfectly understood. I never for a moment thought you had given me offence, nor did I consider you were in the least *dictating to me*; you merely made a request, and I merely answered it, which I am very sorry I was not able to do to your entire satisfaction. I beg leave to say that I never had the least thought of supposing Mr.

Newman had anything to do with the request, as he always has behaved to me in the most kind and sportsmanlike manner possible, and I hope I have done the same in return towards him. I kept hounds *first*, and I have given up several of my coverts as neutral coverts. All the Green Dragon Woods were mine, Lion Hall and the coverts opposite Mr. Tufnell's house at Langleys, which I gave up to him, and which he could not have taken from me. If I cannot be certain of some country being quiet when I come down to Dunmow, what a bore it is to come so far and draw blank! Twice this year we met at Thaxted and Sampford to draw Hempstead, and when we came I heard the other hounds had run all over Hempstead Wood, and so [*it was*] no use to go there, and what would be the consequence if Newman hunted Foxes and Boxted? Why, in all probability [*he would*] run to Big Woods and Marks, so that when we came down we should not know where to go as a *certain find*.

I really thought when Panfield was given up as neutral that you and all your neighbourhood would be satisfied. I wish I knew who these complaining neighbours of yours are—doubtless some of them have *double faces*; when I come I only hear complaints of the other hounds disturbing my country, and then they say there are people want to kick me out to get the other hounds in. Who in the world is it that finds fault with you for preserving foxes? The fellow, whoever he is, cannot be fond of hunting, and only can pretend to be so. I am placed in a very awkward situation: on the one hand I am to have my country disturbed by another pack, or I am to have the only person who really *preserves* foxes give up the preservation. I hope still to be able to satisfy your neighbours by coming more frequently, and perhaps you will give us one more year of trial, for such a season as this and last was never known to the oldest fox-hunter.—Truly yours and obliged,

H. J. C.

I am very sorry you should be at the expense of an action. I think Newman's people ought to pay half and our people the other half of any expense that may arise from the preservation of foxes.

THE TAKELEY FOREST AWARD.

Mr. Henley Greaves rendered an important service to the Essex Hunt by procuring an authoritative decision upon a dispute which had existed for a long time with the Herts Hunt, with respect to the right to draw Takeley Forest. A committee was formed to collect evidence, and conduct the case before the arbitrators, Lord Yarborough and Lord Redesdale. Walsh, in his work on "British Rural Sports," quotes their award, "which," he says, "is a lucid and searching exposition of the merits of the respective claims, and deserves to be placed amongst the archives of foxhunting law, as establishing clear and fundamental principles with regard to the difficult subject of neutral coverts." The award was as follows:—

"1. Immemorial usage is the common title to a foxhunting country. When the date of the commencement of such usage is known, the right to it will depend on the manner in which it commenced.

"2. In the case referred to us, satisfactory proof is given that the forest has been drawn by both hunts as long as any living man can remember. The evidence of the Calvert family, as to its belonging exclusively to the Herts Hunt, can only be received as a record of their opinion. At the time when the statement was made the Essex were drawing it, as well as before and since; and in making the statement Mr. Calvert does not say that they did so by permission asked and granted, or give the date and particulars of any agreement on the subject.

"3. There is a wide difference between permission and sufferance as regards a title to a foxhunting country. No term of years will bar an original right of the liberty to draw, commenced on permission granted conditionally with a power to resume. An encroachment may be neglected for a time, and, nevertheless, afterwards properly and successfully resisted, if satisfactory proof can be given that it was an encroachment and an innovation on former practice between the hunts. But a practice claimed as a right by one hunt, and suffered

to be exercised by the other for a period of sixty years and more, when all evidence as to the time and manner in which it originally commenced is lost, must be held to establish that right, or a door would be opened for endless disputes as to boundaries.

“4. The fact of the forest having been drawn by the Essex is admitted, and a reason assigned for its never having been formally objected to—viz., that it was a great nursery and preserve of foxes, and then so strong and impracticable a woodland that there was no getting a fox away, and no chance of a run from it; and that, as it was necessary for the sport of both counties that it should be routed as much as possible, ‘the Herts were glad to see the Essex go there and do the disagreeable work, and therefore no objection was taken to their doing so.’ This is a very important admission. It is seldom that so clear a reason can be assigned in the origin of a neutral draw, as the case of a woodland to which no one was very anxious to go, but which it was the interest of both hunts to have regularly disturbed.

“5. The neutral districts so established between the hunts extended beyond the forest and disputes arose. In 1812 an arrangement was come to between the masters of the hunts, which the Herts rely on as establishing their exclusive right to the forest, because it is not mentioned among the neutral coverts. The answer of the Essex is, that it is not mentioned because there never was a doubt as to its neutrality, and that the dispute was only as to certain woods outside. In support of this they prove that the forest was regularly drawn by them afterwards. The Herts reply that this was done because Mr. Houlton, the chief proprietor there, became joint master of the Essex, and asked permission to draw it from Mr. Hanbury, the master of the Herts, and a copy of a letter from Mr. Hanbury to Mr. Houlton is produced, in which he says that he understands that the latter wishes to draw ‘some more coverts’ as neutral, and that though he was not himself an advocate for a neutral country, he and Mr. Calvert had every wish on Mr. Houlton’s account to accommodate him, and would meet him and ascertain his wishes. What these were is not known; the words, ‘some more coverts,’ could hardly

apply to the forest, nor is there any proof given that they did apply, or that any extension of the neutral country then took place. On the contrary, from the care Mr. Hanbury and Mr. Calvert bestowed on these matters, it is hardly possible that, if anything was done, no written memorandum should have been kept: and the probability is that, on discussing the matter, the objections of Mr. Hanbury to extend the neutral country were found insurmountable, notwithstanding his desire to accommodate Mr. Houblon.

“6. The forest continued to be drawn by the Essex till 1832, when Lord Petre took the Herts Hounds, and ‘claimed an exclusive right to the forest and the other coverts, and asked for a reference.’ A meeting took place, and the result was that there was no reference, and that Mr. Conyers was not dispossessed. Again, in 1838, Mr. Houblon, the owner of the forest, became master of the same hounds, and desired ‘to have the forest drawn on certain defined conditions, or a reference,’ but Mr. Conyers still kept his old ground. It is clear that if Mr. Houblon’s father had only got leave to draw the forest conditionally from Mr. Hanbury in 1812 there must have been positive evidence of that fact in 1832, as it must have been known to many. It is asserted that in 1832 the claim was only waived during Mr. Conyers’s life, but, as in 1833, the owner of the forest, then master of the Herts Hounds, asked to have the arrangements respecting that draw ‘denied, or a reference,’ it is clear that no abandonment of the Essex claim of right took place in 1832, while Mr. Houblon’s demand negatives the idea of any agreement having been then entered into by the Herts to abstain from making a claim only during Mr. Conyers’s life.

“7. The reference asked for on these two occasions has now been brought before us, and, after having given our best consideration to the subject, we are of opinion that, according to foxhunting laws, the forest does not belong exclusively to either hunt, but must be considered neutral for the reason assigned in the third and fourth paragraphs.

“ November 19th, 1854.

“ YARBOROUGH.

“ REDESDALE.”

MATCHING GREEN :

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR 1883.

(*With Apologies to Lord Macaulay.*)

SIR Henry Selwin-Ibbetson,
An anxious face he wore,
As he watched the crowd that gathered
On Matching Green once more.
An anxious face he wore,
Upon the opening day,
For scores of horsemen had come forth,
From East and West and South and North,
All eager for the fray.

East and West and South and North,
Have Dobson's cards gone out,
And Harlow, Chelmsford, Ongar,
Have noised the meets about.
Shame on the lazy sportsman
Who lingers in his bed,
When the Essex huntsman and his hounds
To Matching Green have sped.

Now grooms and second horsemen,
Are pouring in amain,
From many a distant parish
Up many a muddy lane.

By many a famous covert
Where 'neath the farmers' care
At even shade the cubs have played
In the still summer air.

From the once royal forest,
Scene now of East-end larks,
From Romford, whence run early trains,
Heavy with city clerks.
From the long street of Dunmow,
Where as the story's told,
The flitch was yearly given
To loving pairs of old.
From where the Stort meanders
By mart of malt and flour,
From where conspicuous points to heaven,
The Epping Water-tower.

Loud are the shouts where racers
Are straining o'er the lawn,
Fast are the deer that cross our ploughs
To blasts of Petre's horn.
Beyond all sports, the angler's
Endures throughout the year,
Best of all days the shooter loves
To think the twelfth is near.

But now no thought of racing,
Of favourites or of tips,
Nor of the "unantlered monarch"
Crosses our minds or lips.
Unheeded from the glassy pool
His leap the salmon flings;
Unharm'd o'er stretching moorland
The grouse may spread his wings.

The duties of our office
To-day let clerks fulfil,
To-day let others have our briefs,
Or swell a client's bill ;
And in the haunts of Thespis
To-night we'll not be seen,
Staring at pretty ballet-girls,
We're off for Matching Green.

Now at the place of meeting
The plot is thickening fast,
And sportsmen, who are riding on,
By those on wheels are past.
Behind two spanking chestnuts
See George and Arthur Cure,
And that trim figure and neat seat
Is Caldecott's, I'm sure.

See Bagot, Archer of the Hunt,
On Snowball's back appear,
And Gibson, from whose coverts
We had such sport last year ;
George Hart, whom whether young or old,
We all find hard to beat.
Mills on his famous Polly,
And Sworder's graceful seat.

Safe on a dark grey hunter,
In spite of falls still sound,
The Reverend Frederick Fane rides up
Dispensing mirth around ;
The centre of a laughing group,
Beside him are his daughters,
Miss Fane, whom rivers cannot stop,
And charming Mrs. Waters.

Far from the south, a gallant three
 Have joined our sport to-day ;
 Ind, quite oblivious of the gout,
 Upon his clever grey.
 Sir Lumley, who on other fields
 A sterner chase has led,
 And face to face with England's foes,
 Has for his country bled ;
 And Johnny Sands, no ruffian's charge,
 His genuine pluck could shake,
 When prostrate by that cruel blow,
 He lay but half awake ;
 Men say they heard his kindly lips
 Utter no other sounds
 Than, " Friends, don't let me keep you here,
 Go on, and join the hounds."

Here's Charrington, at Marden Ash,
 He'll lunch to-day by two ;
 Here Spencer wears the famous coat,
 When will he have a new ?
 Here's Elder with a " Miller,"¹
 That right well grinds his corn,
 And Sewell knows a maid, I ween,
 Not long to be forlorn.
 Comes Edwards from where High Beech
 Raises its lofty spire,
 And Hill, to join the Essex hounds,
 Forsakes his neighbouring shire ;
 Here's Roly, too (those breeches
 Are surely not his own).

¹The name of Mr. Elder's horse.

But we mourn the loss of Bobby Wood
Who to Gloucestershire has flown.
To Keppel and the rat-tailed bay,
In any crowd I'd swear ;
But where's the Lord of Easton ?
Where is his Lady fair ?

Fresh from the Kentish hop-grounds
White comes a mighty swell,
St. George, who, though disqualified,
At Rundells ran so well,
Here, with still vacant saddle
A groom leads up and down,
For Suart, though on pleasure bent,
Has first to go to Town.
While could you note their numbers,
As on the green they pour,
Of Barclays, Fowlers, Pellys,
You well might count a score.

Just punctual to the moment
Surrounded by the pack,
Comes Bailey looking fresh and smart,
A new pink on his back.
Before them rides Ned Brooker,
With Crawley as his guide,
And at their sterns young Turner,
The laggard hound to chide.

Oh ! when the spotted beauties
Appeared upon the green,
What smiles of keen enjoyment
On every face was seen !
No lady in the carriages
But cried out, " Look, what dears !"
No hunter but put up his back
Or put back both his ears.

But Sir Henry's brow was knit,
 Darkly he eyed the crowd,
 And darkly looked he at his hounds
 As he whispered half aloud,
 "Those thrusters will be on their backs
 Before they're well away,
 Then if there's not a burning scent,
 What chance of sport to-day?"

And plainly, as the field moves off
 In a still lengthening line,
 Now might MacAdam note the names
 Destined in print to shine.
 There, forging slyly to the front,
 Ball on his grey, was seen,
 And Charley famed for skill to wield
 The willow in the tented field :
 And game at anything to ride,
 No fence too high, no ditch too wide.
 His cousin, Frederick Green.

There's Todhunter from Parndon
 Preserver of the fox,
 And Walmsley, just established
 In his cosy hunting-box ;
 The "Major"¹ with moustaches waxed.
 So killing to the maids,
 And Calverley released to-day
 From Warley's dull parades.

Here's Lawrence Cure and Bury
 (Great Lord of Nazing, hail!)
 Here's Lockwood from his mansion
 That overlooks the vale,

¹ The Hon. W. H. Allsopp, Lieut.-Col. in the Worcestershire Yeomanry.

Where wave the tell-tale willow trees,
 By Roden's treacherous banks,
 His frowning bearskin laid aside
 To join our guiltless¹ ranks.

There Usborne rides without a whip
 And with unarméd heel,
 There pleasantly smiles Major Tower—
 Here jauntily sits Beale,
 Thrice welcome noble sportsman !
 Back to thy native hill !
 No more o'er Afric's burning sands,
 Pursue wild beasts in heathen lands,
 But hunt at home, and in thine ear
 May tally ho's ! for many a year
 Resound from Monkham's still.

See Marsh straight from the green-room
 His cheery face close shorn,
 And Mrs. A., whose hundred slaves
 Sigh hopelessly love-lorn.
 And Deacon equally *au fait*
 In quite another line,
 To wile away the summer hours
 At match-making² he tried his powers
 On that famed heath where distant towers
 Old Ely's stately shrine.

I wis in all that crowded throng
 There was no heart so dead,
 But beat with a quick throb of pain
 'Neath coat of black or red,

¹ Image of war without its guilt.—"The Chace," by Somerville.

² Mr. Deacon won matches at Newmarket with his horses "Chevely" and "Comical."

No Essex sportsman there but felt
How sad it was to see,
Compelled to view our fun from wheels,
A once undaunted three.

Arkwright our former Master,
Who, whether well or ill,
Long with unselfish kindness
Kept on the country still;
And Secretary Foster
For courtesy renowned,
Take all the Hunts in England
Where can his match be found?
Would that these two, with Dawson,
Could lead our van to day!
Right from Row Wood to Garnetts
Could show us all the way!
What joy after such horsemen
To scurry o'er the plain!
Your bard behind *their* horses
How glad to toil in vain.

Now at a cheer from Bailey,
What eagerness pervades!
The striving pack, hound after hound,
Straining to reach the covert's bound,
Jealous as love-sick maids.
The horn recalls their footsteps
Ranging too far and free.
As through Man Wood they busy spread
With waving stern and lowered head,
And to the spot their way they thread
Where sit the Ridleys three.

The three sit still and silent
To view the fox away ;
Alas ! their cunning is in vain,
He's not at home to-day.
Our faces late so joyous
Are darkening with dismay,
For hark ! the horn is blowing out,
Echoes the vacant wood throughout,
The second whip's too hateful shout
Of "get away ! away !"

In Bailey's ear, Sir Henry
Whispers a secret word,
And soon in Brickhills undergrowth
A varmint fox is stirred.
Good luck to Captain Meyer !
Who in the hour of need
Supplies the wanted animal,
We wish him all, God-speed !
Hurrah for Herman Meyer !
Give him a hearty cheer,
We'll drink him health, long life, and wealth
In his own hunting beer.

Thrice the fox skirts the covert
Trying to dodge the pack,
And thrice in vain essays to break,
And thrice is headed back,
Till fearing for his life, he steals
Away, out of our sight,
And Crawley's cap held high in air
Alone proclaims his flight.

Then outspake Colonel Howard,
Grandfather of the Hunt,
To all a word of counsel
He spake as is his wont—
“Gentlemen and fellow-sportsmen,
Do give the hounds fair play,
How can they hit the line, with all
Those horses in the way?”

But hark! the cry is “Forrard!”
And with hat cocked aside,
See Jones pick out the biggest fence,
And take it in his stride;
Thinks he “These craning duffers
Will keep us here all day;
Will no one dare to follow
When ‘Chasseur’ shows the way?”

Then the fierce music of the chase
A welcome chorus sounds;
The fox knows well its echoes tell
Of fast approaching hounds.
Then that good dog, old Commodore,
Streams gaily to the front,
And Rosebud shows the Essex Hounds
Can run as well as hunt.

Then Sutton's baronet ahead
Seems riding in a race,
And Bailey, tootling on his horn,
Maintains his pride of place.
Behind him breathless comes the field
Still tailing as they go,
Shoulders and heads wagging above
And spurs at work below.

Now, by the shade of Assheton Smith,
It was a goodly sight
To see some thirty horsemen
Ride in the foremost flight ;
So flies a yacht, with topsail set,
Running before a breeze,
So o'er our heads a driven bird
Skims noiseless through the trees.

See Tufnell at an ugly fence
Turn first his horse's head,
And Edward Ball come after him
On a new thoroughbred.
Sir Henry riding " Multum "
Is going well to-day,
And Mr. Coope is giving us
An electrical display.

Watch Yerburgh exemplify
A style we rarely find,
Bold riding with an eye to hounds,
Judgment and pluck combined.
Hargreaves with coat-tails flying,
And Waters jumping gates,
And the Major followed by a form
That looks like Mrs. Tait's.
And Roffey on the whitefaced bay
Charging a Roothing ditch,
Into whose depths a nameless youth
Head first is seen to pitch.

And down goes many a thruster
Purled by some rotten bank,
And many a half-conditioned steed
Lies prone with sobbing flank,

And underneath is hidden
In dirt and slush laid low
Some brand-new scarlet jacket,
Just home from Savile Row.

Meanwhile our fox is travelling on,
With steady, plodding gait,
Twice twenty towling foes behind,
And before, a doubtful fate.
For heavy are the ploughlands,
Sticky with autumn rains,
And sadly through the mud and dirt
His draggled brush he trains ;
And fast his strength is failing,
His wind is almost gone,
And he feels that he is sinking,
But still he struggles on,
For he knows near Hatfield Broad Oak
A haven of sure rest,
And to reach the wished-for stronghold
He does his level best ;
And now he's at the open earth,
Now he has gone to ground,
Now beaten, but yet safe below
He hears the baying hound.

“Curse on it !” mutters Bailey,
“I wish they'd stopped the place,
But for this hole, ere curfew¹ toll
I might have killed a brace.”

During the winter months the Curfew tolls every evening in Harlow. Bailey would doubtless hear it at the Kennels.

“ Oh ! come away, don't dig him,”
Loud answers Parson Fane,
“ So stout a fox another day
Should live to run again.”

But now no sound of laughter
From all the field is heard,
As once again for Man Wood,
Our master gives the word.
There lack not eager sportsmen,
Nor lovers of the chase,
For all our best and bravest
Have come the Meet to grace.

But e'en the keenest spirits
Confess their sport is o'er,
When we turn to draw a second time
Coverts disturbed before,
And in those deep and holding rides
Once more to plunge their steeds,
Forbear, but in the bordering lane,
They careless sit with loosened rein,
While to the dregs their flasks they drain,
Nor listen for hounds' opening strain,
But chaff and puff their weeds.

Scarce one appears to give a thought
To the doings of the pack,
As to Brickhills for a second fox
Bailey turns slowly back ;
And when we find that covert
Deserted for the day,
And the last summons of the horn
Sadly upon the breeze is borne,
The crowd that shone so gay at morn
Melts gradually away.

But, Sportsman, as thou turnest
Thy horse's head to home,
Think how thou mayest best maintain
The chase in years to come ;
Remember to the farmers first
We owe the fun all share,
Then ride over their acres
With discretion and with care.

Leave to the Cockney Sportsman,
Unworthy of the name,
Those heedless acts that tinge our cheeks
With blush of scorn and shame.
Who with no hounds before him
Still over fences larks,
Neat gardens and smooth-shaven lawns
Stamps with unsightly marks ;
He jumps into a sheep-fold,
Each gate leaves open wide,
And regardless of the growing crops
He ruthlessly doth ride.

But every thorough Sportsman
On seeds and springing wheat
Avoids when rain has fallen
To set his horse's feet,
He every field of winter beans
Religiously will shun,
Though not afraid of jumping
When hounds do really run.
He, as he skims a meadow
Has an eye upon the stock.

Nor furious gallops near the ewes
Or scares the timid flock ;
And so by little courtesies
He wins the farmer's heart,
Yet ever ready in the chase
To bear a foremost part.

And so for many a winter
The huntsman's horn shall blow,
And the merry music of the Hounds
Sweep o'er the Essex plough ;
And our's be still a hunter
That's fit to go the pace,
And our's on many an opening day
To greet each well-known face.

And when some fellow Sportsman's
Hospitality we share,
And the inner man is sated
With viands rich and rare ;
When a glorious blaze of scarlet
Round the festive board we sit,
And the oldest port is opened,
And the largest weed is lit ;
And when over mahogany
We all ride wondrous bold,
And of exploits in the hunting-field
Some startling tales are told ;
And when affairs in general
A rosy hue assume,
As wine and wit commingled
Go circling round the room ;
We'll pause 'mid shouts of laughter,
Loud mirth and racy jest,

While a glass of some choice vintage
Stands brimming by each guest,
With three times three, and one cheer more
To drink a bumper toast—
“ Sir Henry, as The Master,
Long may our country boast.”
WHOOHOOP!!

TO CHARLES ERNEST GREEN, ESQ.

ON HIS GIVING UP

THE ESSEX HOUNDS.

April, 1893.

'Tis when the summer slowly dies,
In short'ning days, 'neath dark'ning skies,
When Nature tells that time is near
That brings us to the closing year,
Then is the season most lament,
The “ winter of their discontent.”

Strange, then, that at this vernal hour,
When every tree and every flower
And myriad forms of life rejoice,
And birds with one consentient voice
Pour forth an animated lay,
And Nature all around is gay,
Strange, then, our hearts with grief oppressed,

Heave sighs that will not be suppressed.
To us tell a discordant tale
The sweetest notes of nightingale,
And every leaf on trees we pass,
And every tender blade of grass
Remind us by the green they bear,
Where is the *Green* we weep for, where ?

Could you but stay, though every hour
We yearn to see you back in power,
Like umpire at your fav'rite game,
To settle some perplexing claim,
Aid the Committee in the field
By the great influence you wield,
Or calm the farmer's troubled mind,
Who knows that he can trust you blind ;
But now the latest run is scored,
Called the last " over," on the board
The final figures are exposed,
The bails are off, the innings closed !

From Ashdon Mill to Swallow's Cross
All mourn a universal loss ;
In Braintree the sad news relate,
Newman and Fry disconsolate.
With bated breath Joe Borwick tells
The mournful news at Woodford Wells ;
On Hatfield Heath one shakes his head,
The gilt is off the gingerbread ;
Another strokes his long white beard,
On Kelvedon Common he is heard
Repeat a sermon from the text—
" Why, O my soul, so sorely vexed ? "

From where our County Member's home
 Looks down on Roden's yellow foam,
 To where stands hard by Els'nham Hall,
 A "County Member" in his stall,
 On Epping plain, in Potter Street,
 Where Wid and Can with Chelmer meet,
 Where Easton's verdant park extends,
 Where the high tapering spire lends
 A charm to Stortford's busy mart,
 One sorrow touches every heart.
 Farmer and hind one grief assails,
 Peasant and Peer alike bewails,
 The rich, the poor, all, all complain,
 "Would we could see him back again!"

Oh! think how, when late in the day,
 Hounds, disappointed, turned away,
 On weary roads their feet to press,
 From wastes of woodland tenantless,
 When dwindled to a little band
 The following under your command,
 Oh! think how then the magic word
 Our quick'ning pulses thrilled and stirred
 "Loftie, there's yet an hour to dark,"
 "May I tell Bailey, Latton Park?"

In every sportsman's heart and mind
 The name of Arkwright is enshrined,
 Worthy his sire and grandsire's fame,
 He puts to everlasting shame
 Those covert owners who delight
 To follow fox in headlong flight

Sir Walter Gilbey's celebrated Hackney Sire.

From some not too near neighbour's gorse ;
 While in *their* woods without remorse
 Sir Velveteens—takes precious care
 No vixen lays up litter there !

His wreath should fairer fingers twine
 To sound of loftier harp than mine ;
 Yet, if sometimes my straining steed
 Diana's¹ path to trace succeed,
 If sometimes smiling he rehearse
 A fragment from my feeble verse,
 Oh ! let the latest words I write
 This prince of fox-preservers loudest praise recite.

But hark ! to what blithe strain is set
 CHEERFUL² and MELODY'S duet,
 And soon the echoing wood resounds
 With the full chorus of the hounds ;
 The fox their piercing notes arouse,
 To³ boatman and his buxom spouse
 He tarries not to whisk his brush ;
 He hears an angry TEMPEST'S rush,
 On flight fixes his keenest wit,
 For LANDLORD'S notice is to quit ;
 And when, impatient for the fray,
 We catch the welcome, " gone away ! "

Horses fly fast ; a faster beat
 Our hearts with ecstasy repeat,
 As each essays to bear his part
 In the wild struggle for a start.

¹ Mr. Arkwright's mare.

² The names of the hounds are printed in heavier type throughout ; I must ask Mr. Green's kind permission to have a *mixed* pack out on this occasion.

³ One of Mr. Arkwright's gamekeepers.

But stay ! why strive the place to fill
Of Beckford or of Somerville ?
Better our leisure to engage
In study of their glowing page,
Where with a master hand they trace
A detailed picture of the chase.

Yet let me, for a little while,
My soul with memories beguile,
And fancy aid me in the task,
And help my halting verse to ask,
As onward sweeps the cavalcade,
What actors in this drama played ?

“ Hark ! forward ! forward on ! ” screams Jack,
As FOREMAN heads the flying pack ;
On ! on ! through Parndon Woods they race,
And VANGUARD leads them in the chase ;
And, while we watch them from the brow,
A TYRANT rules, a DESPOT now,
GAMESTER makes play, and FEARLESS flings,
TRIBUTE has borrowed FAIRY’S wings,
Till, passing by the Belvoir tan,
Bailey notes DRIVER in the van.

Past Pinnacles they forge ahead ;
“ Running like mad ! ” cries cousin Fred ;
So stout a fox treats with disdain
The thought of safety in a drain.

Straight as an arrow, like a bird,
Such similes I’ve somewhere heard,
No fitter language to portray
How Seymour shows us all the way.

Far from where courteous or irate,
Jostle the crowd in gap or gate,
Still with the leading hound in sight
Barnes rides a little left or right.

How often, if our horse "refuse,"
The prophet Balaam's words we use.
"Had I a sword," in wrath we say,
"That sword this stubborn beast should slay."
A simpler remedy I give
The deadly blade's comparative:
My counsel in such case to all,
"Send him to school at Tawney¹ Hall."

O'er twisted binder, tangled weed,
Here lightly hops Jack Pelly's steed;
Gerald no option grants his horse,
Stern vetoes every other course,
Yet one full license freely gives,
To jump and gallop while he lives.

Two riders next to meet our eye,
Brethren in peaceful rivalry,
They both a gaudy garb refuse,
Horses of selfsame colour choose;
Yet, if compared, each brother's steed,
For breeding, beauty, strength and speed,
Willie will grant without a qualm,
The flying Duchess² bears the palm.

Here, gently swinging back a gate,
Ponders the Sheriff Designate,
How many stone could Midshipmite,

¹ The Residence of Mr. Harry Sworder.

² Mr. George Sewell's mare.

Concede to dear old Parasite :
 Yet why a match should he desire,
 We've Flint and Steel, what more require ?

High Price, 'tis plain, must have a fall :
 No ghastly fence can Jones appal :
 May Heaven itself his neck defend,
 My trusty Councillor and friend !
 Long Collin, with a beaming face,
 Nor draws his rein, nor picks his place :
 Hill tops the timber, he can count
 Artemidorus¹ a grand mount :
 With what a prospect may he base
 High hopes on his next steeplechase !
 And when t'wards Roydon Park we bend,
 And Hertford's smiling plains extend,
 The gallant grey² chafes at his rein,
 Thinking he's close at home again,
 While on the breezes, faintly borne,
 Ted dreams his beauties³ hear the horn.

Stay ! stay ! hark to yon warning loud,
 Restraining the too eager crowd,
 As hounds a moment pause in doubt,
 The next, range busily about,
 With curious nose and waving stem
 Trace out their quarry's sudden turn !

¹ Mr. R. Hill's horse.

² Mr. Howard Fowler's horse.

³ Mr. Edward Barclay's harriers.

Now, hold ! I pray you, Jim or Jack !
 Urge not too soon the spreading pack.
 Let PIRATE rove, let STRIVER try,
 Let FREEMAN hunt at liberty ;
 No sounding flail, no threatening rate
 Scare MODESTY or DELICATE ;
 Leave BEAUTY to her own sweet will,
 Let DILIGENT with PATIENCE still,
 And WISDOM search, let TRESPASS stray,
 GAYLASS and WANDERER have their way.

Alas ! they range the field in vain,
 Yon flock have left a deadly stain ;
 The huntsman each appealing eye
 Invokes to solve the mystery.

Quick as a thought, like lightning's speed,
 He drives the rowels in his steed,
 Utters one cheer, emits one blast,
 Full gallop makes a forward cast.
 It may not be ; hounds give no sign,
 Silent they follow Bailey's line.
 " No fox would dare to cross that vale."
 " He's back," quoth Quare, " upon his trail."

And see, a hound still running mute,
 See DARTER up that furrow shoot !—
 Hold, eager horsemen ! still untaught
 That pressing hounds must spoil your sport
 One moment, till they're on the scent !
 Watch them, with wavering intent
 Scarcely a DOUBTFUL note endorse,
 But when that other speaks, of course
 All score to cry in glad surprise.

TRUEMAN, they know, can tell no lies,
 Now PAGEANT shows upon the scene,
 LAWYER and MEDLAR intervene,
 Close handy little BARMAID waits,
 GOSSIP her wondrous tale relates,
 How TUNEFUL SONNET, TRUELOVE, sings !
 With RANter's voice the welkin rings,
 Till over Nazing, bending south,
 The music swells from every mouth.

But come, oh come, ye heavenly Nine,
 Come, aid this lowly lay of mine !
 How shall I tune this falt'ring lyre,
 So faintly burns my youthful fire ?
 With gathering years, and tresses grey,
 Such theme unequal to essay,
 How not provoke some gallant's jibe,
 Daring our Amazons describe ?

To her the place of honour yield,
 Whose gracious smile adorns our field,
 Who not unmindful of her Guild,¹
 To thread her way 'cross country skilled,
 Cuts out the work for many a mile,
 A pattern in the smartest style ;
 Her high-bred chestnut, proud so fair
 A burden on his back to bear,
 Rules with light touch and gentle hand
 The loveliest lady in the land.

That she should dwell in neighboring shine,
 Essex with envy must inspire,
 Whose generous openhanded lord
 Scorning to heap a useless hoard,

¹ Lady Brooke's Needlework Guild.

Looses his purse-strings in support
Of Essex Hounds and Essex sport,
Nor yet the greater boon denies,
But when the fox his fastest flies,
Grants us to see his lady's face
Among the foremost in the chase.

Like graceful ships upon the sea,
That spread their canvas, fair and free,
And speed responsive to the gale,
When meaner craft must shorten sail,
So when *we* feel the warning throb,
When vexed our ear with choking sob,
Onward o'er ditches deep and wide,
Onward o'er plough and pasture glide
Fair riders, without fuss or flash,
From Bentley Mill and Marden Ash.

Fain would I sing : yet how set forth
Her sprightly charms, her various worth ?
Who many parts has played with ease,
In none has ever failed to please ;
Where songs resound, feet lightly glance,
She leads the chorus and the dance,
Nor with less aptitude to trace
Each turn and tremor of the chase,
Each incident can she recall,
Say where the check, and how the fall ;
No more, should she but deign to write,
MacAdam durst his tales indite.

Ye Muses nine, encourage me,
While singing of our Graces three ;
In every run they score, I'm told,
They're often out, and always bold ;

May I let slip?—say, what a catch
 'Twould be with such to make a match :
 (Fie! Elder, fie! how wrong! how wicked!
 To pun upon the game of cricket!)

By this the pace has told its tale,
 The stoutest steeds begin to fail.
 With such deep ground, so holding scent,
 The greatest gluttons cry content.

Abr'am¹ among the faithful few,
 Waters and Waltham wait on you,
 As still your lab'ring beast you urge,
 When hounds from Cobbin brook emerge,
 Till pausing at some gaping drain,
 Obedient to your tight'ning rein,
 Although he safe his burden bears,
 The Priest² had almost said his prayers.

The day will come, when our O.C.,
 With awe and wonder, we shall see,
 Seated in glory near the Strand,
 Among the judges of the land—
 Omen of coming greatness meet,
 We see him landed on his seat.
 Splashed head to foot, his scarf awry,
 Is this our natty Secret'ry?
 And many a gallant, who at morn
 Came forth in raiment bright,
 On capering courser proudly borne,
 Behold him! now, at night,

¹ Abraham, Mr. "Kix" Caldwell's horse.

² Mr. Green's horse.

Vainly press on his weary mount,
 Hat bent and broken past account,
 In a most piteous plight !
 With bleeding visage, scarred by thorn
 All mud and sweat, his breeches torn,
 A truly sorry sight !
 How welcome, when in such a mess,
 To every sportsman in distress,
 The Admiral's signal, " Steer to port,"
 (Or Gingerbrandy some report.)

Ah ! who survive of the old crew ?
 Dear brother Ned can scarce pursue !
 Hans,¹ haben Sie genug gehabt ?
 My Snowstorm² blows and stops abrupt,
 And Yerburgh thinks how cunning he
 To post his second horse at three ;
 Yet, when to fence that horse demurred,
 He almost wished he had a third !

Smiling, yet anxious, Johnny Sands,
 Where we may hope to end demands,
 Will RANDOLPH run to the Transvaal,
 Or what far country, PRODIGAL ?
 Lead PHŒNIX, WAVERLEY by turns,
 Great Scot ! it is the land of Burns.³
 He's beat ! he scarce can crawl, I swear !
 Hear Ernest Ridley loud declare ;
 And, as hounds stream across the park,
 Thinks Jim, the Forest is his mark,
 Ne'er shall he reach its depths, I'll bet
 His mask shall grace my saddle yet.

¹ Mr. Frank Ball sometimes recites the poem of Hans Breitmann.

² The Author's horse.

³ Copt Hall, in the occupation of Walter Burns, Esq.

Fast flies he forward, or at least
 As fast as he can urge his beast,
 Straight for the bord'ring ride he makes,
 His thong's sharp crack its echoes wakes ;
 The list'ning fox catches the sounds,
 Turns back on the pursuing hounds ;
 One final twist ! one struggle more !
 His race is run ! his day is o'er !
 Old GRAPPLER has him by the brush !
 His vitals feel a FURY's tush !
 He fights his foes with latest breath,
 Brave beast !¹ unconquered e'en in death !

Enough ! why tediously prolong
 The numbers of this simple song ?
 Would it were worthier to express
 My deep abiding thankfulness,
 My gratitude to you reveal,
 The sense of all I think and feel !
 Deep graved upon my inmost heart,
 Ne'er shall that grateful sense depart,
 But tell how in my darkest day,
 When sore beset on life's rough way,
 Your gentle smile, your kind blue eye,
 Revived me in my misery.

Past are those happy Sabbath days,
 When gathered round the cheerful blaze,
 We sipped the tea, and told the tale,
 'Neath that snug roof at Coopersale,

If this should seem an unsportsmanlike ending to a run, it must be remembered that Epping Forest is full of holes, into which a beaten fox might creep, so that Jim's action is nothing more than riding forward to prevent the fox getting to ground close in front of hounds ; moreover, in the run from which the idea is taken, the fox made use of other opportunities, escaped via Epping, and was eventually killed near Harlow Park.

How this one funk'd and that one fell,
 How some went home and some went well;
 Who smiled on who; whose latest joke
 Had made us laugh enough to choke;
 Who was that stranger; and, ah! who
 The girl who nearly jumped on you.

Say by what grace of gentle mind,
 What sense of sympathy refined,
 Or what sweet influence your wife
 Will aid you in a London life?

Will Crawley, lapsed from nobler state,
 Attend the sales at Albert Gate?
 And idly lounge about the Row,
 Watching the riders come and go?
 Or wander aimless in the street,
 Until some pictured sporting feat
 Arrest his eye, and make him stop,
 Long pond'ring, outside Fores's shop?

Oh! in that hour, when none intrude,
 How will you cheer your SOLITUDE?
 Your PASTIME lost, your PASSION gone,
 Left only grey old WELLINGTON,¹
 Methinks that, e'en his glassy eye
 In that sad hour will scarce be dry!

Translated to "another place,"
 Sir Henry, Baron Rookwood's face,
 Not its mere counterfeit displayed

¹ Mr. Green has the head of Wellington stuffed.

By limner's cunning art 'portrayed,
But, mustering at the merry meet,
Still may we sometimes hope to greet.

Old Conyers long has gone to ground
Those lovers of the horse and hound,
Father and son, the Arkwrights sleep
A slumber so profound and deep,
They will not hear the blast of horn
Till roused on Resurrection morn.

But you ! in manhood's golden prime,
Not by the cruel hand of time,
Nor duties of the State removed
From all who loved you, all you loved !
Dear Charlie ! this our earnest prayer,
Our sport with you once more to share ;
While memory shall keep ever green,
The thought of all we've lost, the glories that have been !

Lord Rookwood, Mr. Conyers, and Messrs. Arkwright were former Masters of the Essex Hounds. The first has had his portrait presented to him.

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Journal of the American Veterinary Medical Association
Subscription Department, 530 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, IL 60610-6400

Volume 165, Number 12
December 15, 2003

